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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS
IZAAK WALTON'S LIVES
PLAYS FROM MOLIÈRE

Butler, Samuel

BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS

IZAAK WALTON'S LIVES

PLAYS FROM MOLIÈRE

[A.D. 1663 TO A.D. 1733]

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY HENRY MORLEY

LL.D., PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

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INTRODUCTION.



SAMUEL BUTLER was born in February, 1612, and was baptized on the 8th of February, according to the parish registers kept by his father, who rented a farm in Worcestershire, in the parish of Strensham. Samuel, named after his father, was the fifth child in a family of seven. He was educated in the Worcester College School, and passed from school, probably after some training in an attorney's office, into employment as clerk to a Justice of the Peace, Mr. Thomas Jefferies, of Earl's Croome, near Strensham. Butler's genius gave him already the tastes of an artist and a scholar. He made pictures, and he compiled for himself, as aid to his private studies, a French dictionary, and an abridgment, in Law French, of Coke upon Littleton. From the service of Mr. Jefferies, Butler passed into that of the Earl of Kent, at Wrest, in Bedfordshire.

Henry Lord Grey de Ruthin, in 1625, succeeded his brother in the Earldom of Kent. The estates of his earldom were entangled among lawsuits that raised questions of title, and gave large employment to Selden's powers of research. The Earl had wisely chosen in John Selden the one man in all England who was best able to help him. Selden was much at Wrest; and Butler was probably engaged to live at Wrest as a quick-witted clerk employed under Selden's direction. Anthony à Wood says that Butler often wrote letters beyond sea for Selden, and translated for him. It was education to work under so true a scholar, and there was a large library at Wrest from which Butler could gather some part of that store of knowledge, wittily applied, which gives strength to his satire.

Good service at Wrest probably was Butler's recommendation, when he had finished his work there, to another

house in Bedfordshire, that of Sir Samuel Luke at Cople Hoo Farm, three miles from Bedford. Sir Samuel Luke was a strict Presbyterian, who served afterwards as colonel in the army of the Parliament.

“ Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.”

There is no doubt that young Butler's observations of the sayings and doings of Sir Samuel and his friends provided matter for his poem. Indeed, he tells us, by the rhyme that helps us to fill up a blank, that Sir Samuel Luke was the man whom he had most in mind as model for his Hudibras :

“ 'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mameluke
In foreign lands, yclept —
To whom we have been oft compared
For person, parts, address and beard.”

During the Civil War we know only that, in whatever way Butler was earning his bread, he was working at the first part of his poem; and then, and in the Commonwealth time, turning over in his mind many a couplet stored for future use. His remains show that as thoughts struck him he arranged them into complete form and kept note of them.

It is not until immediately after the Restoration that we again learn how Butler was earning his bread. He is still found in the old calling, taking office as steward or secretary to the Earl of Carbery, Lord President of the West, at Ludlow Castle. It is the same Earl of Carbery, who, during the Commonwealth, had been, at Golden Grove by the Towey, patron and friend to Jeremy Taylor.

About this time Samuel Butler married a lady named Herbert, who at one time had property, and lost it, by investment in unsafe securities, either before or soon after her marriage.

Not long after Butler's marriage there appeared a little pocket volume, of 125 pages, in 16mo, measuring less than six inches by four, entitled “Hudibras. The First Part. Written in the time of the late Wars,” with a pair of woodcuts, side by side, representing the rose and the thistle, each bearing a crown. The “Imprimatur” is dated November 11, 1662, and 1663 is the date on the title-page; but there

is no publisher's or printer's name. This first issue of "Hudibras" was an unauthorized edition that anticipated Butler's own. In the *Public Intelligencer*, of December 23, 1662, the following advertisement was inserted: "There is stolen abroad a most false, imperfect copy of a poem, called 'Hudibras,' without name either of printer or book-seller, as fit for so lame and spurious an impression. The true and perfect edition, printed by the author's original, is sold by Richard Marriot, under St. Dunstan's church, in Fleet Street." Butler's own edition came out, in small 8vo, in 1663; but side by side with it reappeared the little piracy, page for page set like the first, but a reprint, with some corrections of the text, and without the rose and thistle on the title-page. Thus the first part of Butler's poem was anticipated by a thief, actively undersold, and much of his fair profit from it intercepted.

The thief seems to have gone on to forgery, for uniform with the spurious editions there next appeared in 1663, before Butler himself was ready with his second part, a contemptible fabrication inscribed on its title-page "Hudibras. The Second Part, with the continuation of the Third Canto; to which is added a Fourth Canto. By the Same Author. Published to undeceive the Nation." Butler's own Second Part appeared in 1664.

The King and Court delighted in the hits at their opponents. The King carried the new book about in his pocket, probably the thief's edition, which came first and was very portable. But for the author, Charles the Second cared nothing and did nothing. Butler was essentially a scholar, quiet, studious, and his wit had wisdom in it that reached far beyond the range of party warfare. He was no companion for dissolute men whom he could see through; and they had no desire for his companionship. Discouraged by neglect, Butler let fourteen years slip by before he produced, in 1678, the Third Part of Hudibras, and two years after this he died, poor and neglected, on September 25, 1680.

The addition to the title of the First Part of Hudibras, that it was written in the time of the late Wars, is justified by internal evidence. Some portions of it certainly were written in the years 1643-5, though there must have been final revision with interpolations after 1660.

If Butler had completed "Hudibras" there would have been few insincerities of life untouched by its satire. Richard Baxter was a Presbyterian ; John Milton was an Independent ; Jeremy Taylor was a Churchman. Honour be to each. Yet every good cause has its Hudibras. Butler wrote, no doubt, as a partisan, but his whole war was against hypocrisy. Against that in every form he waged his war, though putting into the central place what he regarded as the worst hypocrisy of all. But he aimed also his shafts of wit against false show of courage ; pedantry of learning ; the false conventions of love poetry ; the worldliness of love ; pretensions of false science ; delusive aids of law. Had he completed the book, he would have left few of the shams of life untouched. To the weak side of Law and Divinity he would, no doubt, have added the weak side of Physic, when time came for summoning the Doctor to despatch his knight. An attentive reader of "Hudibras" will not be more impressed by its wit, than by the breadth of its plan. Good-humour gives force to its satire, and good feeling restricts it to attack upon that which Fielding justly declared to be the only fit object of satire—affectedness, hypocrisy, whatever in any way professes to be other than it is.

The name of his hero Butler evidently took from the paramour of the scowling Elissa in the second canto of the second book of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" :—

" Sir Hudibras, an hardy man,
Yet not so good of deeds as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures won,
Since errant arms to sue he first began,
More huge in strength than wise in works he was,
And reason with fool hardise overran ;
Stern Melancholy did his courage pass
And was, for terror more, all armed in shining Brass."

H. M.

February, 1885.

HUDIBRAS.



PART I.—CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sallied forth ;
His arms and equipage are shown ;
His horse's virtues, and his own.
Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why ;
When hard words jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for punk ;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore :
When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood ;
That never bent his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry ;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade :

Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant ;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle ;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war, as well as peace.
So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise, or stout :
Some hold the one, and some the other ;
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain ;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool :
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras ;
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was not such ;
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it ;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak ;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised ;

And truly so, perhaps, he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic ;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south, and south-west side ;
On either which he would dispute.
Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by ;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk.
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learnèd pedants much affect.
It was a parti-coloured dress
Of patched and piebald languages ;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin ;
It had an old promiscuous tone
As if h' had talked three parts in one ;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.

This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent :
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large ;
For he could coin, or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit ;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on ;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em ;
The ignorant for current took 'em ;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater :
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale ;
Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight ;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.

Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith :
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore ;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion served, would quote ;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell ;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts ;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghost of defunct bodies fly ;

Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congealed in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
In school-divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable ;
A second Thomas, or, at once
'To name them all, another Duns ;
Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways, beyond them all :
And, with as delicate a hand,
Could twist as tough a rope of sand ;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full ;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnishèd.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice ;
As if Divinity had caught
The itch, on purpose to be scratched ;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cured again ;
Although by woful proof we find,
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies ;
And, as he was disposed, could prove it,
Below the moon, or else above it :
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side :
Whether the devil tempted her
By an High Dutch interpreter ;
If either of them had a navel :
Who first made music malleable :
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all.
All this, without a gloss, or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out, and miss the matter.

For his Religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit ;
'Twas Presbyterian, true blue ;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant ;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows, and knocks ;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done ;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss ;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
'Than dog distract or monkey sick.
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to :
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly ,
Quarrel with minced-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend—plum-porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the advowson of his conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accoutered,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward :
That next of all we shall discuss ;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus :
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face ;
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile ;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mixed with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns ;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue ;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall :
It was canonic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow ;
Of rule as sullen and severe
As that of rigid Cordeliere :
'Twas bound to suffer persecution
And martyrdom with resolution ;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensèd state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pulled and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortured,
Reviled, and spit upon, and martyred :
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as monarchy should last ;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,

And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever ;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech :
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropped the sympathetic snout.

His back, or rather burthen, showed
As if it stooped with its own load :
For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back ;
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well-crammed with thrifty fare ;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-house affords ;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who feared no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches was of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen ;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,

And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood :
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise ;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly on defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood ;
And till th' were stormed and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortified redoubt ;
And though knights errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they passed
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there's not one word
Of their provision on record ;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false ; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingale,
On which, with shirt pulled out behind,
And eke before, his good knights dined.
Though 'twas no table some suppose
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carried as much meat,
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digressed ;
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.

His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets ;

To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt ;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorned to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appeared with courage bolder
Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder ;
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age :
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging :
When it had stabbed, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care :
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth :
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this, and more, it did endure ;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done, on the same score.

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two agèd pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent ;
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.

They were upon hard duty still,
And ev'ry night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose,
From two-legged, and from four-legged foes.

Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse :
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe.
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall ;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stayed, and in his gait,
Preserved a grave, majestic state ;
At spur or switch no more he skipped,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipped ;
And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he grieved to touch the ground ;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoofed,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft ;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
Some write, to take his rider up,
So Hudibras his, 'tis well-known,
Would often do, to set him down.

We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back ;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of knight galled full as bad.
His strutting ribs on both sides showed
Like furrows he himself had ploughed ;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flurt,
Still as his tender side he pricked,
With armed heel, or with unarmed, kicked ;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other would not stay his course.

A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one ;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so, if not, plain Ralph ;
For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in ; by birth a tailor ;
The mighty Tyrian queen that gained,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir ;
From him descended cross-legged knights,
Famed for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroyed both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by 't ;
Some call it Gifts, and some New-light ;

A liberal art that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wits were sent him for a token,
But in the carriage cracked and broken ;
Like commendation nine-pence crooked
With—To and from my love—it looked.
He ne'er considered it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth ;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth :
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too :
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten snuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle :
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way :
Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark-lantern of the spirit,
Which none can see but those that bear it ;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by ;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond ;
To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires, and plays upon
The nose of saint, like bag-pipe drone,
And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whispering hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spirit's eaves-dropper can hear.
So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
Into small poets song infuse ;
Which they at second-hand rehearse,
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.

Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four-legged oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair ;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches ;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences,
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say ;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learned as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa; for profound
And solid lying much renowned :
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood ;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm ;
In Rosicrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned :
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words ;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contràry clean ;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry, ' Rope,' and ' Walk, knave, walk.'
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sovereign power to make men wise ;
For, dropped in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of these, as he professed,
He had First Matter seen undressed :
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had descried,
And seen quite through, or else he lied ;
Not that of pasteboard, which men show
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew,

But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble :
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to puppet-play.
He could foretel whats'ever was,
By consequence, to come to pass :
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations :
All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood :
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge ;
As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do :
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robbed a house below ;
Examine Venus and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon ;
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who received the goods :
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimmed a cloak ;
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies ;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallowed it instead o' th' pill,
Cast the nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guessed on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.

They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs ;
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;
What gains, or loses, hangs, or saves,
What makes men great, what fools, or knaves ;
But not what wise, for only 'f those
The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians :
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplished Squire endued
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit :
Their valours, too, were of a rate,
And out they sallied at the gate,

Few miles on horseback had they joggèd
But Fortune unto them turned doggèd ;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat.
But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolved, and bold,
We should, as learnèd poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some muse ;
However critics count it sillier,
Than jugglers talking t' a familiar ;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost:—

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Prynne, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write ;
Who, as we find in sullen writs,
And cross-grained works of modern wits,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,

'The praises of the author, penned
By himself, or wit-insuring friend ;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays, and wicked rhyme upon 't,
All that is left o' th' forked hill
To make men scribble without skill ;
Canst make a poet, spite of fate,
And teach all people to translate,—
Though out of languages, in which
They understand no part of speech ;
Assist me but this once, I-'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader ;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not understood.
'To this town people did repair
On days of market, or of fair,
And to cracked fiddle, and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour :
But now a sport more formidable
Had raked together village rabble ;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learnèd butchers call bear-baiting ;
A bold adventurous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize ;
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian and Nemæan game :
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fixed in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout :
For after solemn proclamation
In the bear's name, as is the fashion,
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms,
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear ;

If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopàrddy,
 If they come wounded off, and lame,
 No honour's got by such a maim,
 Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound
 In honour to make good his ground,
 When he's engaged, and takes no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis,
 But lets them know, at their own cost,
 That he intends to keep his post.
 This to prevent, and other harms,
 Which always wait on feats of arms,
 For in the hurry of a fray
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way,
 Thither the Knight his course did steer,
 To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear,
 As he believed he was bound to do
 In conscience and commission too;
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire :--

' We that are wisely mounted higher
 Than constables in curule wit,
 When on tribunal bench we sit,
 Like speculators, should foresee,
 From Pharos of authority,
 Portended mischiefs farther than
 Low proletarian tything-men ;
 And, therefore, being informed by bruit,
 That dog and bear are to dispute,—
 For so of late men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same ;
 For where the first does hap to be,
 The last does *coincidere* ;--

Quantum in nobis, have thought good
 To save th' expense of Christian blood,
 And try if we, by mediation
 Of treaty, and accommodation,
 Can end the quarrel, and compose
 The bloody duel without blows.

' Are not our liberties, our lives,
 The laws, religion, and our wives,
 Enough at once to lie at stake
 For Cov'nant, and the Cause's sake ?

But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs ?
This feud, by Jesuits invented,
By evil counsel is fomented ;
There is a Machiavelian plot,
Though every nare olfact it not,
And deep design in't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *cane et angue pejus* hate us ?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves, without cause ?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How saints lead brothers by the nose.
I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it,
Unless by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest,
Can beast have to encounter beast ?
They fight for no espoused cause,
Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
Nor for a thorough reformation,
Nor covenant nor protestation,
Nor liberty of consciences,
Nor lords and commons' ordinances ;
Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
To get them in their own no hands ;
Nor evil counsellors to bring
To justice, that seduce the king ;
Nor for the worship of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worshipped dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others adored a rat, and some
For that church suffered martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth ;

And many, to defend that faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death.
 But no beast ever was so slight,
 For man, as for his god, to fight ;
 They have more wit, alas ! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, who only do infuse
 The rage in them like *boutè-feus*,
 'Tis our example that instils
 In them th' infection of our ills.
 And so, by our example, cattle
 Learn to give one another battle.
 We read in Nero's time, the Heathen
 When they destroyed the Christian brethren,
 They sewed them in the skins of bears,
 And then set dogs about their ears ;
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
 Of this lewd antichristian game.'

To this, quoth Ralpho,—' Verily
 The point seems very plain to me ;
 It is an antichristian game,
 Unlawful both in thing and name.
 First, for the name ; the word bear-baiting
 Is carnal, and of man's creating ;
 For certainly there's no such word
 In all the Scripture on recòrd ;
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin ;
 And so is, secondly, the thing :
 A vile assembly 'tis, that can
 No more be proved by Scripture, than
 Provincial, classic, national ;
 Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
 'Thirdly, it is idolatrous ;
 For when men run a-whoring thus
 With their inventions, whatsoe'er
 The thing be, whether dog or bear,
 It is idolatrous and pagan,
 No less than worshipping of Dagon.'

Quoth Hudibras,—' I smell a rat ;
 Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate :
 For though the thesis which thou lay'st
 Be true, *ad amussim*, as thou say'st ;

For that bear-baiting should appear,
Jure divino, lawfuller
Than synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis—so do I;
Yet there's a fallacy in this;
For if by sly *homæosis*,
Thou wouldst sophistically imply
Both are unlawful—I deny.'

'And I,' quoth Ralpho, 'do not doubt
But bear-baiting may be made out,
In gospel times, as lawful as is
Provincial, or parochial classis;
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That, put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness;
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.'

Quoth Hudibras,—'Thou offer'st much;
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage;
Thou canst at best but overstrain
A paradox, and thy own brain;
For what can synods have at all
With bear that's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of church-affairs with bear-baiting?
A just comparison still is
Of things *ejusdem generis*:
And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include, and comprehend them both?
If animal, both of us may
As justly pass for bears as they;
For we are animals no less,
Although of different specieses.
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time, to argue out the case:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof

Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute :
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words ;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prow'ss, and conduct adequate
To what our place, and fame doth promise,
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceived, unless
We're slurred and outed by success ;
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand can always hit :
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, w' are steered by fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions ;
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth ;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have borne us out ;
Which, though they're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example ;
We're not the only person durst
Attempt this province, nor the first.
In northern clime a val'rous knight
Did whilom kill his bear in fight,
And wound a fiddler : we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt, or victory to come.
'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke
In foreign land, yclep'd ———
To whom we have been oft compared
For person, parts, address, and beard ;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought ;
He oft, in such attempts as these,
Came off with glory and success ;

Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is, like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on ;
With entering manfully and urging,
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.'

This said, as erst the Phrygian knight.
So ours, with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch ;
But from his empty stomach groaned,
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And angry, answered from behind,
With brandished tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen, with armèd heel,
A wight bestride a Common-weal,
While still the more he kicked and spurred,
The less the sullen jade has stirred.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' best men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the knight
Defies and challenges to fight :
H' encounters Talgol, routs the bear,
And takes the fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting, and of love.
Just so romances are, for what else
Is in them all but love and battles ?
O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
In which to do the injured right,
We mean in what concerns just fight,
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,
Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a palace in the place ;
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,
Composed of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors :
So a wild 'Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ;

As if just so much he enjoyed,
As in another is destroyed :
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And mowed o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their stones.
But, as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befel,
And as an equal friend to both
The knight and bear, but more to troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert,
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing professed, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but authors having not
Determined whether pace or trot,
That is to say, whether tollutation,
As they do term 't, or succussion,
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how ;
Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
Mysterious light it was a trot :
But let that pass ; they now begun
To spur their living engines on :
For as whipped tops and bandied balls,
The learned hold, are animals ;
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by geometry,
And were invented first from engines,
As Indian Britons were from Penguins.
So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live engines plied, not staying
Until they reached the fatal champaign
Which th' enemy did then encamp on ;
The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
Was to be waged 'twixt puissant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren ;

Who now began to take the field,
As knight from ridge of steel beheld.
For, as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much further off, much further he
Raised on his aged beast, could see ;
Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of the enemy ;
Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,
T' observe their numbers, and their order ;
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he stopped his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed :
Both kinds of metal he prepared,
Either to give blows, or to ward ;
Courage within, and steel without,
To give and to receive a rout.
His death-charged pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving victual ;
These being primed, with force he laboured
To free 's blade from retentive scabbard ;
And after many a painful pluck,
He cleared at length the rugged tuck :
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose ;
And, raised upon his desperate foot,
On stirrup-side he gazed about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
The Squire advanced with greater speed,
Than could be expected from his steed ;
But far more in returning made ;
For now the foe he had surveyed,
Ranged, as to him they did appear,
With van, main-battle, wings, and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero marched expert and able.
Instead of trumpet, and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
By thunder turned to vinegar ;

For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat ?
A squeaking engine he applied
Unto his neck, on north-east side,
Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the fatal noose :
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
Despatch a friend, let others wait.
His warpèd ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but souse to chitterlings :
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden ;
From whence men borrow every kind
Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.
His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddle-stick ;
For he to horse-tail scorned to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legged bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth ;
And yet by authors 'tis averred,
He made use only of his beard.

In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,
Where bulls do choose the boldest king
And ruler o'er the men of string,
As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaimed by a horse that neighed ;
He, bravely venturing at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore : his leg, then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak ;
For when a shin in fight is cropped,
The knee with one of timber's propped,
Esteemed more honourable than the other,
And takes place, though the younger brother

Next marched brave Orsin, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war ;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now marshal to the champion bear.
With truncheon tipped with iron head,
The warrior to the lists he led ;

With solemn march, and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face ;
Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,
Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego ;
'This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge, or for retreat :
Knew when t' engage his bear pell-mell,
And when to bring him off as well.
So lawyers, lest the bear defendant,
And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry whoop, and set them on again.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nursed by a bear,
That fed him with the purchased prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray ;
Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
In military garden Paris :
For soldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens, just as weeds do now,
Until some splay-foot politicians
T' Apollo offered up petitions,
For licensing a new invention
They'd found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds, that grow
In public gardens, at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
'My friends, that is not to be done.'
'Not done!' quote Statesman ; 'Yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.'
'Why then let's know it,' quoth Apollo :
'We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.'
'A drum !' quoth Phœbus, 'Troth, that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new :
But though of voice and instrument
We are th' undoubted president,
We such loud music do not profess,
The devil's master of that office,
Where it must pass ; if 't be a drum,
He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.* ;

To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon despatch you for his fee.'
They did so, but it proved so ill,
'They 'ad better let 'em grow there still.

But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is, stout Orsin ;
That which so oft by sundry writers,
Has been applied t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascribed to this
Than any other warrior, *viz.*
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendour and antiquity,
And from celestial origine,
Derived himself in a right line ;
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base-births might be hid,
Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore,
Made Jupiter himself, and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
Of which old Homer first made lampoons ;
Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
Was his undoubted ancestor ;
From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name :
Learned he was in med'cinal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder ;
By skilful chemists, with great cost,
Extracted from a rotten post ;
But of a heavenlier influence
Than that which mountebanks dispense ;
Though by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.
Thus virtuous Orsin was endued
With learning, conduct, fortitude

Incomparable ; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far,
Than half a hundred men of war ;
So he appeared, and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, could kill.

The gallant Bruin marched next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle *de la guerre*
Of rough, impenetrable fur ;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring ;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target ;
Armèd, as heralds cant, and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged :
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
So swords, in men of war, are teeth,
Which they do eat their victual with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he served, and fed on vermin ;
And when these failed, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws :
And though his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
And ev'ry man ate up his saddle ;
He was not half so nice as they,
But ate it raw when 't came in's way.
He had traced countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller ;
Who writes, he spoused in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,

And got on her a race of worthies,
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orsin oft had been,
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a saved citizen ; the one
To guard his bear, the other fought
To aid his dog ; both made more stout
By several spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood ;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got aught of him but blows ;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.
Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
And vanquished oftener than he fought :
Inured to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil :
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless, had made ;
He many a boar and huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow ;
But Guy, with him in fight compared,
Had like the boar or dun-cow fared :
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote ;
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and stings behind,
Subdued ; as poets say, long ago,
Bold Sir George Saint George did the dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stored with deletery medicines,
Which whosoever took is dead since,
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the under worlds as he :
For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred ;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean ;

The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheeled chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred, with so vile bungling.

Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame ;
Yet, when with Orsin he waged fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't :
Yet he was fierce as forest-boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held ;
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armèd fist ;
Nor could the hardest iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.
In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen head ;
Profoundly skilled in the black art,
As English Merlin, for his heart ;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He could transform himself to colour,
As like the devil as a collier ;
As like as hypocrites, in show,
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devised of quick despatch of slaughter ;
The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker ;
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come,
He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop, a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike ;
And when their forces he had joined,
He scorned to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla loved, Trulla, more bright
Than burnished armour of her knight ;
A bold virago, stout, and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall ;

Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she followed him
In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
And never him; or it forsook :
At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
She shared i' th' hazard, and the prize ;
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behaved herself with matchless courage,
And laid about in fight more busily
Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.
And though some critics here cry Shame,
And say our authors are to blame,
That, spite of all philosophers,
Who hold no females stout but bears,
And heretofore did so abhor
That women should pretend to war,
They would not suffer the stout'st dame,
To swear by Hercules's name ;
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks ;
To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride ;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field ;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the mistress
Of Gondibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a country lass ;
They say 'tis false without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose ;
Strip nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that's improbable,
Shall be deposed by those have seen't,
Or, what's as good, produced in print ;
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
Of all his race the valiant'st ;

The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheeled chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred, with so vile bungling.

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Than burnished armour of her knight ;
A bold virago, stout, and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall ;

Through every danger and distress
 Through every toil and every pain
 In ev'ry adventure and distress
 And never from her side was seen
 At breach of wall, or breach of gate
 She shared the danger and the pain
 At beating quarters and the strain
 Behaved herself with such grace
 And laid about in such a way
 Than th' Amazonian warriors
 And though some critics may say
 And say our authors are too bold
 That, spite of all their pains
 Who hold no females should be bold
 And heretofore did so much
 That women should prefer to
 They would not suffer the state
 To swear by Hercules's name
 Make feeble ladies, in their wars
 To fight like termagants and Tarts
 To lay their native arms aside
 Their modesty, and ride astride
 To run a tilt at men, and wield
 Their naked tools in open field :
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
 And she that would have been the mistress
 Of Samson, but he had grace.
 And when she took a country
 They say 'tis false with such a
 And of pernicious war
 The government of the world
 Can never be so good
 The nature of the world
 Truth find also
 It may be so
 Of Trulla, the
 Shall be so
 Or, what
 And if
 We'll go
 The world

What œstrum, what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
And, unrevenged, walks Waller's ghost?
What towns, what garrisons might you,
With hazard of this blood, subdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?
Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?
The Cause, for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then because quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,
The solemn league and covenant
Will seem a mere God-damme rant,
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
For as we make war for the king
Against himself, the self-same thing
Some will not stick to swear, we do
For God, and for religion too;
For if bear-baiting we allow,
What good can reformation do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' protestation,
The prototype of reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding garters,
When 'twas resolvèd by their house
Six members' quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal, and noises formidable;
And make all cries about the town
Join throats to cry the bishops down?
Who having round begirt the palace,
As once a month they do the gallows,
As members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When tinkers bawled aloud, to settle
Church-discipline, for patching kettle.

No sow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cried Reform.
The oyster-women locked their fish up,
And trudged away to cry No Bishop ;
The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
And 'gainst ev'l counsellors did cry ;
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the church ;
Some cried the covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread ;
And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawled out to purge the Commons house ;
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A gospel-preaching ministry ;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No surplices nor service-book :
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation.
And is this all? Is this the end
To which these carr'ings on did tend?
Hath public faith, like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
And run int' every tradesman's book,
Till both turn bankrupts, and are broke ?
Did saints for this bring in their plate,
And crowd, as if they came too late ?
For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin jordens, bowls, and flagons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons ;
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers ?
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men, as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.
Then was the Cause all gold and plate,
The brethren's offerings, consecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The saints fell prostrate, to adore it.
So say the wicked—and will you
Make that sarcasmus scandal true,

By running after dogs and bears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?
Have powerful preachers plied their tongues,
And laid themselves out, and their lungs;
Used all means, both direct and sin'ster,
I' th' pow'r of gospel-preaching min'ster?
Have they invented tones, to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to:
Discovered th' Enemy's design,
And which way best to countermine;
Prescribed what ways he hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the kirk?
Told it the news o' th' last express,
And after good or bad success
Made prayers, not so like petitions,
As overtures and propositions,
Such as the army did present
To their creator, the parliament;
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the work be carried on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting church and common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the saints were all a-gog,
And all this for a bear and dog?
The parliament drew up petitions
To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,
To well-affected persons, down
In every city and great town,
With power to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back again?
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that showed
As if they to the pill'ry rode!
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been tried by people of all sorts,

Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the Cause's service,
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray?
Shall we, that in the cov'nant swore
Each man of us to run before
Another still in reformation
Give dogs and bears a dispensation?
How will dissenting brethren relish it?
What will malignants say? *Videlicet,*
That each man swore to do his best,
To damn and perjure all the rest;
And bid the devil take the hin'most,
Which at this race is like to win most.
They'll say our business to reform
The church and state, is but a worm
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
T' an unknown church's discipline,
What is it else, but, before-hand,
T' engage, and after understand?
For when we swore to carry on
The present reformation,
According to the purest mode
Of churches best reformed abroad,
What did we else but make a vow
To do, we knew not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches these should be;
And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore *et ceteras*;
Or the French league, in which men vowed
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The Cause and work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitancies fit for Bedlam,
Rather than gospel-walking times,
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal.
In name of king and parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment

This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen ;
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are :
But to that purpose first surrender
The fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author, and engineer of mischief ;
That makes division between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall, *dictum factum*, both be brought
To condign pun'shment, as they ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay ;
For then I'll take another course,
And soon reduce you all by force.'
This said, he clapped his hand on sword,
To show he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long suppressed
Inflamèd wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answered him,—' Thou vermin wretched,
As e'er in measled pork was hatched ;
Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
On rump of justice as of cow ;
How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
O' thyself, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy steed of bone and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither ;
How dur'st th', I say, adventure thus
T' oppose thy lumber against us ?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itself about,
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
Thy busy vanity might show ?
Was no dispute a foot between
The caterwauling bretheren ?
No subtle question raised among
Those out-o'-their-wits, and those i' th' wrong ?

No prize between those combatants
O' th' times, the land and water saints ;
Where thou mightst stickle, without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not, for want of business, come
To us to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort
Of disputants, and spoil our sport ?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purse, or burglary abroad ?
No stolen pig nor plundered goose,
To tie thee up from breaking loose ?
No ale unlicensed, broken hedge,
For which thou statute mightst allege,
To keep thee busy from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the devil ?
Did no committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee,
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration ;
To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
All parties and the common-weal ?
Much better had it been for thee
H' had kept thee where th' art used to be ;
Or sent th' on business any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither :
But if th' hast brain enough in skull
To keep within its lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones,
And cudgels, to thy hide and bones ;
Tremble and vanish while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.'

At this the knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence, at length, these words broke out :

' Was I for this entitled Sir,
And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be braved by foe to cattle ?
Not all the pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up veal ;

Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat ;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decayed old age, in tough lean ware,
Make natural death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork ;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood ;
Though armed with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes made to hew down lives,
Shall save, or help thee to evade
The hand of justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military.
Nor shall these words, of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pumped to fling on me,
Go unrevenge'd, though I am free :
Thou down the same throat shall devour 'em
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said that wight
With gauntlet blue and bases white,
And round blunt truncheon by his side,
So great a man-at-arms defied,
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal ;
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.'

This said, with hasty rage he snatched
His gun-shot, that in holsters watched ;
And bending cock, he levelled full
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull ;
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murther.
But Pallas came in shape of rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her gorgon-shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere turned to a stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol gathering might,
With rugged truncheon charged the knight ;
But he, with petronel upheaved,
Instead of shield, the blow received ;

The gun recoiled as well it might,
Not used to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knocked down, and stunned, with mortal stripe :
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword ; yet not so fast,
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruised his head, and twice his back ;
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
Courageously he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon.
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then revenged itself again :
And though the sword, some understood,
In force, had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so ; both sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was val'ant'st :
For wood, with honour be'ng engaged,
Is so implacably enraged,
Though iron hew, and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tired in the hot pursuit of death ;
Whilst all the rest, amazed, stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observed ; and fretting
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow ;
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning flight ; for had it hit,
The upper part of him the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.

Meanwhile the incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on ;
Him Ralph encountered, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two ;
Th' one armed with metal, th' other with wood ;
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree, and old iron rang ;
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline,
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Performed what force could ne'er attain,
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropped them from the root,
He clapped them under the horse's tail,
With prickles sharper than a nail,
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That galled him sorely under his tail ;
Instead of which he threw the pack
Of squire and baggage from his back ;
And blundering still with smarting rump,
He gave the knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now,
By flight, escaped the fatal blow,
He rallied, and again fell to't ;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurled him thrice his length,
And dashed his brains, if any, out ;
But Mars, who still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the bear conveyed ;
The bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserved the ground,
And headlong knight, from bruise or wound :
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.

As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt ; ours fared as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the knight ;
He roared, and raged, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath inflamed, boiled o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam ;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more, than ever herald drew him.
He tore the earth, which he had saved
From squelch of knight, and stormed and raved ;
And vexed the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms :
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy,
Who never so much hurt had done him
As his own side did falling on him.
It grieved him to the guts, that they,
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
And served with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhuman wrong ;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition ;
For which he flung down his commission,
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarged,
Through thickest of his foes he charged,
And made way through th' amazed crew,
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none ; for, by hasty flight,
He strove t' escape pursuit of knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread, as he the rabble chased.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a several way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore,
I' th' fiddle, and the leg that bore

One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strewed
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of water, in a swoond,
In haste he snatched the wooden limb,
That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the knight,
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be revenged for breach
Of crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his fiddle underwent.

But Ralpho, who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup,
Looking about, beheld the bard
To charge the knight entranced prepared,
He snatched his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
As rats do from a falling house,
To hide itself from rage of blows ;
And winged with speed and fury, flew
To rescue knight from black and blue.
Which ere he could achieve, his scone
The leg encountered twice and once ;
And now 'twas raised, to smite again,
When Ralpho thrust himself between ;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the knight from further harm ;
And, joining wrath with force, bestowed
O' th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propped before.
To him the squire right nimbly run,
And setting conquering foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke : ' What desperate frenzy
Made thee, thou whelp of sin, to fancy

Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail,
With all its rhetoric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras does fare.'

This said, he gently raised the knight,
And set him on his haunch upright;
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweaked his nose, with gentle thump
Knocked on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the spirits lodged within:
They, wakened with the noise, did fly
From inward room, to window eye,
And gently opening lid, the casement,
Looked out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladdened Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the knight: quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, 'You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espoused Cause undertake;
And he lies prisoner at your feet,
To be disposed as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail;
For one wink of your powerful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.

His fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the churches ;
And by your doom must be allowed
To be, or be no more, a crowd ;
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror ;
Though dispensations were not strong
Conclusions, whether right or wrong ;
Although out-goings did confirm,
And owning were but a mere term ;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though usurped by might,
The property is in the saint,
From whom th' injuriously detain't ;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites ;
All which the saints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if they'd their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before ;
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.'

At this the knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous :
He stared about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatched his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood :
'Great Sir,' quoth he, 'your mighty spirit
Is raised too high ; this slave does merit
To be the hangman's business, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction ; I that am
A nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
Or ill entreat his fiddle or case :

Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gained in hot?
Will you employ your conquering sword
To break a fiddle, and your word?
For though I fought and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name:
For great commanders always own
What's prosperous by the soldier done.
To save, when you have power to kill,
Argues your power above your will;
And that your will and power have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This power which, now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the slave in awe,
Than if you were a knight of straw;
For death would then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror,
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too,
To do as you resolved to do:
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much
To say it needs, or fears a crutch.
Great conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than slain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pulled from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes: the greatest fame
Of cripple slain can be but lame:
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one side light,
As worship did, when y' were dubbed knight.
Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him prisoner of war;
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be tried;
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety:
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pique;

Or if his death will save, or yield
Revenge or fright, it is revealed,
Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless
Y' have power to hang him when you please ;
This has been often done by some
Of our great conquerors, you know whom ;
And has by most of us been held
Wise justice, and to some revealed :
For words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke ;
Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the Cause
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call just,
The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
This we among ourselves may speak ;
But to the wicked or the weak
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.'

This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of knight began to cool and settle.
He liked the squire's advice, and soon
Resolved to see the business done ;
And therefore charged him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place, and use,
The wooden member to reduce ;
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho despatched with speedy haste,
And having tied Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, while the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The squire in state rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy-fiddle and the case,
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side ;

And towed him, if he lagged behind,
Like boat against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite through the town they 'ad gone ;
At further end at which there stands
An ancient castle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts ; in all the fabric
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by powerful spell
Of magic made impregnable :
There's neither iron-bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate ;
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide ;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit ;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison ;
In circle magical confined,
With walls of subtle air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arrived, th' adventurous knight
And bold squire from their steeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile, built t' imprison hands ;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater :
For tho' the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enow ;
And when a circle 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch,
As if 'twere ridden post by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the squire
The fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy, place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.

Crowdero making doleful face,
‘Like hermit poor in pensive place,’
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet ;
But th’ other that had broke the peace,
And head of knighthood, they release,
Though a delinquent false and forged,
Yet being a stranger, he’s enlarged ;
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapped up fast in prison for’t.
So justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The scattered rout return and rally,
Surround the place ; the knight does sally,
And is made prisoner : then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the squire in's place :
I should have first said Hudibras.

Av me ! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron !
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps !
For though dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after show him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say
I' th' ditty called, ' What if a day ? '
For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop ;
Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the churches,
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explained by holder-forth,
And registered by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of diurnal ;
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host ;
And that a turn-stile is more certain
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scattered round about,
Chased by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of knight and bear,

All but the dogs, who in pursuit
Of the knight's victory stood to't,
And most ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat,
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquered and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and faced about,
As if they meant to stand it out :
For now the half-defeated bear,
Attacked by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain faced about ;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Faced the proud foe, and fled, and faced,
Retiring still, until he found
He 'ad got th' advantage of the ground ;
And then as valiantly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untried, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politic,
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gained a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charged, and for a while
Forced their whole body to recoil ;
But still their numbers so increased,
He found himself at length oppressed,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolved, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
Th' enemy, i' th' greatest throng ;
But what could single valour do,
Against so numerous a foe ?

Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believed, where th' odds were such
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he opposed,
His rear was suddenly enclosed,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the mastiffs, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come ;
While manfully himself he bore,
And, setting his right foot before,
He raised himself to show how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirred
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and staved it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enragèd thus, some in the rear
Attacked him, and some everywhere,
Till down he fell ; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about ;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas ! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,
To rescue him had not been quick :
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
As some report, was got among
The foremost of the martial throng ;
There pitying the vanquished bear,
She called to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight ; to whom,
' Shall we,' quoth she, ' stand still hum-drum,

And see stout bruin, all alone,
By numbers basely overthrown?
Such feats already he 'as achieved,
In story not to be believed,
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.'

'I would,' quoth he, 'venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him;
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late;
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.'
This said, they waved their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground,
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turned tail again, and straight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.
Meanwhile th' approached th' place where bruin
Was now engaged to mortal ruin:
The conquering foe they soon assailed,
First Trulla staved, and Cerdon tailed,
Until their mastiffs loosed their hold;
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before:
For as Achilles, dipped in pond,
Was anabaptized free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the pagan heel;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel;
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear, which in ducatoons
Is half the coin, in battle pared
Close to his head, so bruin fared;
But tugged and pulled on th' other side,
Like scrivener newly crucified;
Or like the late-collected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.

But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in's nose conveyed a string,
With which she marched before, and led
The warrior to a grassy bed,
As authors write, in a cool shade,
Which eglantine and roses made ;
Close by a softly-murmuring stream,
Where lovers used to loll and dream ;
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song,
And a well-tuned theorbo hung
Upon a bough to ease the pain
His tugged ears suffered, with a strain.
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader, and the rest.

For Orsin, who was more renowned
For stout maintaining of his ground
In standing fights, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot,
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursued the chase,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind.
Grieved to behold his bear pursued
So basely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers, of his coward foes,
He raged, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas ;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his sad regret :
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony bear ;
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
'Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,
'That make her, in their ruthless stories,
To answer to int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows ;

And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, 'O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled? to my'—Echo, *Ruin*.
'I thought th' hadst scorned to budge a step
For fear.' Quoth Echo, *Murphy*.
'Am I not here to take thy part?
Then what has quailed thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
For thy dear sake.' Quoth she, *Mum budget*.
'Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'dst thy back?' Quoth Echo, *Pish*.
'To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly?' Quoth Echo, *Mum*.
'But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endured for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to spend his blood in
His honour's cause?' Quoth she, *A Puddin*.
This said, his grief to anger turned,
Which in his manly stomach burned;
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vowed the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffered, and his bear.
This be'ng resolved, with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight, and giving o'er
To search for bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vowed
He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.
But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,

When he encountered with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.
'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras ;
Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout,
And resolute, as ever fought ;
Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke :
' Shall we,' quoth he, ' thus basely brook
The vile affront that paltry ass,
And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th' had routed us in battle ?
For my part, it shall ne'er be said
I for the washing gave my head :
Nor did I turn my back for fear
Of them, but losing of my bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo ;
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has received in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can fortel ;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome :
But if I can but find them out
That caused it, as I shall no doubt,
Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk,
I'll make them rue their handy-work,
And wish that they had rather dared
To pull the devil by the beard.'

Quoth Cerdon, ' Noble Orsin, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has every body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy bear :
Others may do as they see good ;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,
That braved us all in his behalf.

Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,
Though lugged indeed, and wounded very ill ;
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift ;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough :
There let him rest ; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.'

This said, they all engaged to join
Their forces in the same design,
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march :
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious knight befel ;
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seemed to grow
No where so green as on his brow ;
Laden with which, as well as tired
With conquering toil, he now retired
Unto a neighbouring castle by,
'To rest his body, and apply
Fit medicines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues ;
'To mollify th' uneasy pang
Of every honourable bang,
Which being by skilful midwife dressed,
He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain : he 'ad got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure land,
For he, in all his amorous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels,
Drew home his bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the knight ;
The shaft against a rib did glance,
And gall him in the purtenance ;
But time had somewhat 'suaged his pain,
After he found his suit in vain :
For that proud dame, for whom his soul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,

That belly that so oft did ache,
And suffer griping for her sake,
Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs,
Had almost brought him off his legs,
Used him so like a base rascallion,
That old Pyg—what d' y' call him—malion,
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.
She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;
'Mong which one cross-grained freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad ;
She could love none but only such
As scorned and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady ;
Not love, if any loved her : hey day !
So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.
Meanwhile the knight had no small task
To compass what he durst not ask :
He loves, but dares not make the motion ;
Her ignorance is his devotion :
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed ;
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move ;
Or like a tumbler, that does play
His game, and looks another way,
Until he seize upon the coney ;
Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain ; her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out ;
Which she returned with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour borne ;
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffered from his spiteful mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the pain
He had endured from her disdain

Turned to regret so resolute,
That he resolved to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight.
This resolution being put on,
He kept some months, and more had done,
But being brought so nigh by fate,
The victory he achieved so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinued hope,
That seemed to promise he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in ;
And that his valour, and the honour
He 'ad newly gained, might work upon her ;
These reasons made his mouth to water
With amorous longings to be at her.

Thought he, unto himself,—Who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forced the troop ?
If nothing can oppugnè love,
And virtue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too ?
But thou bring'st valour, too, and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valour's a mouse-trap, with a gin,
Which women oft are taken in :
Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror ?
Fortune the audacious doth *jurare*,
But lets the timidous miscarry :
Then, while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.
Such thoughts as these the knight did keep
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep ;
And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies

The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch ;
So from his couch the knight did start,
To seize upon the widow's heart,
Crying, with hasty tone and hoarse,
'Ralpho, despatch, to horse, to horse !'
And 'twas but time ; for now the rout,
We left engaged to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanced,
Up to the fort where we ensconced,
And all th' avenues had possessed,
About the place, from east to west.

That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where t' assault :
Then called a council, which was best,
By siege, or onslaught, to invest
The enemy ; and 'twas agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This being resolved, in comely sort
They now drew up t' attack the fort ;
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gates adventure,
To Ralpho called aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger,
That foresight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got ;
Or to his shame it might be said,
They took him napping in his bed ;
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in sciences profound.

His courser scarce he had bestrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When setting ope the postern gate,
Which they thought best to sally at,
The foe appeared, drawn up and drilled,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startled the bold knight,
Surprised with th' unexpected sight :

The bruises of his bones and flesh
He thought began to smart afresh ;
Till recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage,
And thus he spoke : ' The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder's rallied, and appears
As if they had out-run their fears ;
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat ;
And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the same numeric crew
Which we so lately did subdue ;
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageously did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory : and when
We shall our shining blades again
Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes ;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day, again.
'Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.'

This said, his courage to inflame,
He called upon his mistress' name.
His pistol next he cocked a-new,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew ;
And placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserved himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use ; then plied,
With iron heel, his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of knight to heel of steed.

Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows ;

When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho ; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the back withal ;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurled,
T' have sent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which saints, twice dipped, are destined to.
The danger startled the bold squire,
And made him some few steps retire ;
But Hudibras advanced to 's aid,
And roused his spirits half dismayed :
He wisely doubting lest the shot
O' th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, pressed close
To come, pell-mell, to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanced still in an oblique line ;
But prudently forebore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher ;
As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the adventurous knight,
Most soldier-like, observed in fight,
When Fortune, as she's wont, turned fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her goodyship
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon, choosing out a stone,
Levelled so right, it thumped upon
His manly paunch, with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loosed his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserved his seat : and, as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,
So did the knight, and with one claw
The trigger of his pistol draw.
The gun went off ; and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best,

So now he fared : the shot, let fly
At random, 'mong the enemy,
Pierced Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodged in Magnano's brass habergeon,
Who straight, 'A surgeon !' cried—'A surgeon !'
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did 'Murther ! murther ! murther !' yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He 'ad won, the second time, the fight ;
As, if the squire had but fallen on,
He had inevitably done :
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his wound, forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with Cerdon being engaged
In close encounter, they both waged
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of death
Had tired them so, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the disaster of the knight,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forced them part.
Ralpho pressed up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, ' Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up ; once more fall on,
The shattered foe begins to run :
For if but half so well you knew
To use your victory as subdue,
'They durst not, after such a blow
As you have given them, face us now ;
But from so formidable a soldier,
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.

Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
Waved o'er their heads, and fled as oft ;
But if you let them re-collect
Their spirits, now dismayed and checked,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet ye 'ave had, to get the day.'

Thus spoke the stout squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue ;
To which he answered, ' Cruel fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The clotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit ;
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolved to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound,
Or trivial basting, to despond ;
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail ;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that w' had time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course ; but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind
For them to seize on, the dishonour,
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat :
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.'

This said, the squire, with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony steed,
To seize the arms, which, by mischance,
Fell from the bold knight in a trance.
These being found out, and restored
To Hudibras, their natural lord,

As a man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.

Thrice he essayed to mount aloft ;
But, by his weighty rear, as oft
He was pulled back ; till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having placed him right, with speed
Prepared again to scale the beast,
When Orsin, who had newly dressed
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy squire aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cried out, ' 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally ;
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.'

This said, like to a thunderbolt,
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reached his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over ;
When Orsin, rushing in, bestowed
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough squire, like a sack,
Or stout king Richard, on his back ;
Till stumbleing, he threw him down,
Sore bruised, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prow'ss ;
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,

'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flowed.
This, with the hazard of the squire,
Inflamed him with despiteful ire ;
Courageously he faced about,
And drew his other pistol out,
And now had half way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, 'thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm ;
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Essayed to pull him off his steed.
The knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropped off a limb,
But Orsin came, and rescued him.
He with his lance attacked the knight
Upon his quarters opposite :
But as a bark that in foul weather,
'Tossed by two adverse winds together,
Is bruised and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to ;
So fared the knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose ;
Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunned
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the knight began to cheer up,
And, raising up himself on stirrup,
Cried out, '*Victoria* ! lie thou there,
And I shall straight despatch another
To bear thee company in death ;
But first I'll halt a while, and breathe.'
As well he might ; for Orsin, grieved
At the wound that Cerdon had received,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Meanwhile the knight had wheeled about,
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.

This being resolved, he spurred his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware ;
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part applied remedy ;
And seeing the enemy prepared,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard ;
Then, like a warrior, right expert
And skilful in the martial art,
The subtle knight straight made a halt,
And judged it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had relieved the squire,
And then, in order, to retire ;
Or, as occasion should invite,
With forces joined renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time disentranced,
Upon his rear himself advanced,
Though sorely bruised ; his limbs all o'er,
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore :
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone ;
When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he, and called him by his name,
' Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won,
The foe is profligate, and run ;
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home ;
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say,
He got two victories in a day,
As I have done, that can say, twice I,
In one day *Veni, vidi, vici*.
The foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*,
And they *perire*, and yet enow
Be left to strike an after-blow ;
Then, lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the business o'er,

Get up, and mount thy steed ; despatch,
And let us both their motions watch.'

Quoth Ralph, 'I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here ;
Nor have I turned my back, or hanged
A back, for fear of being banged.
It was for you I got these harms,
Adventuring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have received,
Have bruised my body, and bereaved
My limbs of strength : unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who are now run away.'

'That thou shalt not,' quoth Hudibras ;
'We read, the ancients held it was
Nore honourable far *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary ;
The one we oft to-day have done,
The other shall despatch anon :
And though th' art of a different church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.'
This said, he jogged his good steed nigher,
And steered him gently t'wards the squire ;
Then bowing down his body, stretched
His hand out, and at Ralpho reached ;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charged him like lightening behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out ;
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got :
But having found the worst was passed,
She fell to her own work at last,
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was hers ;
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew
To succour him ; for as he bowed
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and placed so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.

‘Yield, scoundrel base,’ quoth she, ‘or die,
Thy life is mine, and liberty ;
But if thou think’st I took thee tardy
And dar’st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o’er a-fresh,
I’ll wave my title to thy flesh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And if thou hast the heart to try’t,
I’ll lend thee back thyself a while,
And once more, for that carcase vile,
Fight upon tick.’—Quoth Hudibras,
‘Thou offer’st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise and take my sword ;
That sword, which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds despatched,
Now with a feeble spinster matched,
Will blush, with blood ignoble stained,
By which no honour’s to be gained.
But if thou’lt take m’ advice in this,
Consider, while thou mayst, what ’tis
To interrupt a victor’s course,
B’ opposing such a trivial force.
For if with conquest I come off,
And that I shall do sure enough,
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
By law of arms, in such a case ;
Both which I now do offer freely.’
‘I scorn,’ quoth she, ‘thou coxcomb silly,’
Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To show how much she prized his speech,
‘Quarter or counsel from a foe ;
If thou canst force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be said,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepared,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.’
This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and pressed so near,
That he retired, and followed ’s rear.

‘Stand to’t,’ quoth she, ‘or yield to mercy,
It is not fighting *versie-versie*
Shall serve they turn.’—This stirred his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th’ already made him reel.
Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came ;
Which fired it so, he raised his arm
Above his head, and rained a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them ;
Waiting an opportunity
To pay back all with usury,
Which long she failed not of ; for now
The knight with one dead-doing blow,
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning sleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charged upon it was so great,
As almost swayed him to the ground :
No sooner she th’ advantage found,
But in she flew ; and seconding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And mounting on his trunk a-stride,
Quoth she, ‘ I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base scum.
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace, and quarter now ?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour, than thy sword ?
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole.
And when before the fight, th’ hadst vowed
To give no quarter in cold blood ;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
To make m’ against my will take quarter ;
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word ?’

Quoth Hudibras, 'The day's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conquering brow:
My loss of honour's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff:
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illustr'ous
For being benign, and not blustrous
Against a vanquished foe: their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtesies about'

Quoth she, 'Although thou hast deserved,
Base Slubberdegullion, to be served
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the victory:
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my fame, than thy desert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw;
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'It is too late
For me to treat or stipulate;
What thou command'st I must obey;
Yet those whom I expunged to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both dogs and bear, upon their pàrole,
Whom I took prisoners in this quarrel.'

Quoth Trulla, 'Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero whom in irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,

Where still he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret ;
But now thy carcase shall redeem,
And serve to be exchanged for him.

This said, the knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet :
Next he disrobed his gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said jesting,
'Take that, and wear it for my sake ;'
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back :
And as the French, we conquered once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port cannons, periwigs and feathers,
Just so the proud, insulting lass
Arrayed and dighted Hudibras.

Meanwhile the other champions, erst
In hurry of the fight dispersed,
Arrived, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide,
With vengeance to be satisfied ;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower ;
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back again,
She brandished o'er her head his sword,
And vowed they should not break her word ;
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, should make that quarter good ;
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans :
Him she resolved that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.

This stopped their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting.

They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had achieved in fight,
She should dispose of how she pleased ;
Crowdero ought to be released :
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitched upon :
For who a better could imagine ?
This therefore they resolved t' engage in.
The knight and squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their hacks,
But with their faces to the backs.
Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralpho pressed ;
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on ;
All ushering Trulla, in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither, with greater speed than shows,
And triumph over conquered foes
Do use t' allow, or than the bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arrived,
In order, soldier-like contrived ;
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The knight and squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
'They all advanced, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter :
For he was skilful in black art,
No less than he that built the fort,
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all entered at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground :

Him they release from durance base,
Restored t' his fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage ;
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same limbo put
The knight and squire, where he was shut ;
Where leaving them in th' wretched hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confined and conjured into narrow
Enchanted mansion, to know sorrow,
In the same order and array
Which they advanced, they marched away :
But Hudibras, who scorned to stoop
To fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheered up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.
Quoth he, 'Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is, *sui juris*, unconfined,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
That makes men prisoners or free ;
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or equanimities.
The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cried,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes : who is not said,
For aught that ever I could read,
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because h' had ne'er another tub.
The ancients made two several kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds,
The active and the passive valiant,
Both which are *pari libra* gallant ;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-necessary :
But in defeats, the passive stout
Are always found to stand it out

Most desperately, and to out-do
The active, 'gainst a conquering foe :
Though we with blacks and blues are suggilled,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgelled ;
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubbed, can lose no honour by't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant : 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.
For as we see th' eclipsèd sun
By mortals is more gazed upon
Than when, adorned with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright ;
So valour, in a low estate,
Is most admired and wondered at.'

Quoth Ralph, ' How great I do not know
We may, by being beaten, grow ;
But none that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As gifted brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much ; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off.
For who, without a cap and bauble,
Having subdued a bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof ;
A politic exploit, right fit
For presbyterian zeal and wit.'

Quoth Hudibras, ' That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon :
When thou at any thing wouldst rail,
Thou mak'st presbytery thy scale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane ;

Him they release from durance base,
Restored t' his fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
• With luscious vengeance to assuage ;
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
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As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the pope's bull.
Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine ; so do they.
What are their orders, constitutions,
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,
But several mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake ?
And then set heathen officers,
Instead of dogs, about their ears.
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out, or to make offence ;
Of hell and heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose ;
To set what characters they please,
And mulcts on sin or godliness ;
Reduce the church to gospel-order,
By rapine, sacrilege, and murder ;
To make presbytery supreme,
And kings themselves submit to them ;
And force all people, though against
Their consciences, to turn saints ;
Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When saints monopolists are made :
When pious frauds, and holy shifts,
Are dispensations, and gifts ;
There godliness becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry synod but a fair.
Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
A mongrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up, became the sires
Of scribes, commissioners, and triers ;
Whose business is, by cunning sleight,
To cast a figure for men's light ;
To find, in lines of beard and face,
The physiognomy of grace ;
And by the sound and twang of nose,
If all be sound within, disclose,
Free from a crack, or flaw of sinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing ;
By black caps underlaid with white,
Give certain guess at inward light ;

Which serjeants at the Gospel wear,
To make the sp'ritual calling clear.
The handkerchief about the neck—
Canonical cravat of smeck,
From whom the institution came,
When church and state they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of spiritual warfaring-men—
Judge rightly if regeneration
Be of the newest cut in fashion :
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion.
Great piety consists in pride ;
To rule is to be sanctified :
To domineer, and to control
Both o'er the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect discipline
Of church-rule, and by right divine.
Bel and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than these by far :
For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat ;
But these will not be fobbed off so,
They must have wealth and power too,
Or else with blood and desolation,
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
Sure these themselves from primitive
And heathen priesthood do derive,
When butchers were the only clerks,
Elders and presbyters of kirks ;
Whose directory was to kill ;
And some believe it is so still.
The only difference is, that then
They slaughtered only beasts, now men.
For then to sacrifice a bullock,
Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole nation.
Presbytery does but translate
The papacy to a free state,
A common-wealth of popery,
Where every village is a see

As well as Rome, and must maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan ;
Where every presbyter and deacon
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon ;
And every hamlet's governèd
By's holiness, the church's head,
More haughty and severe in's place,
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such church must, surely, be a monster
With many heads : for if we conster
What in th' Apocalypse we find,
According to th' Apostle's mind,
'Tis that the Whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon ;
Which heads denote the sinful tribe
Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe.
Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop secular. This zealot
Is of a mongrel, diverse kind,
Cleric before, and lay behind ;
A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another ;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water ;
That always preys on grace, or sin ;
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
And manners ; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts,
Through coarsest bolter, others' gifts :
For all men live and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his.
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle light and grace,
The manufacture of the kirk,
Whose pastors are but th' handiwork
Of his mechanic paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling :

From whence they start up chosen vessels,
Made by contact, as men get measles.
So card.nals, they say, do grope
At th' other end the new-made pope.'

'Hold, hold,' quoth Hudibras, 'soft fire,
They say, does make sweet malt. Good squire,
Festina lente, not too fast ;
For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.
The quirks and cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake :
And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of fallacies, t' elenchi back ;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be understood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination
To leave your vituitigation,
And make you keep to th' question close,
And argue *dialecticōs*.

The question then, to state it first,
Is, which is better or which worst,
Synods or bears ? bears I avow
To be the worst, and synods thou.
But to make good th' assertion,
Thou say'st th' are really all one.
If so, not worst ; for if they're *idem*,
Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is better, neither worse.
But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.

That both are *animalia*
I grant, but not *rationalia* ;
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find.
And can no more make bears of these,
Than prove my horse is Socrates.
That synods are bear-gardens too,
Thou dost affirm ; but I say, No :
And thus I prove it, in a word ;
Whats'ever assembly's not empowered
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
Can be no synod ; but bear-garden

Has no such power, *ergo* 'tis none ;
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beside the question
Which thou didst raise the first contest on ;
For that was, whether bears are better
Than synod-men ? I say *Negatur*.
That bears are beasts, and synods men,
Is held by all : they're better then,
For bears and dogs on four legs go,
As beasts ; but synod-men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails ;
But prove that synod-men have tails ;
Or that a rugged shaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of presbyter ;
Or that his snout and spacious ears
Do hold proportion with a bear's.
A bear's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural,
Whelped without form, until the dam
Has licked it into shape and frame :
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever synod-man was licked,
Or brought to any other fashion
Than his own will and inclination.
But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and sense ; that is,
Thou wouldst have presbyters to go
For bears and dogs, and bear-wards too :
A strange chimæra of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces het'rogene ;
Such as in Nature never met,
In eodem subjecto yet.
Thy other arguments are all
Supposures hypothetical,
That do but beg ; and we may choose
Either to grant them or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when,
And where thou stol'st from other men,
Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts ;
And is the same that Ranter said
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,

And tore a handful of my beard ;
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out ;
And what thou know'st I answered then
Will serve to answer thee again.'

Quoth Ralpho, 'Nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce ;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain ;
A trade of knowledge as replete,
As others are with fraud and cheat ;
An art t' incumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit ;
Makes light unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet :
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own ;
A sort of error, to ensconce
Absurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious, and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplexed, and intricate ;
For nothing goes for sense or light,
That will not with old rules jump right ;
As if rules were not in the schools
Derived from truth, but truth from rules.
This pagan, heathenish invention
Is good for nothing but contention.
For as in sword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light ;
So when men argue, the great'st part
O' the contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' argument.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'Friend Ralph, thou hast
Out-run the constable at last :
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white ;

Mere *disparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning ;
Two things s' averse, they never yet,
But in thy rambling fancy, met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by' ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this we're in ; therefore let's stop here,
And rest our wearied bones a while,
Already tired with other toil.'

PART II.—CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight, being clapped by th' heels in prison,
The last unhappy expedition,
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers ; yet on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

BUT now, t' observe romantique method,
Let rusty steel a while be sheathèd ;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinados, cuts, and wounds,
Exchanged to love's more gentle style,
To let our reader breathe a while :
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of preface.

Is't not enough to make one strange,
That some men's fancies should ne'er change,
But make all people do and say
The same things still the self-same way ?
Some writers make all ladies purloined,
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind.
Others make all their knights, in fits
Of jealousy, to lose their wits ;
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
They're forthwith cured of their capriches.
Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plasters off their sores ;
As cripples do to get an alms,
Just do so they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site ;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after ;

But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake ;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time.

Be we forget in what sad plight
We whilom left the captived knight
And pensive squire, both bruised in body,
And conjured into safe custody.
Tired with dispute, and speaking Latin,
As well as basting and bear-baiting,
And desperate of any course,
To free himself by wit or force,
His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend ;
In which he found th' event, no less
Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame,—
But wondrous light, yclepèd Fame,
That like a thin chameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words ;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lined through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist :
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest regions ;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom ;
About her neck a packet-mail,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of men that walked when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to bed :
Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs,
And puppies whelped with twice two legs ;
A blazing-star seen in the west,
By six or seven men at least.

Two trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contràry tones ;
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th' other well ;
And therefore vulgar authors name
Th' one Good, th' other Evil Fame.

This tattling gossip knew too well,
What mischief Hudibras befel ;
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laughed so loud,
To see bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals with stately pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump,
As she laughed out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vowed she would go see the fight,
And visit the distressèd knight,
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour ;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks,
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This being resolved, she called for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went
To find the knight, in limbo pent.
And 'twas not long before she found
Him, and his stout squire, in the pound ;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together ;
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands applied
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl,

She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflamed all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place ;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
And wink, and goggle like an owl ;
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the Dame accosted him.

'This place,' quoth she, 'they say's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted ;
That here are tied in chains, and scourged,
Until their guilty crimes be purged :
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere :
Some have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer-eyes, and horns ; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum :
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjured and enchanted ;
For though it be disfigured somewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy knight,
How'er this goblin is come by't.'

When Hudibras the Lady heard,
Discoursing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour,
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he could,
And thus he spoke : 'Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right ;
The beard's th' identique beard you knew,
The same numerically true ;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.'

‘ O heavens ! ’ quoth she, ‘ can that be true ?
I do begin to fear ’tis you ;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly expressed :
But what malignant star, alas !
Has brought you both to this sad pass ? ’

Quoth he, ‘ The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case. ’

Quoth she, ‘ Those need not be ashamed
For being honourably maimed ;
If he that is in battle conquered,
Have any title to his own beard,
Though yours be sorely lugged and torn,
It does your visage more adorn
Than if ’twere pruned, and starched, and landered,
And cut square by the Russian standard.
A torn beard’s like a tattered ensign,
That’s bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders,
Does not so well become a soldier’s ;
And I’m afraid they are worse handled,
Although i’ th’ rear, your beard the vain led ;
And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ache,
To see so worshipful a friend
I’ th’ pillory set, at the wrong end. ’

Quoth Hudibras, ‘ This thing called pain,
Is, as the learned stoics maintain,
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as ’tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross *phænomenas*
In which it oft mistakes the case.
But since th’ immortal intellect,
That’s free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same,
Is free from outward bruise or maim,

Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure ;
And just so far are sore and grieved,
As by the fancy is believed.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And died of mere opinion straight ;
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
A Saxon Duke did grow so fat,
That mice, as histories relate,
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling :
Then how is't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick ?'

Quoth she, ' I grant it is in vain,
For one that's basted to feel pain ;
Because the pangs his bones endure,
Contribute nothing to the cure ;
Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage
With pain no medicine can assuage.'

Quoth he, ' That honour's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish :
For what's more honourable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars ?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow ;
Some kicked, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather ;
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning.
The furthest way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruised with wood, or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons ;
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckoned.
Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,
Our princes worship, with a blow :

King Pyrrhus cured his splenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when some mighty lord
Or potentate's to be restored,
And pardoned for some great offence,
With which he's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side, t' a jelly ;
That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows ;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
The beaten soldier proves most manful,
That, like his sword, endures the anvil,
And justly's held more formidable,
The more his valour's malleable :
But he that fears a bastinado,
Will run away from his own shadow :
And though I'm now in durance fast,
By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole, refused,
And worse than by the en'my used ;
In close *catasta* shut, past hope
Of wit or valour to elope ;
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend ;
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches ;
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.'

Quoth she, ' You 'ave almost made m' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights :
Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same.
No Indian Prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave,
What glories must a whipping have ?
Such great achievements cannot fail
To cast salt on a woman's tail :

For if I thought your natural talent
Of passive courage were so gallant,
As you strain hard to have it though
I could grow amorous and dote.'

When Hudibras this language heard,
He pricked up 's ears, and stroked his beard ;
Thought he, this is the lucky hour,
Wines work when vines are in the flower :
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the question.

' Madam, what you would seem to doubt
Shall be to all the world made out,
How I've been drubbed, and with what spirit,
And magnanimity, I bear it ;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you ;
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner, and take both.'

Quoth she, ' I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers.
And though I praised your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit,
Which, if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have proved,
I cannot love where I'm beloved.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich
Beyond th' infliction of a witch ;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns,
As fire in antique Roman urns,
To warm the dead, and vainly light -
Those only that see nothing by't.
Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again ?
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath.
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch ?
What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force ;

For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye :
For what does make it ravishment
But being against the mind's consent?
A rape, that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us?
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fanatic way,
Why should you not, at least, allow
Those that love you, to do so too ?
For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you ;
And am, by your own doctrine, taught
To practise what you call a fault.'

Quoth she, ' If what you say be true,
You must fly me, as I do you :
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In love, and preaching, that must sway.'

Quoth he, ' To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a fit, to hiccup :
Command me to put out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's power's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hectoring kill-cow Hercules ;
Reduced his leaguer-lion's skin
T' a petticoat, and made him spin ;
Seized on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble distaff, and a spindle.'

Quoth she, ' If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex ?
Why is't not damned, and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked ?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the saints ?

I find, I've greater reason for it,
Than I believed before t' abhor it.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'These sad effects,
Spring from your heathenish neglects
Of love's great power, which he returns
Upon yourself with equal scorns ;
And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with preposterous appetite.'

Quoth she, 'These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear,
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secrecy in love.'

Says he, 'There is as weighty reason
For secrecy in love, as treason.
Love is a burglarer, a felon
That at the windore-eye does steal in,
To rob the heart, and with his prey,
Steals out again a closer way,
Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure, as he deserves, to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men, as naturally as in charcoals,
Which sooty chemists stop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals ;
So lovers should their passions choke,
That though they burn, they may not smoke.
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole,
And dragged beasts backwards into 's hole ;
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you entrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary, Albertus.'

Quoth she, 'I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose :
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else :
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologique sense,

The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's made to.'

Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way ;
He that will win his dame, must do
As Love does, when he bends his bow ;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.

'I grant,' quoth he, 'wealth is a great
Provocative to amorous heat :
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out :
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore :
'Tis that by which the sun and moon,
At their own weapons, are out-done :
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances ;
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call :
For what is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring ?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own ;
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh ?
I do confess, with goods and land
I'd have a wife at second hand ;
And such you are : nor is't your person
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;
But 'tis your better part, your riches,
That my enamoured heart bewitches :
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please ;
Or make it o'er in trust to the devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil.'

Quoth she, 'I like this plainness better
Than false-mock passion, speech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or swooning,
But hanging of yourself, or drowning ;
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck :

For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they strike others down ;
So that would break my heart ; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
These are but trifles ; every lover
Will damn himself over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a less worthy mistress' sake :
Yet they're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeigned realities of love ;
For he that hangs, or beats out 's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.'

Quoth Hudibras, ' This way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof ;
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or douce in water,
And, like a water-witch, try love ;
That's to destroy, and not to prove ;
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected :
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover :
Trust is a trial ; if it break,
'Tis not so desperate as a neck :
Beside, th' experiment's more certain ;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune :
The soldier does it every day,
Eight to the week, for sixpence pay ;
Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
To share with knaves, in cheating fools ;
And merchants, venturing through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain :
This is the way I advise you to,
Trust me, and see what I will do.'

Quoth she, ' I should be loth to run
Myself all th' hazard, and you none ;
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of yours aforesaid do precede :
Give but yourself one gentle swing,
For trial, and I'll cut the string ;
Or give that reverend head a maul,
Or two, or three, against a wall ;

'To show you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myself to settle.'

Quoth he, 'My head's not made of brass,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
Nor, like the Indian's skull, so tough,
That, authors say, 'twas musket proof;
As it had need to be to enter,
As yet, on any new adventure;
You see what bangs it has endured,
That would, before new feats, be cured:
But if that's all you stand upon,
Here strike me luck, it shall be done.'

Quoth she, 'The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose; two words t' a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof;
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike;
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
T' your conversation, mien, or person;
But a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love;
For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.'

Quoth he, 'My faith as adamant
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain;
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigsney,
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love, or you, shake off my heart;
The sun that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence;
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true-love-knots, and flourishes;
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourishing;
Drink every letter on't in stum,
And make it brisk champagne become;

Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet ;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours ;
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you ;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die.
Only our loves shall still survive,
New worlds and natures to outlive ;
And, like to herald's moons, remain
All crescents, without change or wane.'

'Hold, hold,' quoth she, 'no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss ;
For you will find it a hard chapter,
To catch me with poetic rapture,
In which your mastery of art
Doth show itself, and not your heart ;
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
By dint of high heroic fustian :
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon ;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive
T' embalm her cruelly alive ;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their *haut-gouts*, *bouillions*, or *ragouts* ;
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the *facet doublet* doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth ;
Her mouth compared t' an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in't, 'stead of teeth ;
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix ;
In which the lily and the rose,
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
The sun and moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclipsed and darkened in the skies,
Are but black patches, that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars ;

By which astrologers, as well
As those in heaven above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshow,
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wise philosophers have thought,
And that's the cause we hear it not,
'This has been done by some, who those
Th' adored in rhyme, would kill in prose ;
And in those ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung ;
That have the hard fate to write best,
Of those still that deserve it least ;
It matters not, how false or forced,
So the best things be said o' th' worst ;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at ; so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep :
For wits that carry low or wide,
Must be aimed higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should chuse
This way t' attack me with your muse,
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With fulhams of poetic fiction :
I rather hoped I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score :
For hard dry-bastings used to prove
The readiest remedies of love,
Next a dry-diet ; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-holed jail,
In which ye're hampered by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock ;
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler
T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog.

Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That, for a bruised or broken pate,
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the married brow :
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From venturing on that dragon, marriage ;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance ;
Level at beauty and at wit ;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.'

Quoth Hudibras, ' I am beforehand
In that already, with your command ;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your constellation, meet ? '

Quoth she, ' What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality ?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit ;
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts :
A grace which, if I could believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.'

' That conscience,' quoth Hudibras,
' Is misinformed ; I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists :
Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be alienated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.'

Quoth she, ' I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you ;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away, or sell ?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware ;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer hue and cry,
For a roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurred and switched, a lock on 's hoof,
A sorrel mane ? Can I bring proof

Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market tolled for?
Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day,
Ere I can own you, here i' th' pound,
Where, if ye're sought, you may be found ;
And in the mean time I must pay
For all your provender and hay.'

Quoth he, 'It stands me much upon
T' enervate this objection.
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?
Next it appears, I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.'

Quoth she, 'That nothing will avail ;
For some philosophers of late here,
Write men have four legs by nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two ;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood ;
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,
Till you explain yourself, and show
B' experiment 'tis so or no.'

Quoth he, 'If you'll join issue on't,
I'll give you sat'sfact'ry account ;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my spouse.'

'That never shall be done,' quoth she,
'To one that wants a tail, by me ;
For tails by nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament ;
And, though the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beast they are so comely,
So *gentee*, *alamode*, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one ;
And till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,

I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a queen to death ;
Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
Than yours, on any other terms.'

Quoth he, 'What nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word ;
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one :
I mean by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion ;
But since ye 'ave yet denied to give
My heart, your prisoner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel ;
And for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter ;
And by discharge, or mainprize, grant
Delivery from this base restraint.'

Quoth she, 'I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg,
And if I knew which way to do't,
Your honour safe, I'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant knights have been set free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it, too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oaths, and honour too ;
For what are they renowned and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels ?
But for a lady, no ways errant,
'To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or classic author yet of France ;
And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use,

To free your heels by any course
That might b' unwholesome to your spurs :
Which if I should consent unto,
It is not in my power to do ;
For 'tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous ceremony ;
Which always has been used t' untie
The charms of those who here do lie :
For as the ancients heretofore
To honour's temple had no door,
But that which thorough virtue's lay,
So from this dungeon there's no way
To honoured freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous school of lashing,
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists ;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance :
Whipping, that's virtue's governess,
Tutress of arts and sciences ;
That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
And puts new life into dull matter ;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown.
This suffered, they are set at large,
And freed with honourable discharge ;
'Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials,
And in their way attended on
By magistrates of every town ;
And, all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient seats conveyed.
Now if you'll venture, for my sake,
To try the toughness of your back,
And suffer, as the rest have done,
'The laying of a whipping on,
And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigour do't,
I here engage to be your bail,
And free you from th' unknighly jail.
But since our sex's modesty
Will not allow I should be by,

Bring me, on oath, a fair account,
And honour too, when you have don't ;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go
By dest'ny, why not whipping too ?
What medicine else can cure the fits
Of lovers, when they lose their wits ?
Love is a boy, by poets styled,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child ;
A Persian emperor whipped his grannam
The sea, his mother Venus came on ;
And hence some reverend men approve
Of rosemary in making love.
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, performed in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by art,
Raise passion in a lady's heart ?
It is an easier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather suffer whipping,
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon ?
Make wicked verses, traits, and faces,
And spell names over, with beer-glasses ?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's sacrifice, and all a lie ?
With China-oranges and tarts,
And whining plays, lay baits for hearts ?
Bribe chambermaids with love and money,
To break no roguish jests upon ye ?
For lilies limned on cheeks, and roses,
With painted perfumes, hazard noses ?
Or, venturing to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lantern ?
All this you may compound for now,
By suffering what I offer you ;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long ago.
Did not the great La Mancha do so
For the Infanta Del Toboso ?

Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
Himself a slave for Misse's sake ?
With thong of bull's hide, for her love,
Was tawed as gentle as a glove ?
Was not young Florio sent, to cool
His flame for Biancafio, to school,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her sake suffer martyrdom ?
Did not a certain lady whip,
Of late, her husband's own lordship ?
And though a grandee of the house,
Clawed him with fundamental blows ;
Tied him stark-naked to a bed-post,
And firked his hide, as if she 'ad rid post ;
And after in the sessions court,
Where whipping's judged, had honour for't ?
This swear you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th' enchanted den,
And the magician's circle, clear.'

Quoth he, 'I do profess and swear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never see you mine.'

'Amen,' quoth she, then turned about,
And bid her squire let him out.
But ere an artist could be found
T' undo the charms another bound,
The sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes ;
The moon pulled off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight,
Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade.
And in the night as freely shone,
As if her rays had been her own :
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrowed lustre,
While sleep the wearied world relieved,
By counterfeiting death revived.
His whipping penance, till the morn,
Our votary thought it best t' adjourn,

And not to carry on a work
Of such importance in the dark,
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't in th' open face of day;
And in the mean time go in quest
Of next retreat to take his rest.


CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight and squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight ;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.

'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit,
Like bet and brandy, with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast,
Only to have them clawed and canvassed ;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,
Ne'er to be used, but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument ;
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discussed ;
Dispute and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot, upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.
So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
With fierce dispute maintained their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study,
'To prove that virtue is a body ;
That *bonum* is an animal,
Made good with stout polemic brawl ;
In which some hundreds on the place
Were slain outright, and many a face
Retrenched of nose, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their sect averred.
All which the knight and squire, in wrath,
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith ;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.

The sūn had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn ;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching
'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
And from his couch prepared to rise ;
Resolving to despatch the deed
He vowed to do with trusty speed :
But first, with knocking loud and bawling,
He roused the squire, in truckle lolling :
And after many circumstances,
Which vulgar authors in romances,
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent description,
They got, with much ado, to horse,
And to the castle bent their course,
In which he to the dame before
To suffer whipping-duty swore :
Where now arrived, and half unharnessed,
To carry on the work in earnest,
He stopped and paused upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratched, and after said :
 ' Whether it be direct infringing
 An oath, if I should wave this swinging,
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
 And so b' equivocation swear ;
 Or whether 't be a lesser sin
 To be forsworn, than act the thing,
 Are deep and subtle points, which must,
 To inform my conscience, be discussed ;
 In which to err a tittle may
 To errors infinite make way :
 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy judgment, ere we further go.'
 Quoth Ralpho, ' Since you do enjoin't,
 I shall enlarge upon the point ;
 And, for my own part, do not doubt
 Th' affirmative may be made out.



But first, to state the case aright,
For best advantage of our light ;
And thus 'tis : Whether 't be a sin
To claw and curry your own skin,
Greater or less than to forbear,
And that you are forsworn forswear.
But first, o' th' first : The inward man,
And outward, like a clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing ;
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a spiritual mystic sense ;
Which to mistake, and make them squabble
In literal fray, 's abominable ;
'Tis heathenish, in frequent use,
With Pagans and apostate Jews,
To offer sacrifice of bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols ;
And mongrel Christians of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination,
Contrition and mortification.
Is't not enough we're bruised and kickèd,
With sinful members of the wicked ;
Our vessels, that are sanctified,
Profaned, and curried back and side ;
But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And heathen stripes, by their example ?
Which, were there nothing to forbid it,
Is impious, because they did it :
This therefore may be justly reckoned
A heinous sin. Now to the second ;
That saints may claim a dispensation
To swear and forswear on occasion,
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light : the point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind,
Too feeble implements to bind ;
And hold with deeds proportion, so
As shadows to a substance do.
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker vessel should submit,

Although your church be opposite
To ours, as Black-friars are to White,
In rule and order, yet I grant
You are a reformado saint ;
And what the saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to :
But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege ;
Further, I mean, than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own :
For if the devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth ; why the saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little reason why :
Else h' has a greater power than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
We 're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to swear ;
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain ;
For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue ; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence :
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjured themselves, and broke their word :
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late apostles' acts is.
Was not the Cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on ?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke ?
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models, for
The present use of church and war ?
Did not our worthies of the house,
Before they broke the peace, break vows ?
For having freed us first from both
Th' allegiance and suprem'cy oath,
Did they not next compel the nation
To take, and break the protestation ?

To swear, and after to recant,
The solemn league and covenant ?
To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,
Enforced by those who first did frame it ?
Did they not swear, at first, to fight
For the king's safety, and his right ?
And after marched to find him out,
And charged him home with horse and foot ?
And yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his defence ?
Did they not swear to live and die
With Essex, and straight laid him by ?
If that were all, for some have sworn
As false as they, if they did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain law,
In which that swearing made a flaw ?
For protestant religion vow,
That did that vowing disallow ?
For privilege of parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent ?
And since, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not swear, in express words,
To prop and back the House of Lords ?
And after turned out the whole houseful
Of peers, as dangerous and unuseful.
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' house ;
Vowed that the red-coats would disband,
Ay, marry would they, at their command ;
And trolled them on, and swore, and swore,
Till th' army turned them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an expedient.
What was the public faith sound out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for ?
The public faith, which every one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none ;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should private faith have such a tie ?

Oaths were not purposed, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.
A saint's of th' heavenly realm a peer ;
And as no peer is bound to swear,
But on the gospel of his honour,
Of which he may dispose as owner,
It follows, though the thing be forgery,
And false, th' affirm it is no perjury,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing, but a form of speech ;
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere saluting of the book.
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
They're but commissions of course,
And saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please ;
Or misinterpret them by private
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why should we ourselves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege ?
Quakers that, like to lanterns bear
Their light within 'em, will not swear ;
Their gospel is an accident,
By which they construe conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's head,
The head and founder of their order,
That stirring hats held worse than murder.
These thinking they're obliged to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath :
Like mules, who if they 'ave not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock-still ;
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil ;
For saints may do the same things by
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do ;

And yet the actions be contràry,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.
For as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea's expressed ;
So in the wicked there's no vice,
Of which the saints have not a spice ;
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a sin.
Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,
A saint should be a slave to conscience,
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above ordinances ?
She's of the wicked, as I guess,
B' her looks, her language, and her dress :
And though, like constables, we search
For false wares one another's church ;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the wicked due.
The truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.'

Quoth Hudibras, ' All this is true ;
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Those mysteries and revelations ;
And therefore topical evasions
Of subtle turns, and shifts of sense,
Serve best with th' wicked for pretence,
Such as the learnèd Jesuits use,
And Presbyterians, for excuse
Against the Protestants, when th' happen
To find their churches taken napping :
As thus ; A breach of oath is duple,
And either way admits a scruple,
And may be, *ex parte* of the maker,
More criminal than th' injured taker ;
For he that strains too far a vow,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow :
And he that made and forced it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it.
A broken oath 's, *quatenus* oath,
As sound t' all purposes of troth,
As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
Nay, till they're broken have no force.

What's justice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws ?
They have no power, but to admonish ;
Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make them such.
Beside, no engagement is allowed
By men in prison made, for good ;
For when they're set at liberty,
They're from th' engagement too set free.
The rabbins write, when any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterwards he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation :
And have not two saints power to use
A greater privilege than three Jews ?
The court of conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and sovereign,
Is't fit should be subordinate
To ev'ry petty court i' the state,
And have less power than the lesser,
To deal with perjury at pleasure ?
Have its proceedings disallowed, or
Allowed, at fancy of pie-powder ?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For swearing *ex officio* ?
Be forced t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unringed at *vis. franc.* pledge ?
Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
Priests, witches, eaves-droppers, and nuisance ;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who filled pots of ale but half-full ;
And have no power at all, nor shift,
To help itself at a dead lift ?
Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation ?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return ?
And make as nice distinctions serve
To split a case, as those that carve,

Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
Why should not tricks as slight, do points?
Is not th' high-court of justice sworn
To judge that law that serves their turn?
Make their own jealousies high-treason,
And fix them whomso'er they please on?
Cannot the learned counsel there
Make laws in any shape appear?
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to destroy?
And vex them into any form
That fits their purpose to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confess,
Impeach of treason whom you please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engaged their lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own sense,
But what they ought by oath and conscience.
Can they not juggle, and with slight
Conveyance play with wrong and right;
And sell their blasts of wind as dear,
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge,
The same case several ways adjudge?
As seamen with the self-same gale,
Will several different courses sail;
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in;
So when tyrann'cal usurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in chancery every man swear
What makes best for him in his answer?
Is not the winding up witnesses,
And nicking, more than half the business?
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And where in conscience they're strait-laced,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.

Do not your juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And as they please, make matter o' fact
Run all on one side, as they're packed?
Nature has made man's breast no windores,
To publish what he does within doors;
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.
If oaths can do a man no good
In his own business, why they should
In other matters do him hurt,
I think there's little reason for't.
He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?
These reasons may perhaps look oddly
To th' wicked, though they evince the godly;
But if they will not serve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glassy bubble,
That finds philosophers such trouble;
Whose least part cracked, the whole does fly,
And wits are cracked to find out why.'

Quoth Ralpho, 'Honour's but a word
To swear by only in a lord:
In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, instead of proof;
That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
Insenseless, and just nothing else.'

'Let it,' quoth he, 'be what it will,
It has the world's opinion still.
But as men are not wise that run
The slightest hazard they may shun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do't,
By proxy whipped, or substitute.'

'Though nice and dark the point appear,'
Quoth Ralph, 'it may hold up and clear.
That sinners may supply the place
Of suffering saints, is a plain case.

Justice gives sentence, many times,
On one man for another's crimes.
Our brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the churches have less need ;
As lately 't happened : In a town
There lived a cobbler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel,
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours ;
For which he craved the saints to render
Into his hands, or hang, th' offender :
But they maturely having weighed
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
A man that served them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble,
Resolved to spare him ; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.
'Then wherefore may not you be skipped,
And in your room another whipped ?
For all philosophers, but the sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic.'

'It is enough,' quoth Hudibras,
'Thou hast resolved, and cleared the case ;
And canst, in conscience, not refuse,
From thy own doctrine, to raise use.
I know thou wilt not, for my sake,
Be tender-conscienced of thy back :
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a firkin ;

For when thy vessel is new hooped,
All leaks of sinning will be stopped.'

Quoth Ralpho, 'You mistake the matter,
For in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own self catches
The itch, or amorous French achès ;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins :
And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense :
Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and popish,
For one man out of his own skin
To frisk and whip another's sin ;
As pedants out of school-boys' breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches
But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain ;
For we must take our oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'That's answered soon ;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.'

Quoth Ralpho, 'That we may swear true,
'T were properer that I whipped you ;
For when with your consent 'tis done,
The act is really your own.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'It is in vain,
I see, to argue 'gainst the grain ;
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do :
For when disputes are wearied out,
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt :
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty ;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it,
As, e'er we part, I shall evince it,
And curry, if you stand out, whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
I' th' public work, base as thou art ?

To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy knight an op'lent spouse,
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
Merely for th' interest of the churches?
And when he has it in his claws,
Mill not be hide-bound to the cause;
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon,
If thou despatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve, before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow.'

'Ye 'ad best,' quoth Ralpho, 'as the ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And, Look before you ere you leap;
For, As you sow, ye're like to reap:
And were y' as good as George a Green,
I should make bold to turn again;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.
Is't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner?
A knight t' usurp the beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
But I advise you, not for fear,
But for your own sake, to forbear,
And for the churches, which may chance,
From hence, to spring a variance,
And raise among themselves new scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politics
We still have worsted all your holy tricks;
Trepanned your party with intrigue,
And took your grandees down a peg;
New-modelled th' army, and cashiered
All that to Legion Smec adhered;
Made a mere utensil o' your church,
And after left it in the lurch;
A scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with 't pulled it down;
O'er-reached your rabbins of the synod,
And snapped their canons with a why-not:
Grave synod-men, that were revered
For solid face, and depth of beard,

Their classic model proved a maggot,
Their direct'ry an Indian pagod ;
And drowned their discipline like a kitten,
On which they'd been so long a sitting ;
Decried it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date, and obsolete,
And all the saints of the first grass,
As casting foals of Balaam's ass.'

At this the knight grew high in chafe,
And, staring furiously on Ralph,
He trembled and looked pale with ire,
Like ashes first, then red as fire.
'Have I,' quoth he, 'been ta'en in fight,
And for so many moons lain by't,
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchanged for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ransom
Much more considerable and handsome ;
But for their own sakes, and for fear
They were not safe, when I was there ;
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
An upstart sect'ry, and a mongrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own church, like wens or tumours,
And like a maggot in a sore,
Would that which gave it life devour ;
It never shall be done or said :'
With that he seized upon his blade ;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readiness prepared
To draw and stand upon his guard ;
When both were parted on the sudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all sorts of noise had been
Contracted into one loud din ;
Or that some member to be chosen,
Had got the odds above a thousand ;
And, by the greatness of his noise,
Proved fittest for his country's choice.
This strange surprisal put the knight
And wrathful squire into a fright ;

And though they stood prepared, with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join battle,
Both thought it was the wisest course
To wave the fight, and mount to horse,
And to secure, by swift retreating,
Themselves from danger of worse beating ;
Yet neither of them would disparage,
By uttering of his mind, his courage,
Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
With horror and disdain wind-bound.

And now the cause of all their fear
By slow degrees approached so near,
They might distinguish different noise
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
But when the sight appeared in view,
They found it was an antique show ;
A triumph that, for pomp and state,
Did proudest Romans emulate :
For as the aldermen of Rome
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
As some, mistaken, write in story,
Being mounted in their best array,
Upon a car, and who but they ?
And followed by a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties trolled, and ballads,
Did ride with many a good-morrow,
Crying, 'Hey for the town,' through the borough ;
So when this triumph drew so nigh
They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so pat,
In all respects, as this and that.
First, he that led the cavalcate,
Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate,
On which he blew as strong a levet,
As well-fee'd lawyer on his brev'ate,
When over one another's heads
They charge, three ranks at once, like Sweads :
Next pans and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double base ;

And after them, upon a nag,
That might pass for a fore hand stag,
A cornet rode, and on his staff
A smock displayed did proudly wave.
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
With snuffling broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine,
In windy weather, when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
Shall here be nameless, mixed with grains,
Which he dispensed among the swains,
And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestowed.
Then, mounted on a hornèd horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Tied to the pommel of a long sword
He held reversed, the point turned downward.
Next after, on a raw-boned steed,
The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat displayed, and rampant ;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warrior whilom overcome ;
Armed with a spindle and a distaff,
Which, as he rode, she made him twist off ;
And when he loitered, o'er her shoulder
Chastized the reformado soldier.
Before the dame, and round about,
Marched whiffers, and staffers on foot,
With lackeys, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages ;
Of whom some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago-minx,
That was both madam, and a don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or pope Joan ;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clamorous shout.

The knight transported, and the squire,
Put up their weapons, and their ire ;
And Hudibras, who used to ponder
On such sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His an'madversions, for his heart.

Quoth he, ' In all my life, till now,
I ne'er saw so profane a show ;
It is a paganish invention,
Which heathen writers often mention ;
And he who made it had read Goodwin,
Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodigine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That best describe those ancient shows ;
And has observed all fit decorums
We find described by old historians :
For, as the Roman conqueror,
That put an end to foreign war,
Entering the town in triumph for it,
Bore a slave with him in his chariot ;
So this insulting female brave,
Carries behind her here a slave :
And as the ancients long ago,
When they in field defied the foe,
Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,
So her proud standard-bearer here,
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperor :
And, as in antique triumph eggs
Were borne for mystical intrigues,
There's one, with truncheon, like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle ;
And still at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout bestows.'

Quoth Ralpho, ' You mistake the matter ;
For all th' antiquity you smatter
Is but a riding used of course,
When the grey mare's the better horse ;
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vast dominion,

And in the cause impatient Grizel
 Has drubbed her husband when difficile,
 And brought him under covert-baron,
 To turn her vassal with a murrain ;
 When wives their sexes shift, like hares,
 Oppress their husbands, like night-mares ;
 And they, in mortal battle vanquished,
 Are of their charter disenfranchised,
 And by the right of war, like gills,
 Condemned to distaff, horns, and wheels :
 For when men by their wives are cowed,
 Their horns of course are understood.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'Thou still giv'st sentence
 Impertinently, and against sense :

'Tis not the least disparagement
 To be defeated by th' event,
 Nor to be beaten by main force ;
 That does not make a man the worse,
 Although his shoulders, with battoon
 Be clawed, and cudgelled to some tune ;
 A tailor's prentice has no hard
 Measure, that's banged with a true yard ;
 But to turn tail, or run away,
 And without blows give up the day ;
 Or to surrender ere the assault,
 That's no man's fortune, but his fault ;
 And renders men of honour less
 Than all th' adversity of success ;
 And only unto such this show
 Of horns and petticoats is due.

There is a lesser profanation,
 Like that the Romans called ovation :

- For as ovation was allowed
 For conquest purchased without blood ;
 So men decree those lesser shows
 For victory gotten without blows,
 By dint of sharp hard words, which some
 Give battle with, and overcome ;
 These mounted in a chair-curule,
 Which moderns call a cucking-stool,
 March proudly to the river's side,
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride :

Like dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatic sea to wed,
And have a gentler wife than those
For whom the state decrees those shows.
But both are heathenish, and come
From th' whores of Babylon and Rome,
And by the saints should be withstood,
As antichristian and lewd ;
And we, as such should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.'

This said, they both advanced, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd
T' attack the leader, and still pressed,
Till they approached him breast to breast :
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence ; which obtained,
'What means,' quoth he, 'this dev'l's procession
With men of orthodox profession ?
'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,
From heathenism derived to us.
Does not the whore of Bab'lon ride
Upon her hornèd beast astride,
Like this proud dame, who either is
A type of her, or she of this ?
Are things of superstitious function,
Fit to be used in gospel sunshine ?
It is an antichristian opera,
Much used in midnight times of popery ;
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions ;
To scandalize that sex, for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholden.
Women, who were our first apostles,
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else ;
Women, that left no stone unturned
In which the Cause might be concerned ;
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols ;
Their husbands, cullies, and sweethearts,
To take the saints' and chur'hes' parts :
Drew several gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,

And fixed 'em constant to the party,
With motives powerful and hearty :
Their husbands robbed, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver ;
Rubbed down the teachers, tired and spen
With holding forth for parliament ;
Pampered and edified their zeal
With marrow puddings many a meal :
Enabled them, with store of meat,
Or controverted points, to eat ;
And crammed them, till their guts did ache,
With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the Cause at London ?
Marched rank and file, with drum and ensign,
T' intrench the city for defence in :
Raised rampires with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands ;
From ladies down to oyster wenches
Laboured like pioneers in trenches,
Fell to their pick-axes, and tools,
And helped the men to dig like moles ?
Have not the handmaids of the city
Chose of their members a committee,
For raising of a common purse,
Out of their wages, to raise horse ?
And do they not as triers sit,
To judge what officers are fit ?
Have they '—At that an egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmeared,
With orange-tawny slime, his beard ;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appeared in view.
Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on th' other side a load,
And quickly charged again, gave fully,
In Ralpho's face another volley.
The knight was startled with the smell,
And for his sword began to feel ;

And Ralpho, smothered with the stink,
Grasped his, when one that bore a link,
O' th' sudden clapped his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole ;
And straight another, with his flambeau,
Gave Ralpho, o'er the eyes, a rammed blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forced the rout to make a ring ;
Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray ;
And though disordered in retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his seat :
For quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasped with all their strength the manes ;
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
With spurring put their cattle to't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er looked behind.
After they 'ad paused a while, supplying
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs, for action or discourse ;

Quoth he, 'That man is sure to lose
That fouls his hands with dirty foes :
For where no honour's to be gained,
'Tis thrown away in being maintained :
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With so dishon'rabl a foe :
For though the law of arms doth bar
The use of venom'd shot in war,
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
Their case-shot savour strong of poison ;
And, doubtless, have been chewed with teeth
Of some that had a stinking breath ;
Else when we put it to the push,
They had not given us such a brush :
But as those poltroons that fling dirt
Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;
So all the honour they have won,
Or we have lost, is much at one.
'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave retreat, without pursuit ;

For if we had not, we had sped
Much worse, to be in triumph led ;
Than which the ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
It may, being destined to assert
Her sex's honour, reach her heart :
And as such homely treats, they say,
Portend good fortune, so this may.
Vespasian being daubed with dirt,
Was destined to the empire for't ;
And from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome :
And why may not this foul address
Presage in love the same success ?
Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest ponds ;
And after, as we first designed,
Swear I've performed what she enjoined.'

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight, with various doubts possessed,
To win the lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosicrucian,
To know destinies' resolution ;
With whom being met, they both chop logic
About the science astrologic ;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The conjurer's worsted by the knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat ;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight,
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his sleight of hand.

Some with a noise, and greasy light,
Are snapped, as men catch larks by night,
Ensnared and hampered by the soul,
As nooses by the legs catch fowl.
Some, with a medicine, and receipt,
Are drawn to nibble at the bait ;
And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a single hair pulled out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
Until, with subtle cobweb-cheats,
They're caught in knotted law, like nets ;
In which, when they are once imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled ;
And while their purses can dispute,
There's no end of th' immortal suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-designs of fate,
Apply to wizards, to foresee
What shall, and what shall never be ;

And as those vultures do forbode,
Believe events prove bad or good :
A flam more senseless than the roguery
Of old aruspicy and augury,
That out of garbages of cattle
Presaged th' events of truce or battle ;
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
Success of great'st attempts would reckon :
Though cheats, yet more intelligible
Than those that with the stars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll show ;
For he, with beard and face made clean,
Being mounted on his steed again——
And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,
Upon his beast, with much ado——
Advanced on for the widow's house,
T' acquit himself, and pay his vows ;
When various thoughts began to bustle,
And with his inward man to justle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue ;
Or if his squire or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their tale,
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love :
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow ;
And that he durst not now, for shame,
Appear in court to try his claim.
This was the pen'worth of his thought,
To pass time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, ' In all my past adventures
I ne'er was set so on the tenters,
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That every way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable doubt,
Besets my puzzled wits about :
For though the dame has been my bail,
To free me from enchanted jail,
Yet, as a dog, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,

And quits his clog ; but all in vain,
He still draws after him his chain :
So though my ankle she has quitted,
My heart continues still committed ;
And like a bailed and mainprized lover,
Although at large, I am bound over :
And when I shall appear in court
To plead my cause, and answer for't,
Unless the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love ?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumstance miscarry ;
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To show, by evident recòrd,
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurred unto her favour ?
But faith, and love, and honour lost,
Shall be reduced t' a knight o' th' post ?
Beside, that stripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument,
And justify I have a tail,
And that way, too, my proof may fail.
Oh ! that I could enucleate,
And solve the problems of my fate ;
Or find, by necromantic art,
How far the destinies take my part ;
For if I were not more than certain
To win and wear her, and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtship,
To hazard soul, estate, and worship :
For though an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
As thou hast proved, yet 'tis profane,
And sinful, when men swear in vain.'

Quoth Ralph, 'Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells,
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair :

When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out o' the way,
When geese and pullen are seduced,
And sows of sucking pigs are chowd ;
When cattle feel indisposition,
And need th' opinion of physician ;
When murrian reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip ;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale ;
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humoursome ;
To him with questions, and with urine,
They for discovery flock, or curing.'

Quoth Hudibras, ' This Sidrophel
I've heard of, and should like it well,
If thou canst prove the saints have freedom
To go to sorcerers when they need 'em.'

Says Ralpho, ' There's no doubt of that ;
Those principles I quoted late
Prove that the godly may allege
For any thing their privilege,
And to the devil himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto :
For as there is a war between
The devil and them, it is no sin
If they, by subtle stratagem,
Make use of him, as he does them.
Has not this present parliament
A ledger to the devil sent,
Fully empowered to treat about
Finding revolted witches out ?
And has not he, within a year,
Hanged threescore of 'em in one shire ?
Some only for not being drowned,
And some for sitting above ground,
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hanged for witches ;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green cheese and turkey-chicks,

Or pigs, that suddenly deceased
Of griefs unnatural, as he guessed ;
Who after proved himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.
Did not the devil appear to Martin
Luther in Germany for certain ?
And would have gulled him with a trick,
But Mart. was too, too politic.
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At Antwerp, their cathedral church ?
Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,
And tell them all they came to ask him ?
Meet with the parliament's committee,
At Woodstock, on a personal treaty ?
At Sarum take a cavalier,
I' th' Cause's service, prisoner ?
As Withers, in immortal rhyme,
Has registered to after-time.
Do not our great reformers use
This Sidrophel to forbode news ;
To write of victories next year,
And castles taken, yet i' th' air ?
Of battles fought at sea, and ships
Sunk, two years hence ? the last eclipse ?
A total o'erthrow given the king
In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring ?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'e'er the close committee would ?
Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,
The moon for fundamental laws ?
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare
Against the Book of Common-Prayer ?
The Scorpion take the protestation,
And Bear engage for reformation ?
Made all the royal stars recant,
Compound and take the covenant ?'

Quoth Hudibras, 'The case is clear
The saints may employ a conjurer,
As thou hast proved it by their practice ;
No argument like matter of fact is :
And we are best of all led to
Men's principles, by what they do.

Then let us straight advance in quest
Of this profound gymnosophist,
And as the fates and he advise,
Pursue, or waive this enterprise.'

This said, he turned about his steed,
And eftsoons on th' adventure rid ;
Where leave we him and Ralph a while,
And to the Conjurer turn our stile,
To let our reader understand
What's useful of him before-hand.
He had been long t'wards mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology ;
But as a dog that turns the spit
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again,
And still he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was ;
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his natural parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat :
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter ;
Whate'er he laboured to appear,
His understanding still was clear ;
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted.
Th' intelligible world he knew,
And all men dream on't to be true,
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart ;
Nor can there, on the face of ground
An individual beard be found
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion ;
So cut, so coloured, and so curled,
As those are in th' inferior world.
He 'ad read Dee's prefaces before
The devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er ;

And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lescus and th' emperor, wou'd tell ye :
But with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanack well-willer ;
Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believed he had been there ;
Knew when she was in fittest mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood ;
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Best to set garlic, or sow peas ;
Who first found out the man i' th' moon,
That to the ancients was unknown ;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary spheres,
Their airy empire, and command,
Their several strengths by sea and land ;
What factions they 'ave, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private ;
With what designs and interests
Each party manages contests.
He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no ;
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate ;
Tell what her d'ameter to an inch is,
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
It wou'd demonstrate, that the man in
The moon's a sea Mediterranean ;
And that it is no dog nor bitch
That stands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,
With arms, which men for legs mistake ;
How large a gulph his tail composes,
And what a goodly bay his nose is ;
How many German leagues by th' scale
Cape snout's from promontory tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expense of cheese or bacon.
With lute-strings he would counterfeit
Maggot, that crawl on dish of meat ;

Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face ;
Detect sly love affairs by sneezing,
Or catching breath of dames, or wheezing ;
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of medicines to th' imagination ;
Fright agues into dogs, and scare,
With rhymes, the toothache and catarrh ;
Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint ;
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;
And fire a mine in China here,
With sympathetic gunpowder.
He knew what's ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
What medicine 'twas that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us ;
What figured slates are best to make,
On watery surface, duck or drake ;
What bowling-stones, in running race
Upon a board, have swiftest pace ;
Whether a pulse beat in the black
List of a dappled louse's back ;
If systole or diastole move
Quickest when he's in wrath, or love ;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace ;
How many scores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump,
Which Socrates and Chærephon
In vain assayed so long ago ;
Whether his snout a perfect nose is,
And not an elephant's proboscis ;
How many different specieses
Of maggots breed in rotten cheese ;
And which are next of kin to those
Engendered in a chandler's nose ;
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half starved,
That him in place of zany served,

Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholesome law ;
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps ;
To squander paper, and spare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, some think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He'd to more high advancement rise,
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman astrologer :
His business was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle ;
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers ;
To fetch and carry intelligence
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all discoveries disperse
Among th' whole pack of conjurers ;
What cut-purses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem,
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves and th' art repute ;
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
And find out all by rules of art :
Which way a serving-man, that's run
With clothes or money away, is gone ;
Who picked a fob at holding-forth,
And where a watch, for half the worth,
May be redeemed ; or stolen plate
Restored at conscionable rate.
Beside all this, he served his master
In quality of poetaster,
And rhymes appropriate could make
To every month i' th' almanack ;
Where terms begin, and end, could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel ;
When the exchequer opes and shuts,
And sow gelder with safety cuts ;
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temperate, if they will ;

When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
And as in prison mean rogues beat
Hemp for the service of the great,
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
T' advance his master's fame and gains,
And, like the devil's oracles,
Put into doggerel rhymes his spells,
Which, over ev'ry month's blank page
I' th' almanack, strange bilks presage.
He would an elegy compose
On maggots squeezed out of his nose;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistress, eating a black-pudden;
And, when imprisoned air escaped her,
It puffed him with poetic rapture;
His sonnets charmed th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouthed mortal trolled aloud,
That, circled with his long-eared guests,
Like Orpheus looked among the beasts:
A carman's horse could not pass by,
But stood tied up to poetry;
No porter's burthen passed along,
But served for burthen to his song:
Each window like a pillory appears,
With heads thrust through, nailed by the ears;
All trades run in as to the sight
Of monsters, or their dear delight
The gallows-tree, when cutting purse
Breeds business for heroic verse,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T' have been the theme of such a song.

Those two together long had lived,
In mansion, prudently contrived,
Where neither tree nor house could bar
The free detection of a star;
And nigh an ancient obelisk
Was raised by him, found out by Fisk,
On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy saws, concerning
The worth of astrologic learning:

From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he fastened telescope ;
The spectacles with which the stars
He reads in smallest characters.
It happened as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarsel of a kite,
The strangest long-winged hawk that flies,
That, like a bird of Paradise,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs ;
His train was six yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a light,
Enclosed in lantern made of paper,
That far off like a star did appear :
This Sidrophel by chance espied,
And with amazement staring wide ;
' Bless us,' quoth he, ' what dreadful wonder
Is that appears in heaven yonder ?
A comet, and without a beard !
Or star that ne'er before appeared ?
I'm certain 'tis not in the scroll
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned stock the constellations ;
Nor those that, drawn for signs, have been
To th' houses where the planets inn.
It must be supernatural,
Unless it be that cannon-ball
That, shot i' th' air, point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height,
That, learned philosophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again,
But in the airy region yet
Hangs, like the body of Mahomet :
For if it be above the shade,
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may, from far,
Appear no bullet, but a star.'

This said, he to his engine flew,
Placed near at hand, in open view,
And raised it, till it levelled right
Against the glow-worm tail of kite ;

Then peeping through, 'Bless us,' quoth he,
'It is a planet, now, I see ;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
It should be Saturn : yes, 'tis clear
'Tis Saturn ; but what makes him there?
He's got between the Dragon's tail
And farther leg behind o' th' Whale ;
Pray heaven divert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a prodigy not common,
And can no less than the world's end,
Or Nature's funeral, portend.'
With that, he fell again to pry
Through perspective, more wistfully,
When, by mischance, the fatal string,
That kept the towering fowl on wing,
Breaking, down fell the star. 'Well shot,'
Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought ,
He 'ad levelled at a star, and hit it ;
But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted,
Cried out, 'What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to see a star fall !
It threatens nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come !
When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough
The day of judgment's not far off ;
As lately 'twas revealed to Sedgwick,
And some of us find out by magic :
Then, since the time we have to live
In this world's shortened, let us strive
To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit.'

This feat fell out not long before
The knight, upon the forenamed score,
In quest of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in prospect of the mansion ;
Whom he discovering, turned his glass,
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

'Whachum,' quoth he, 'look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come :
The one's the learned knight ; seek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.'

Whachum advanced, with all submiss'ness
T' accost 'em, but much more their business ;
He held a stirrup, while the knight
From leathern Bare-bones did alight ;
And, taking from his hand the bridle,
Approached, the dark squire to unriddle.
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcomed him, as he might say :
He asked him whence they came, and whither
Their business lay ? Quoth Ralpho, ' Hither.'
' Did you not lose '—Quoth Ralpho, ' Nay.'
Quoth Whachum, ' Sir, I meant your way !
Your knight,'—Quoth Ralpho, ' Is a lover,—
And pains intol'able doth suffer ;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.'
' What time '—Quoth Ralpho, ' Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung—'
Quoth he, ' I meant what time o' the day 'tis ;'
Quoth Ralpho, ' Between seven and eight 'tis.'
' Why then,' quoth Whachum, ' my small art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great estate.'—Quoth Ralph, ' A jointure,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.'

Meanwhile the knight was taking water,
Before he fell upon the matter ;
Which having done, the wizzard steps in,
To give him a suitable reception ;
But kept his business at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way ;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the knight,
And what he came to know, drew near
To whisper in the conjurer's ear,
Which he prevented thus : ' What was't,'
Quoth he, ' That I was saying last,
Before these gentlemen arrived ?'
Quoth Whachum, ' Venus you retrieved
In opposition with Mars,
And no benign or friendly stars
T' allay the effect.' Quoth wizzard, ' So !
In Virgo ? ha !' Quoth Whachum, ' No :'

‘Has Saturn nothing to do in it?’
‘One tenth of ’s circle to a minute?’
‘’Tis well,’ quoth he—‘Sir, you’ll excuse
This rudeness I am forced to use;
It is a scheme, and face of heaven
As th’ aspects are disposed this even,
I was contemplating upon
When you arrived; but now I’ve done.’

Quoth Hudibras, ‘If I appear
Unseasonable in coming here
At such a time, to interrupt
Your speculations, which I hoped
Assistance from, and come to use,
’Tis fit that I ask your excuse.’

‘By no means, Sir,’ quoth Sidrophel,
The stars your coming did foretell;
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you spake, your business too.’

Quoth Hudibras, ‘Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe’er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe’er unlikely, or absurd.’

‘You are in love, Sir, with a widow,’
Quoth he, ‘that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years had rid your wit
And passion, without drawing bit;
And now your business is to know
If you shall carry her, or no.’

Quoth Hudibras, ‘You’re in the right,
But how the devil you come by’t
I can’t imagine; for the stars,
I’m sure, can tell no more than a horse;
Nor can their aspects, though you pore
Your eyes out on ’em, tell you more
Than th’ oracle of sieve and shears,
That turns as certain as the spheres;
But if the devil’s of your counsel,
Much may be done, my noble donzel;
And ’tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.’

Quoth Sidrophel, ‘If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,

I might suspect, and take the alarm,
Your business is but to inform ;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear ;
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art ;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology ;
But for the devil, know nothing by him,
But only this that I defy him.'

Quoth he, 'Whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy ;
Your words of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention ;
The mystic sense of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms
To raise the devil, and mean one thing
And that is downright conjuring ;
And in itself more warrantable
Than cheat or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confederacy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her sphere dismount,
And to their incantation stoop ;
They scorned to pore through telescope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which every almanack can tell,
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourself—Then, friend, I doubt
You go the farthest way about :
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to fish in,
And straight resolves all questions by't,
And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Rosicrucian way's more sure
To bring the devil to the lure ;
Each of 'em has a several gin,
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the nose, with fumes, trepan 'em,
As Dunstan did the devil's grannam ;

Others with characters and words
Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds ;
And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
Engraved in planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch 'em
Down from their orbs, arrest and catch 'em ;
Make 'em depose and answer to
All questions, ere they let them go.
Bombastus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pommel of his sword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of past and future mountebanks.
Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glass, a stone,
Where, playing with him at bo-peep,
He solved all problems ne'er so deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain
All other sciences are vain.'

To this, quoth Sidrophello, ' Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen ;
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
But a true dog, that would show tricks
For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks ;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, and yet no devil ;
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go.
As for the Rosy-cross philosophers,
Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,
What they pretend to is no more
Than Trismegistus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,
And Apollonius their master,
To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.'

Quoth Hudibras, ' Alas ! what is't t' us
Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus,

If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
Or not intelligible, or sophistic ?
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth truth, although Time's daughter ;
'Twas he that put her in the pit,
Before he pulled her out of it ;
And as he eats his sons, just so
He feeds upon his daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,
To be descended of a race
Of ancient kings in a small space,
That we should all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old.'

Quoth Sidrophel, 'It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform, deny,
Because you understand not why ;
As Averrois played but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric ;
For who knows all that knowledge contains ?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides, or risings, seat ;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the histories of all ages
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,
Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,
Chaldeans, learned Genethliacs,
And some that have writ almanacks ?
The Median emperor dreamt his daughter
Had drowned all Asia under water,
And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
O'erspread his empire with its branches ;
And did not soothsayers expound it,
As after by th' event he found it ?
When Cæsar in the senate fell,
Did not the sun eclipsed foretell,
And, in resentment of his slaughter,
Looked pale for almost a year after ?
Augustus having, b' oversight,
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,

Had like to have been slain that day,
By soldiers mutining for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman senate, when within
The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
Our synod calls humiliations,
The round-faced prodigy t' avert
From doing town or country hurt.
And if an owl have so much power,
Why should not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And should see further, and foreknow
More than their augury below?
Though that once served the polity
Of mighty states to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand,
By powerful art, to understand;
Which, how we have performed, all ages
Can speak th' events of our presages.
Have we not lately in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Discovered sea and land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compass?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there?'

Quoth Hudibras, ' You lie so ope,
That I, without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie :
For Anaxagoras, long ago,
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,
And held the sun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece ;
Believed the heavens were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one ;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, suffered banishment.

But what, alas ! is it to us,
Whether i' th' moon, men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns ?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France ?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learned at Rome ?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions ?
What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence ?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions ?
Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,
Made better there than they're in France ?
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way ?
Can they make plays there, that shall fit
The public humour with less wit ?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows ?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig ?
Show in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunatics ?
But if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come ?
As wind i' th' hypocondres pent,
Is but a blast, if downward sent,
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new light and prophecy ;
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far set,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And savour strongly of the ganzas.
Tell but me what's the natural cause
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full-moon ever, but the half ?
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff ;

Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water?
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote.'

At this, deep Sidrophel looked wise,
And staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of sapience, and began to bluster;
For having three times shook his head
To stir his wit up, thus he said:
'Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geese;
Those consecrated geese, in orders,
That to the Capitol were warders,
And being then upon patrol,
With noise alone beat off the Gaul;
Or those Athenian sceptic owls,
That will not credit their own souls,
Or any science understand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand;
But measuring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known;
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy,
And will not know upon what ground
In nature we our doctrine found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense,
As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the stars only made to light
Robbers and burglarers by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers solacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors snippets?
Or from the pillory tips of ears
Of rebel-saints and perjurers?
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done?

Is there a constellation there
That was not born and bred up here ;
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern ?
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves ?
And is it like they have not still,
In their old practices, some skill ?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from earth ;
And therefore probably must know
What is, and hath been done below ?
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram ?
Did not we here the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's periwig ?
Whose livery does the coachman wear ?
Or who made Cassiopeia's chair ?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.
Plato denied the world can be
Governed without geometry.
For money b'ing the common scale
Of things by measure, weight, and tale,
In all th' affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight ;
Then much less can it be without
Divine astrology made out,
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as heaven's above the earth.'

'These reasons,' quoth the knight, 'I grant
Are something more significant
Than any that the learnèd use
Upon this subject to produce ;
And yet they're far from satisfactory,
T' establish and keep up your factory.
Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice
Shifted his setting and his rise ;
Twice has he risen in the west,
As many times set in the east ;
But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know.

Some hold, the heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up,
And were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground ;
As sage Empedocles of old,
And from him modern authors hold.
Plato believed the sun and moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus seat
Above the Sun himself in height.
The learned Scaliger complained
'Gainst what Copernicus maintained,
That in twelve hundred years, and odd,
The Sun had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the Earth is come
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home ;
Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,
And he that had so little shame
To vent such fopperies abroad,
Deserved to have his rump well clawed ;
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserved the rod much more,
That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the pope of Rome.
Cardan believed great states depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's-tail's end ;
That as she whisked it towards the Sun,
Strowed mighty empires up and down ;
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true bears have no tails.
Some say the Zodiac constellations
Have long since changed their antique stations
Above a sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram ;
Affirmed the Trigons chopped and changed,
The watery with the fiery ranged ;
Then how can their effects still hold
To be the same they were of old ?
This, though the art were true, would make
Our modern soothsayers mistake,
And is one cause they tell more lies,
In figures and nativities,

Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
In so many hundred thousand years ;
Besides their nonsense in translating,
For want of accidence and Latin,
Like Idus, and Calendæ, englished
The quarter-days, by skilful linguist ;
And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat ;
Make fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things before they are in being ;
To swallow gudgeons ere they're caught,
And count their chickens ere they're hatched ;
Make them the constellations prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt ;
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for't, or best believes.
Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity,
Have cast the 'versal world's nativity,
And made the infant-stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats ;
Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks ;
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the stocks :
Some take a measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile ;
As if the planet's first aspect
The tender infant did infect
In soul and body, and instil
All future good and future ill ;
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At destined periods fall a-working,
And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, into deeds,
In friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all th' emergencies of life :
No sooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,
Caught all diseases, took all physic
That cures or kills a man that is sick ;

Married his punctual dose of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
'There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war ;
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer and a slave ;
A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,
A great philosopher and a blockhead ;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learned physician and manslayer ;
As if men from the stars did suck
Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,
And draw, with the first air they breathe,
Battle and murder, sudden death.
Are not these fine commodities
To be imported from the skies,
And vended here among the rabble,
For staple goods and warrantable ?
Like money by the Druids borrowed,
In th' other world to be restored.'

Quoth Sidrophel, 'To let you know
You wrong the art and artists too,
Since arguments are lost on those
That do our principles oppose,
I will, although I've done 't before,
Demonstrate to your sense once more,
And draw a figure that shall tell you
What you, perhaps, forget befel you ;
By way of horary inspection,
Which some account our worst erection.

With that, he circles draws, and squares,
With cyphers, astral characters,
'Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
Although set down hab-nab, at random.

Quoth he, 'This scheme of th' heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met,
At Kingston, with a may-pole idol,
And that y' were banged both back and side well ;
And though you overcame the bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair ;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop doodle.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'I now perceive
You are no conjurer, by your leave :
That paltry story is untrue,
And forged to cheat such gulls as you.'

'Not true !' quoth he ; 'howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear ;
Whachum shall justify it t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place :
He played the saltinbancho's part,
Transformed t' a Frenchman by my art ;
He stole your cloak, and picked your pocket,
Chowsed and caldesed you like a blockhead,
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'I do believe
That argument's demonstrative ;
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A constable to seize the wretches ;
For though they're both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were used by bricklayers.
They're guilty, by their own confessions,
Of felony, and at the sessions,
Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion ;
A thing he long has vapoured of,
But now shall make it out by proof.'

Quoth Sidrophel, 'I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out ;
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, so long on the state's part,
To be exposed, i' th' end, to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer.'

'Huffer !' quoth Hudibras, 'this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister ;
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away.'

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
Of Hudibras, did now erect
A figure worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star ;
Believed it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come on't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.
This being resolved, he spied by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gored,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bored ;
He snatched it up, and made a pass,
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vowed to do his work ;
But Hudibras was well prepared,
And stoutly stood upon his guard :
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
And in right manfully he rushed ;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turned his back to fly ;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour's lodged,
As wise philosophers have judged ;
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.

Quoth Hudibras, ' The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermin :
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know, foretell ?
By this, what cheats you are, we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeemed by fine or blows :
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or sell, two lives so vile ?
I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage,
The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,

Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,
That's mine, the law of arms allows.'

This said in haste, in haste he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
First he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and so detect ;
A copperplate, with almanacks
Engraved upon't, with other knacks
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
And blank-schemes to discover nimmers ;
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
And several constellation stones,
Engraved in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange powers
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade ;
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.

Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while ;
All which the conqueror did discompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.

But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Rota-men of politics,
Straight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary conqueror with a fetch,
And make him glad, at least, to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arrived to seize upon his carcass :
And as a fox with hot pursuit,
Chased through a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vernin on a gallows hung,
And, while the dogs run underneath,
Escaped by counterfeiting death,
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms justling in his brain,
As learned philosophers give out ;
So Sidrophello cast about,

And fell to 's wonted trade again,
To feign himself in earnest slain :
First stretched out one leg, then another,
And, seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh, quoth he, ' Where am I ?
Alive, or dead ? or which way came I
Through so immense a space so soon ?
But now I thought myself i' th' moon,
And that a monster, with huge whiskers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drilled,
And Whachum by my side had killed,
Had cross-examined both our hose,
And plundered all we had to lose ;
Look, there he is, I see him now,
And feel the place I am run through :
And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone-dead, and in his own blood dyed,
Oh ! oh ! '—with that he fetched a groan,
And fell again into a swoon ;
Shut both his eyes, and stopped his breath,
And to the life out-acted death,
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believed him to be as dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch :
Thought he, ' He has abused our church,
Refused to give himself one firr
To carry on the public work ;
Despised our synod-men like dirt,
And made their discipline his sport ;
Divulged the secrets of their classes,
And their conventions proved high places ;
Disparaged their tithe-pigs, as pagan,
And set at nought their cheese and bacon ;
Railed at their covenant, and jeered
Their reverend parsons, to my beard ;
For all which scandals, to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth, to beware,
And tempt my fury, if he dare :

He must, at least, hold up his hand,
By twelve free-holders to be scanned,
Who, by their skill in palmistry,
Will quickly read his destiny,
And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for't at the session :
Unless his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure ;
For if he 'scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do ;
And that will disengage my conscience
Of th' obligation, in his own sense :
I'll make him now by force abide,
What he by gentle means denied,
To give my honour satisfaction,
And right the brethren in the action.'

This being resolved, with equal speed,
And conduct, he approached his steed,
And, with activity unwont,
Essayed the lofty beast to mount ;
Which once achieved, he spurred his palfrey,
To get from th' enemy and Ralph free ;
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO
SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your skull,
As often as the moon's at full,
'Tis not amiss, ere ye're given o'er,
To try one desperate medicine more ;
For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
Is't possible that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might, with equal reason, either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Prynne's, before they were
Retrenched, and crucified, compare,
Should yet be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the public voice ?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in every crowd,
As loud as one that sings his part
T' a wheelbarrow, or turnip-cart,
Or your new nicked-named old invention
To cry green-hastings with an engine ;
As if the vehemence had stunned,
And torn your drumheads with the sound ;
And 'cause your folly's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanished out of nature ;
When folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears ;
For who but you could be possessed
With so much ignorance and beast,
That neither all men's scorn and hate
Nor being laughed and pointed at,

Nor brayed so often in a mortar,
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture,
 But, like a reprobate, what course
 Soever used, grow worse and worse ?
 Can no transfusion of the blood,
 That makes fools cattle, do you good ?
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn them into mongrel curs,
 Put you into a way, at least,
 To make yourself a better beast ?
 Can all your critical intrigues,
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs ;
 Your several new-found remedies,
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees ;
 Your arts of fluxing them perhaps,
 Or purging their infected saps ;
 Recovering cankers, crystallines,
 And nodes and blotches in their rinds,
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon that duller block, your pate ?
 But still it must be lewdly bent
 To tempt your own due punishment ;
 And, like your whimsied chariots, draw
 The boys to course you without law ;
 As if the art you have so long
 Professed, of making old dogs young,
 In you had virtue to renew
 Not only youth, but childhood too :
 Can you, that understand all books,
 By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face,
 As others do with Bs and As ;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows ;
 All arts and sciences advance,
 With screwing of your countenance,
 And with a penetrating eye,
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry ;
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,
 Than those that have been bred up in't,
 And yet have no art, true or false,
 To help your own bad naturals ?

But still the more you strive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder :
For fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cause ye 'ave gained o' th' colli-
A quarter share, at most, of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Y' assume a power as absolute
To judge, and censure, and control,
As if you were the sole Sir Poll,
And saucily to pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to :
You'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone :
No, though ye 'ave purchased to your name,
In history, so great a fame ;
That now your talent's so well known,
For having all belief outgrown,
'That every strange prodigious tale
Is measured by your German scale,
By which the virtuosi try
The magnitude of every lie,
Cast up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'st to your account :
That all those stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charged upon your score,
And lesser authors named no more.
Alas ! that faculty betrays
Those soonest it designs to raise ;
And all your vain renown will spoil,
As guns o'ercharged the more recoil ;
Though he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence ;
And put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim :
Though you have tried that nothing's borne
With greater ease than public scorn,
That all affronts do still give place
To your impenetrable face ;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs :

Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,
You must not think 'twill always pass ;
For all impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour, and undone :
And all the best that can befall
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as soon
As once they're broke loose from the moon,
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys, and rabble wit.

PART III.—CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight and squire resolve at once
The one the other to renounce ;
They both approach the lady's bower,
The squire t' inform, the knight to woo her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By furies and hobgoblins made ;
From which the squire conveys the knight,
And steals him from himself by night.

'Tis true, no lover has that power
T' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too ;
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit ;
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs or drowns with half the trouble ;
While those who sillily pursue
The simple, downright way, and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream their passions.
Some forge their mistresses of stars,
And when the ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
When only by themselves they're hindered,
For trusting those they made her kindred,
And still the harsher and hide-bounder,
'The damsels prove, become the fonder ;
For what mad lover ever died
To gain a soft and gentle bride ?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams, or hemp departed ?

Leaped headlong int' Elysium,
Through th' windows of a dazzling room ?
But for some cross ill-natured dame,
The amorous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the knight would be no news,
With all mankind so much in use,
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his amours,
Resolved to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight
Between the wizard and the knight,
With all th' appurtenances over,
But he relapsed again t' a lover ;
As he was always wont to do,
When he 'ad discomfited a foe,
And used the only antique philters
Derived from old heroic tilters.
But now triumphant and victorious,
He held th' achievement was too glorious
For such a conqueror to meddle
With petty constable or beadle ;
Or fly for refuge to the hostess
Of th' inns of court and chancery, justice ;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
To th' ordeal trial of the laws ;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot irons, have past bare-handed ;
And if they cannot read one verse
I' th' psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
He, therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,
Resolved to leave the squire for bail
And mainprize for him, to the jail,
To answer, with his vessel, all
That might disastrously befall.
He thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the fierce magician ;
Describe the manner of the fray,
And show the spoils he brought away ;

His bloody scourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight ;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief he 'ad done the deed :
Which he resolved t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear ;
But, rather than produce his back,
To set his conscience on the rack ;
And in pursuance of his urging
Of articles performed, and scourging,
And all things else, upon his part,
Demand delivery of her heart,
Her goods and chattels, and good graces,
And person, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
And cut whole giants into fitters,
To put them into amorous twitters ;
Whose stubborn bowels scorned to yield,
Until their gallants were half killed ;
But when their bones were drubbed so sore,
They durst not woo one combat more,
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdued by blows their lovers felt.
So Spanish heroes, with their lances,
At once wound bulls, and ladies' fancies ;
And he acquires the noblest spouse
That widows greatest herds of cows ;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who 'ave quelled so vast a buffalo ?

Meanwhile the squire was on his way,
The knight's late orders to obey ;
Who sent him for a strong detachment
Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
Committed falsely on his lumber ;
When he, who had so lately sacked
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gathered,
And for his own inventions fathered ;

And when they should, at gaol delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof.
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be accessory ;
But rather wisely slip his fetters,
And leave them for the knight, his betters.
He called to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offered him that day,
'To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation ;
And therefore, much about the hour
The knight, for reasons told before,
Resolved to leave him to the fury
Of justice, and an unpacked jury,
The squire concurred t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim ;
T' acquaint the lady what he 'ad done,
And what he meant to carry on ;
What project 't was he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out ;
His firm and steadfast resolution,
To swear her to an execution ;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her.
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-saints to represent,
Who never failed, upon their sharing
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other cousin-german saint.
But ere the knight could do his part,
The squire had got so much the start,
He 'ad to the lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.

Just as he finished his report,
The knight alighted in the court,
And having tied his beast t' a pale,
And taking time for both to stale,

He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her :
And now began t' approach the door,
When she, wh' had spied him out before,
Conveyed th' informer out of sight,
And went to entertain the knight :
With whom encountering, after longees
Of humble and submissive congees,
And all due ceremonies paid,
He stroked his beard, and thus he said :

‘ Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie ;
And now am come, to bring your ear
A present you'll be glad to hear ;
At least I hope so : the thing's done,
Or may I never see the sun ;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand ;
And that you'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine, to my smart.’

With that he shrugged his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ache :
But she, who well enough knew what,
Before he spoke, he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he meant,
And therefore wished him to expound
His dark expressions less profound.

‘ Madam,’ quoth he, ‘ I come to prove
How much I've suffered for your love,
Which, like your votary, to win,
I have not spared my tattered skin ;
And, for those meritorious lashes,
To claim your favour and good graces.’

Quoth she, ‘ I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted scone ;
And that you promised, for that favour,
To bind your back to 'ts good behaviour ;
And for my sake and service, vowed
To lay upon 't a heavy load,
And what 't would bear 't a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love ;

Which, whether you have done or no,
Concerns yourself, not me, to know ;
But if you have, I shall confess,
Y' are honester than I could guess.'

Quoth he, ' If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath ;
And, if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my soul that I have don't :
And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think, does give the best secur'ty.'

Quoth she, ' Some say the soul's secure
Against distress and forfeiture ;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt ;
And to be summoned to appear
In th' other world's illegal here,
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what incumbrances they run't :
For most men carry things so even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together,
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it ;
And when they pawn and damn their souls,
'They are but prisoners on paroles.'

' For that,' quoth he, ' 'tis rational,
They may be accountable in all :
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human powers,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience every where ;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed,
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As souls in pawn and mortgage past :
For oaths are th' only tests and scales
Of right and wrong, and true and false ;
And there's no other way to try
The doubts of law and justice by.'

Quoth she, ' What is it you would swear ?
There's no believing till I hear :

He put his band and beard in order,
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For oaths are th' only tests and scales
Of right and wrong, and true and false ;
And there's no other way to try
The doubts of law and justice by.'

Quoth she, ' What is it you would swear ?
There's no believing till I hear :

Bewitch hermetic-men to run
Stark staring mad with manicon ;
Believe mechanic virtuosi
Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi ;
And, sillier than the antic fools,
Take treasure for a heap of coals ;
Seek out for plants with signatures,
To quack off universal cures,
With figures, ground on panes of glass,
Make people on their heads to pass ;
And mighty heaps of coin increase,
Reflected from a single piece ;
To draw in fools, whose natural itches
Incline perpetually to witches,
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears ;
With less delinquents have been scourged,
And hemp on wooden anvils forged,
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn."—

‘ I pitied the sad punishment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for poltroons ;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who, when they slash and cut to pieces,
Do all with civillest addresses :
Their horses never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore spared his flesh, and pressed him
About the witch, with many a quest'on.
Quoth he,—For many years he drove
A kind of broking-trade in love,
Employed in all th' intrigues and trust,
Of feeble speculative lust ;
Procurer to th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By those the devil had forsook,
As things below him, to provoke ;
But being a virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,

He held his talent most adroit,
For any mystical exploit,
As others of his tribe had done,
And raised their prices thrée to one.
But as an elf, the devil's valèt,
Is not so slight a thing to get,
For those that do his business best,
In hell are used the ruggedest ;
Before so meriting a person
Could get a grant, but in reversion,
He served two 'prenticeships, and longer,
I' th' mystery of a lady-monger.
For, as some write, a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loosed,
Becomes a puisney-imp itself,
And is another witch's elf ;
He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
With whom he bargained beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertained :
Since which he 'as played a thousand feats,
And practised all mechanic cheats ;
Transformed himself to th' ugly shapes
Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes,
Which he has varied more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards could their switches ;
And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turned to as monstrous figures too ;
Witness myself, whom he 'as abused,
And to this beastly shape reduced,
By feeding me on beans and peas
He crams in nasty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me relish for desserts,
And one by one, with shame and fear,
Lick up the candied provender.
Beside '——But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats h' had done,
The lady stopped his full career,
And told him, now 'twas time to hear.
' If half those things,' said she, ' be true,'—
' They're all,' quoth he. ' I swear by you.'

‘Why then,’ said she, ‘that Sidrophel
Has damned himself to th’ pit of hell,
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you ‘came hither post,
Within an hour, I’m sure, at most,
Who told me all you swear and say,
Quite contrary another way ;
Vowed that you came to him, to know
If you should carry me or no ;
And would have hired him and his imps,
To be your match-makers and pimps,
T’ engage the devil on your side,
And steal, like Proserpine, your bride ;
But he, disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design, and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffian ;
Surprised him meanly, unprepared,
Before he ‘ad time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound ;
Swore you had broke and robbed his house,
And stole his talismanique louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought ‘em for, and paid :
His flea, his morpion, and punese,
He ‘ad gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th’ ablest artist of the trade ;
Which, he could prove it, since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost,
And altogether, might amount
To many hundreds on account ;
For which he ‘ad got sufficient warrant
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart’s or horse’s tail ;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches
To serve for pendulums to watches,

Which, modern virtuosi say,
Incline to hanging every way.
Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover ;
And found it clear, that to betray,
Yourselves and me, you fled this way ;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vowed he had intelligence
Of all that passed before and since ;
And found, that ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a case of tender conscience,
Where both abounded in your own sense ;
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had cleared all scruples in the case,
And proved that you might swear and own
Whatever's by the wicked done ;
For which, most basely to requite
The service of his gifts and light,
You strove t' oblige him, by main force,
To scourge his ribs instead of yours ;
But that he stood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring outdared ;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been performed as yet.'

While thus the lady talked, the knight
Turned th' outside of his eyes to white ;
As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon't ;
He wondered how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do ;
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if he 'ad been to be arraigned ;
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke :

' Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,

May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own ;
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
These relics of your constant lover.'

'You have provided well,' quoth she,
'I thank you, for yourself and me,
And shown your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits :
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.'

'Why then,' quoth he, 'may hell surprise,'—
'That trick,' said she, 'will not pass twice :
I've learned how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve :
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swearing ;
For if you have performed the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action ;
And if you can produce those knobs,
Although they're but the witch's drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your natural self had done 't.'


'Madam,' quoth he, 'your love's a million,
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
T' obey what you command, and more ;
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air ;
For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.'

'I find,' quoth she, 'my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles ;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me ?'

‘Your plighted faith,’ quoth he, ‘and word
You passed in heaven, on record,
Where all contràcts to have and t’ hold,
Are everlastingly enrolled ;
And if ’tis counted treason here
To raise records, ’tis much more there.’

Quoth she, ‘There are no bargains driven,
Nor marriages clapped up, in heaven ;
And that’s the reason, as some guess,
There is no heaven in marriages,—
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease ;
Their business there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t’ improve ;
Love, that’s too gen’rous t’ abide
To be against its nature tied ;
For where ’tis of itself inclined,
It breaks loose when it is confined,
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarred the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away :
And therefore never can comply
T’ endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th’ one is but the other’s bail ;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,
Chained to the prisoners they kept :
Of which the true and faithfull’st lover
Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way,
And therefore ’tis not to b’ admired
It should so suddenly be tired ;
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade ;
For what’s inferred by t’ have and t’ hold,
But something past away, and sold ?
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low ;
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and th’ other part,

That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid.
A law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality ;
Admits no power of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration,
Nor writ of error, nor reverse
Of judgment past, for better or worse ;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they're grieved, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces ;
While nothing else but *rem in re*
Can set the proudest wretches free ;
A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply ;
So men are by themselves employed,
To quit the freedom they enjoyed,
And run their necks into a noose,
They'd break 'em after to break loose.
As some, whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themselves by art :
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead ;
And men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use ;
For as the Pythagorean soul
Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of every one,
So love does, and has ever done ;
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that's reversed,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much
As iron in Greenland does the touch ;



Melts in the furnace of desire,
Like glass, that's but the ice of fire ;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover :
For when he's with love-powder laden,
And primed and cocked by Miss, or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery,
And off the loud oaths go, but, while
They're in the very act, recoil :
Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
Without a separate maintenance ;
And widows, who have tried one lover,
Trust not again till they've made over ;
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geese they carry ;
And ere they venture o'er a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.
Whence wittiest ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest goose.
Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames ;
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as pricked wine ;
And all their caterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques,
Which th' ancients wisely signified
By th' yellow mantos of the bride.
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces ;
Wear under vizard-masks their talents
And mother-wits before their gallants ;
Until they're hampered in the noose,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose ;
When all the flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready with the bride,
That with her wedding-clothes undresses
Her complaisance and gentileesses ;

Tries all her arts to take upon her
The government, from th' easy owner ;
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful right, and turn her slave ;
Find all his having and his holding,
Reduced t' eternal noise and scolding ;
The conjugal petard, that tears
Down all portcullises of ears,
And makes the volley of one tongue
For all their leathern shields too strong ;
When only armed with noise and nails,
'The female silkworms ride the males.'

Quoth he, ' These reasons are but strains
Of wanton, over-heated brains,
Which ralliers in their wit or drink
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not man in Paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carved from th' original, his side,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruited sex.
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side
Is to the manly right a bride,
Both joined together with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.
Those heavenly attracts of yours, **your eyes**,
And face, that all the world surprise,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny ;
Those ravishing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half faces
That, in a mathematic line,
Like those in other heavens, join ;
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon .
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship.

Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears ;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul designed :
But those that serve the body alone,
Are single and confined to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at th' equinoctial fit ;
And so are all the works of nature,
Stamped with her signature on matter ;
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses,
In all the wonders she produces :
And those that take their rules from her
Can never be deceived, nor err :
For what secures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife ?
That lie, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake ;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry ;
So universal, all mankind
In nothing else is of one mind :
For in what stupid age or nation,
Was marriage ever out of fashion ?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloistered friars and vestal nuns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it ?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' settlements ;
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
Debarred it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or estates of peers,
Could be preserved but by their heirs ;
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banns ?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,

And with their consorts consummate
Their weightiest interests of state ?
For all the amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to disarm ?
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace,
When all their fierce contests for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage ?
And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best,
That is no more than every lover
Does from his hackney-lady suffer ;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather, sometimes, serves t' improve :
For as, in running, every pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the post ;
Yet when they're at their races' ends,
They're still as kind and constant friends,
And, to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease ;
So all those false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of love ;
When those who're always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudest clamours more
Than as they're relished, sweet or sour ;
Like music, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns ;
And hearts have been as oft with sullen,
As charming looks, surprised and stolen ;
Then why should more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour ?
For discords make the sweetest airs,
And curses are a kind of prayers ;

Two slight alloys for all those grand
Felicities by marriage gained :
For nothing else has power to settle
Th' interests of love perpetual ;
An act and deed that makes one heart
Become another's counterpart,
And passes fines on faith and love,
Inrolled and registered above,
To seal the slippery knots of vows,
Which nothing else but death can loose.
And what security's too strong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has,
And, like an anchorite, gives over
This world, for the heaven of a lover ?'

'I grant,' quoth she, 'there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true ;
But millions whom the same does sentence
To heaven, b' another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to lovers,
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than gamesters when they play a set,
With greatest cunning, at piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight, unseen
For what do lovers, when they're fast
In one another's arms embraced,
But strive to plunder and convey
Each other, like a prize away ?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves ?
And if they use their persons so,
What will they to their fortunes do ?
Their fortunes ! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecstasies and flames.
For when the money's on the book,
And 'all my worldly goods'—but spoke,
The formal livery and seisin
That puts a lover in possession ;

To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a flam that's superseded ;
To that their faith is still made good,
And all the oaths to us they vowed ;
For when we once resign our powers,
W' have nothing left we can call ours :
Our money's now become the miss
Of all your lives and services ;
Which as it made y' at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until 'tis all turned out of doors,
As we had been, for new amours.
For what did ever heiress yet,
By being born to lordships, get ?
When the more lady she's of manors,
She's but exposed to more trepanners,
Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines ;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use her as the devil does witches,
Who takes it for a special grace
To be their cully for a space,
That, when the time's expired, the drazels
For ever may become his vassals :
So she, bewitched by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits ;
Until they force her to convey
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits
Of all your passionate love-suits,
Th' effects of all your amorous fancies,
To portions and inheritances ;
Your love-sick rapture for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition ;
To which you make address and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's sake.
For these you play at purposes,
And love your loves with As and Bs ;
For these, at Beast and Ombre woo,
And play for love and money too ;

Strive who shall be the ablest man
At right gallanting of a fan ;
And who the most genteelly bred
At sucking of a vizard-bead ;
How best t' accost us in all quarters,
T' our question and command new garters ;
And solidly discourse upon
All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con* :
For there's no mystery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made ;
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way possible to do't
But love and oaths, and restless suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the scores
Of all your culled past amours ;
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain ;
Which others' influences long since
Have charmed your noses with, and shins ;
For which the surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord ! what an amorous thing is want !
How debts and mortgages enchant !
What graces must that lady have,
That can from executions save !
What charms, that can reverse extent,
And null decree and exigent !
What magical attracts, and graces,
That can redeem from *scire facias* !
From bonds and statutes can discharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge !
These are the highest excellences
Of all your true or false pretences ;
And you would damn yourselves, and swear
As much t' an hostess dowager,
Grown fat and pursy by retail
Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn ;
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,

And, like a candle in the socket,
Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.'

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste, with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder ;
Which Hudibras, as if th' had been
Bestowed as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turned pale as ashes, or a clout ;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt :
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it tried
'To force a passage through his side,
Impatient, as he vowed, to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em,
And therefore beat, and laid about,
'To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cried, ' Courage, Sir Knight,
Know I'm resolved to break no rite
Of hospitality t' a stranger ;
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand sentinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel :
Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail,
And bravely scorn to turn their backs,
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.'

At this the knight grew resolute
As Ironside, or Hardiknute ;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cried aloud, to sally ;
But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortified behind a door,

That, if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Mean while they knocked against the door,
As fierce as at the gate before ;
Which made the renegado knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' enemy had forced his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had ordered execute ;
Which he resolved in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly marched away,
And all h' encountered fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone ;
Till fear, that braver feats performs
Than ever courage dared in arms,
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face ;
This he courageously invaded,
And, having entered, barricadoed
Eusconced himself as formidable
As could be underneath a table ;
Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
To guard his desperate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout,
With which impatiently alarmed,
He fancied th' enemy had stormed,
And, after entering, Sidrophel
Was fallen upon the guards pell-mell :
He therefore sent out all his senses
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance ;
But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy ;
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.

Mean while the foe beat up his quarters,
And stormed the outworks of his fortress ;
And as another of the same
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
That in the same cause had engaged,
And war with equal conduct waged,
By venturing only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
B' a general of the cavaliers
Was dragged through a window by the ears ;
So he was served in his redoubt,
And by the other end pulled out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they scorned to trade or barter,
By giving, or by taking quarter ;
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid :
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows ;
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.

No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapped in a trice his cloven hoof,
And thus attacked him with reproof :

'Mortal, thou art betrayed to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The brethren's privilege, against
The wicked, on themselves, the saints,
Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
For just revenge and punishment ;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free confession ;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the lady's heart away,

To spirit her to matrimony?—

‘That which contracts all matches, money.
It was the enchantment of her riches,
That made m’ apply t’ your crony witches;
That in return would pay th’ expense,
The wear and tear of conscience,
Which I could have patched up, and turned,
For th’ hundredth part of what I earned.’

‘Didst thou not love her then? Speak true.’
‘No more,’ quoth he, ‘than I love you.’

‘How wouldst th’ have used her and her money?’
‘First turned her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
T’ have put, on purpose, in the deed,
And bar her widow’s-making-over
T’ a friend in trust, or private lover.’

‘What made thee pick and chuse her out
T’ employ their sorceries about?’

‘That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.’

‘But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damned thyself to us?’

‘I see you take me for an ass:
’Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman, well enough,
As ’t has often been found by proof,
Whose humours are not to be won
But when they are imposed upon;
For love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.’

‘Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise?’

‘That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following the leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers:
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say;
Which, when ’tis natural and true,
Will be believed b’ a very few,

Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense.'

'Why didst thou chuse that cursèd sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?'

'Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints-bell that rings all in ;
In which all churches are concerned,
And is the easiest to be learned :
For no degrees, unless th' employ't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy it :
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws impowered to rout,
And awe the greatest that stand out ;
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near ;
For no sin else, among the saints,
Is taught so tenderly against.'

'What made thee break thy plighted vows ?'
'That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.'

Quoth he, 'I see you have more tricks
Than all our doting politics,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compared with your new reformation ;
That we must come to school to you,
To learn your more refined and new.'

Quoth he, 'If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourself an errant chouse,
If y' were but at a meeting-house.'

''Tis true,' quoth he, 'we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.'

'Truly,' quoth he, 'you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in ;
That as your fellow-fiends in hell
Were angels all before they fell,
So are you like to be again
Compared with th' angels of us men.'

Quoth he, 'I am resolved to be
Thy scholar in this mystery ;

And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.

'What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?'—'A livelihood.'

'What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness?'—'Great gains.'

'What's tender conscience?'—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But, breaking out, despatches more
Than th' epidemical'st plague sore.'

'What makes y' incroach upon o'r trade,
And damn all others?'—'To be paid.'

'What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?'—'A good living.'

'What makes rebelling against kings
A good old cause?'—'Adminstrings.'

'What makes all doctrines plain and clear?'
'About two hundred pounds a-year.'

'And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again?'—'Two hundred more.'

'What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?'—'Food and clothes.'

'What laws and freedom, persecution?'
'Being out of power, and contribution.'

'What makes a church a den of thieves?'
'A dean and chapter, and white sleeves.'

'And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?'—'Our own.'

'What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the saints
And wicked too cry out against?'

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffered to espouse:
For saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense;
As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed:
But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.'

‘What’s liberty of conscience,
I’ th’ natural and genuine sense?’

‘’Tis to restore, with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And Christian liberty reduce
To th’ elder practice of the Jews;
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.’

‘It is enough,’ quoth he, ‘for once,
And has reprieved thy forfeit bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne’er a trick,
Though he gave ’s name to our Old Nick,
But was below the least of these,
That pass i’ th’ world for holiness.’

This said the furies, and the light
In th’ instant vanished out of sight,
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone, and his own.

The queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed and take her rest;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Denied his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretched out at length upon the floor;
And though he shut his eyes as fast
As if h’ had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards,
Do make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear, too, in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words: ‘Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch,
Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o’ th’ blade?
By sauntering still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a centaur?’

To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?
For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat :
Night is the sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind,
Which now thou art denied to keep,
And cure thy laboured corpse with sleep.'

The knight, who heard the words, explained
As meant to him this reprimand,
Because the character did hit
Point-blank upon his case so fit ;
Believed it was some drolling spright
That stayed upon the guard that night,
And one of those h' had seen, and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt ;
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on :

' This 'tis t' engage with dogs and bears
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into purgatory : '—
(Thought he, ' This devil's full of malice
That on my late disasters rallies.')

' Condemned to whipping, but declined it,
By being more heroic-minded ;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse ;
Engaged with fiends in stubborn wars,
And hot disputes with conjurers ;
And, when th' hadst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away.'

(' I see,' thought he, ' this shameless elf
Would fain steal me too from myself,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffered for and done.')

' And now, but venturing to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.'

Thought he, ' How does the devil know
What'twas that I designed to do ?

His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceased long since ;
And he knows nothing of the saints,
But what some treacherous spy acquaints.
This is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second hand.
And now would pass for spirit Po,
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't ;
These rallying devils do not hurt.'
With that he roused his drooping heart,
And hastily cried out, 'What art ?'

'A wretch,' quoth he, 'whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.'

'I do believe thee,' quoth the knight ;
'Thus far I'm sure thou'rt in the right :
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast guessed of me.
Thou art some paltry, blackguard sprite,
Condemned to drudgery in the night ;
Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes ;
Without the raising of which sum
You dare not be so troublesome
To pinch the slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your business, good Pug-Robin,
And your diversion dull dry bobbing,
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash 'em clean in ditches for't ;
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At every jest you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barred your raillery.'

'Sir,' quoth the Voice, 'y' are no such sophy,
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you design to weigh our talents
I' th' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you,

We who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting,
And never left you in contèst
With male or female, man or beast,
But proved as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your squire.'

Quoth he, 'That may be said as true
By th' idlest pug of all your crew ;
For none could have betrayed us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low-country Hogen-Mogen,
To whose infernal shores I hope
He'll swing like skippers in a rope :
And if ye've been more just to me,
As I am apt to think, than he,
I am afraid it is as true
What th' ill-affected say of you ;
Y' have 'spoused the covenant and cause,
By holding up your cloven paws.'

'Sir,' quoth the Voice, ''tis true, I grant,
We made, and took the covenant ;
But that no more concerns the cause,
Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which, when they're proved in open court,
Wear wooden peccadilloes for't :
And that's the reason cov'nanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.'

'I see,' quoth Hudibras, 'from whence
These scandals of the saints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his sects,
Those spider-saints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.'

'Sir,' quoth the Voice, 'that may as true
And properly be said of you,
Whose talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together :
For all the independents do,
Is only what you forced 'em to ;
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down,

But must have armies raised to back
The gospel-work you undertake ;
As if artillery and edge-tools,
Were th' only engines to save souls :
While he, poor devil, has no power
By force to run down and devour ;
Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence
To stools, or poundage of repentance ;
Is tied up only to design,
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine :
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourselves his betters too.
Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid'st actions done
Are charged in courts of law upon ;
Because, unless they help the elf,
He can do little of himself ;
And, therefore, where he's best possessed,
Acts most against his interest ;
Surprises none but those who've priests
To turn him out, and exorcists,
Supplied with spiritual provision,
And magazines of ammunition ;
With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes ;
The tools of working our salvation
By mere mechanic operation :
With holy water, like a sluice,
To overflow all avenues :
But those who're utterly unarmed,
T' oppose his entrance, if he stormed,
He never offers to surprise,
Although his falsest enemies ;
But is content to be their drudge,
And on their errands glad to trudge :
For where are all your forfeitures
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours ?
Who are but jailers of the holes
And dungeons where you clap up souls ;
Like under-keepers, turn the keys
T' your mittimus anathemas,

And never boggle to restore
The members you deliver o'er
Upon demand, with fairer justice,
Than all your covenanting trustees ;
Unless, to punish them the worse,
You put them in the secular powers,
And pass their souls, as some demise
The same estate in mortgage twice ;
When to a legal utlegation
You turn your excommunication,
And, for a groat unpaid that's due,
Distrain on soul and body too.'

Thought he, ' 'Tis no mean part of civil
State-prudence to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven hoof.'

' 'Tis true,' quoth he, ' that intercourse
Has passed between your friends and ours,
That, as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your members, and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounced to hang themselves, or drown,
Or, frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story ;
Have used all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murder :
For if the saints are named from blood,
We only 'ave made that title good ;
And, if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a soul behind
Of all dissenters of mankind.'

' Right,' quoth the Voice, ' and, as I scorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all those kind good offices,
I'll free you out of this distress,
And set you down in safety,—where,
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone ;

And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.'

With that the Spirit groped about
To find th' enchanted hero out,
And tried with haste to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
Received from hardened-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Gresham-carts, with legs for wheels ;
But fear, that soonest cures those sores,
In danger of relapse to worse,
Came in t' assist him with its aid,
And up his sinking vessel weighed.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge ;
The Spirit horsed him, like a sack,
Upon the vehicle his back,
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With some few rubs against the wall ;
Where finding out the postern locked,
And th' avenues as strongly blocked,
H' attacked the window, stormed the glass,
And in a moment gained the pass ;
Through which he dragged the worsted soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders,
And cautiously began to scout
To find their fellow-cattle out ;
Nor was it half a minute's quest,
Ere he retrieved the champion's beast,
Tied to a pale, instead of rack,
But ne'er a saddle on his back,
Nor pistols at the saddle bow,
Conveyed away, the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the night, too, steal away ;
But, in a trice, advanced the knight
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the saddle, too, was strayed,
And in the place a lump of soap,
On which he speedily leaped up ;

And, turning to the gate the rein,
He kicked and cudgelled on amain ;
While Hudibras, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spurred, as jockies use, to break,
Or padders to secure, a neck :
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their churches turn our rhyme ;
To hold forth their declining state,
Which now come near an even rate.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious preys
According to their rates of grace :
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm ;
Till, in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their grandees of the càbal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house ;
From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed.
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawned a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And after every swarm its own :
For as the Persian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their sons,
That were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way ;
So presbyter begot the other
Upon the good old Cause, his mother,
Then bore them like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same ;
And yet no natural tie of blood,
Nor interest for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfered,
Get quarter for each other's beard :
For when they thrived they never fadged,
But only by the ears engaged ;

Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they've none ;
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;
The cause and covenant to lessen,
And prov'dence to be out of season :
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' king's revenue, and the church's,
But all divided, shared, and gone,
That used to urge the brethren on ;
Which forced the stubborn'st for the cause,
To cross the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them th' had gained
By their support might be maintained ;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secured against the hue-and-cry ;
For presbyter and independent
Were now turned plaintiff and defendant ;
Laid out their apostolic functions
On carnal orders and injunctions ;
And all their precious gifts and graces
On outlawries and *scire facias* ;
At Michael's term had many trial,
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.
For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to share their dividends,
And every partner to possess
His church and state joint-purchases,
In which the ablest saint, and best,
Was named in trust by all the rest,
To pay their money, and, instead
Of every brother, pass the deed ;
He straight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds, and holy shifts,
And settled all the other shares
Upon his outward man and 's heirs ;
Held all they claimed as forfeit lands
Delivered up into his hands,

And passed upon his conscience
By pre-entail of providence ;
Impeached the rest for reprobates,
That had no titles to estates,
But by their spiritual attainments
Degraded from the right of saints.
This being revealed, they now begun
With law and conscience to fall on,
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As th' utter barrister of Swanswick ;
Engaged with money-bags, as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old,
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unsanctified trustees ;
Till he who had no more to show
I' th' case, received the overthrow ;
Or, both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.
Poor presbyter was now reduced,
Secluded, and cashiered, and choused !
Turned out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of church and state,
Reformed t' a reformado saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up, teach down,
And make those uses serve again
Against the new-enlightened men,
As fit as when at first they were
Revealed against the cavalier ;
Damn anabaptist and fanatic,
As pat as popish and prelatie ;
And, with as little variation,
To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
The good old cause, which some believe
To be the devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with new light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for better or worse,
But now was grown deformed and poor,
And fit to be turned out of door.

The independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of reformation,
A mongrel kind of church-dragoons,
That served for horse and foot at once,
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid ;
Were free of every spiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder :)
No sooner got the start, to lurch
Both disciplines of war and church,
And providence enough to run
The chief commanders of them down,
But carried on the war against
The common enemy o' th' saints,
And in a while prevailed so far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no foe in arms
T' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduced and overcome,
Except their worst, themselves at home,
Wh' had compassed all they prayed and swore,
And fought, and preached, and plundered for,
Subdued the nation, church, and state,
And all things but their laws and hate ;
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoil of all th' had ransacked,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the government,
They met no sooner, but prepared
To pull down all the war had spared ;
Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish :
For knaves and fools being near of kin,
As Dutch boors are t' a sooterkin,
Both parties joined to do their best
To damn the public interest,
And herded only in consults,
To put by one another's bolts ;
T' out-cant the Babylonian labourers,
At all their dialects of jabberers,

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And tug at both ends of the saw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim ;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The public business is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This when the royalists perceived,—
Who to their faith as firmly cleaved,
And owned the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the church and crown—
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided :
For though outnumbered, overthrown
And by the fate of war run down,
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated ;
For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game ;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.
But when these bretheren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the devil,
Began once more to show them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day,
They rallied in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes ;
Convened at midnight in outhouses,
T' appoint new-rising rendezvouses,
And, with a pertinacy unmatched,
For new recruits of danger watched.
No sooner was one blow diverted.
But up another party started,
And as if nature too, in haste
To furnish our supplies as fast,
Before her time had turned destruction
T' a new and numerous production ;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,

That, like the Christian faith, increased
The more, the more they were suppressed ;
Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former tried experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,
Nor death, with all his bones, affright
From venturing to maintain the right,
From staking life and fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the crown ;
But kept the title of their cause
From forfeiture, like claims in laws ;
And proved no prosperous usurpation
Can ever settle on the nation ;
Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loy'lty in possession ;
And, by their constancy and faith,
Destroyed the mighty men of Gath.

Tossed in a furious hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his reign,
And was believed, as well by saints
As moral men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retrieved by Sterry,
Who, in a false erroneous dream,
Mistook the New Jerusalem,
Profanely for th' apocryphal
False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall ;
Whither it was decreed by fate,
His precious reliques to translate.
So Romulus was seen before
B' as orthodox a senator,
From whose divine illumination
He stole the pagan revelation.

Next him his son, and heir apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent,
Who first laid by the parliament,
The ~~only~~ crutch on which he leant,
And then sunk underneath the state,
That rode him above horseman's weight.

And now the saints began their reign,
For which th' had yearned so long in vain,
And felt such bowel-hankerings,
To see an empire, all of kings,
Delivered from th' Egyptian awe
Of justice, government, and law,
And free t' erect what spiritual cantons
Should be revealed, or gospel Hans-Towns.
To edify upon the ruins
Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
Who for a weather cock hung up
Upon their mother church's top,
Was made a type by Providence,
Of all their revelations since,
And now fulfilled by his successors,
Who equally mistook their measures :
For when they came to shape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle ;
But found their light and gifts more wide
From fadging, than th' unsanctified,
While every individual brother
Strove hand to fist against another,
And still the maddest, and most cracked,
Were found the busiest to transact ;
For though most hands despatch apace,
And make light work, the proverb says,
Yet many different intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects ;
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,
As slowest insects have most legs.

Some were for setting up a king,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless king Jesus : others tampered
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lamlert ;
Some for the Rump ; and some more crafty,
For agitators, and the safety ;
Some for the gospel, and massacres
Of spiritual affidavit-makers,
That swore to any human regence
Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance,—
Yea, though the ablest swearing saint,
That vouched the bulls o' th' covenant :

Others for pulling down th' high places
Of synods and provincial classes,
That used to make such hostile inroads
Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods ;
Some for fulfilling prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' excise ;
And some against th' Egyptian bondage
Of holy-days, and paying poundage ;
Some for the cutting down of groves,
And rectifying bakers' loaves,
And some for finding out expedients
Against the slavery of obedience ;
Some were for gospel-ministers,
And some for redcoat seculars,
As men most fit t' hold forth the word,
And wield the one and th' other sword ;
Some were for carrying on the work
Against the pope, and some the Turk ;
Some for engaging to suppress
The camisado of surplices,
That gifts and dispensationa hindered,
And turned to th' outward man the inward :
More proper for the cloudy night
Of popery than gospel-light ;
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which th' unsanctified bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb,—
As wise as ringing of a pig,
That used to break up ground, and dig,—
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage still ;
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of linsey-woolsey in the nation ;
And some against all idolising
The cross in shop-books, or baptising ;
Others, to make all things recant
The Christian or surname of saint,
And force all churches, streets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce ;
Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,
And bringing down the price of coals ;

Some for abolishing black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in,
To abrogate them roots and branches ;
While others were for eating haunches
Of warriors, and, now and then,
The flesh of kings and mighty men ;
And some for breaking of their bones
With rods of iron, by secret ones ;
For thrashing mountains, and with spells
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells ;
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the wicked sore afraid of.

The quacks of government, who sate
At the unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh,
Considered timely how t' withdraw,
And save their windpipes from the law ;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all th' had 'scaped in war ;
And therefore met in consultation
To cant and quack upon the nation ;
Not for the sickly patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take ;
To feel the purses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries ;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain,
'Mong these there was a politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in every one
Than all the whores of Babylon ;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink ;
And in his dark pragmatic way
As busy as a child at play.
H' had seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in every one :

Was for 'em, and against 'em all,
But barbarous when they came to fall :
For by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his interest with the new one ;
Played true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanced :
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
'Transformed t' a feeble state-camelion,
By giving aim from side to side,
He never failed to save his tide,
But got the start of every state,
And, at a change, ne'er came too late ;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lathe ;
By turning wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new ;
For when h' had happily incurred,
Instead of hemp, to be preferred,
And passed upon a government,
He played his trick, and out he went ;
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder, more, of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
'The public ruin, and his own ;
So little did he understand
The desperate feats he took in hand,
For when h' had got himself a name
For frauds and tricks he spoiled his game ;
Had forced his neck into a noose,
To show his play at fast and loose ;
And, when he chanced t' escape, mistook,
For art and subtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together most profound
At deeds of darkness under ground ;
As th' earth is easiest undermined,
By vermin impotent and blind.

By all these arts, and many more,
H' had practised long and much before,
Our state-artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw :

For as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and achès find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And, better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons :
So guilty sinners, in a state,
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain,
Some days before a shower of rain ;
He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he could, t' insure his throat,
And hither came, t' observe and smoke
What courses other riskers took,
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself, and hang the rest.

To match this saint there was another
As busy and perverse a brother,
An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and state-affairs ;
More Jew than rabbi Achitophel,
And better gifted to rebel ;
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
The cause, aloft upon one house,
He scorned to set his own in order,
But tried another, and went further ;
So suddenly addicted still
To 's only principle, his will,
That whatsoe'er it chanced to prove,
No force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Holborn,
Could render half a grain less stubborn ;
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' harangue ;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle ;
In which his parts were so accomplished,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplussed ;
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease ;
And, with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack ;

No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to pickeer,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engaged in controversy ;
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing ;
With volleys of eternal babble,
And clamour, more unanswerable :
For though his topics, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintained 'em, like his faults,
Against the desp'ratest assaults ;
And backed their feeble want of sense
With greater heat and confidence ;
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgelled, grow the stiffer.
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated ;
For nothing but his interest
Could lay his devil of contest :
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
T' espouse the cause for better or worse,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And soul and body worshipped it :
But when he found the sullen trapes
Possessed with th' devil, worms, and japes ;
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
Not half so full of jadish tricks,
Though squeamish in her outward woman,
As loose and rampant as Dol Common ;
He still resolved to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater ;
And still, the skittisher and looser
Her freaks appeared, to sit the closer ;
For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are hardened by th' allay :
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

These two, with others, being met,
And close in consultation set,
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,

The orator we named of late,
Less troubled with the pangs of state,
Than with his own impatience,
To give himself first audience,
After he had a while looked wise,
At last broke silence, and the ice.

Quoth he, 'There's nothing makes me doubt
Our last outgoings brought about,
More than to see the characters
Of real jealousies and fears
Not feigned, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scored upon every member's forehead ;
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feels pangs and achès of state-turns,
And revolutions in their corns ;
And, since our workings-out are crossed,
'Throw up the cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away we meant,
When, taking of the covenant,
The lamest cripples of the brothers,
Took oaths to run before all others,
But in their own sense, only swore,
To strive to run away before,
And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both ?
'Tis true the cause is in the lurch,
Between a right and mongrel-church ;
The presbyter and independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on't,
As 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient,—I mean Margaret's fast ;
When Providence had been suborned,
What answer was to be returned :
Else why should tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through,
And understand as well to tame
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame ?
Have proved how inconsiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble,
Whose frenzies must be reconciled
With drums, and rattles, like a child,

But never proved so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us ;
For all our scouring of religion
Began with tumults and sedition ;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became strong motives to devotion :
As carnal seamen in a storm,
Turn pious converts, and reform ;
When rusty weapons with chalked edges,
Maintained our feeble privileges,
And brown-bills, levied in the city,
Made bills to pass the grand committee ;
When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chase to rochets, and white sleeves,
And made the church, and state and laws,
Submit t' old iron, and the cause.
And as we thrived by tumults then,
So might we better know again,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need ;
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us ;
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
And close malignant are detected ;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
For pledges to secure our own ;
And freely sacrifice their ears
T' appease our jealousies and fears.
And, yet for all these providences
W' are offered, if we have our senses,
We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a discharge :
Like men condemned to thunder-bolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts ;
Or fools besotted with their crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away ;
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand or fall at least together ;

No mean nor trivial solaces
To partners in extreme distress ;
Who used to lessen their despairs,
By parting them int' equal shares ;
As if the more there were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier ;
And every one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit,
Who, when our fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course,
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our last and best defence, despair :
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
Have been achieved in greatest straits,
And horrid'st dangers safely waived,
By being courageously outbraved ;
As wounds by wider wounds are healed,
And poisons by themselves expelled :
And so they might be now again,
If we were, what we should be, men ;
And not so dully desperate,
To side against ourselves with fate :
As criminals, condemned to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turned over.
This comes of breaking covenants,
And setting up exempts of saints,
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excused the efficacy :
For spiritual men are too transcendent,
That mount their banks for independent,
To hang, like Mahomet in the air,
Or St. Ignatius at his prayer,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or state :
Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
And since obedience is better,
The Scripture says, than sacrifice,
Presume the less on't will suffice ;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescribed their peremptory hints,

Or any opinion, true or false,
Declared as such, in doctrinals ;
But left at large to make their best on,
Without being called t' account or quest'on :
Interpret all the spleen reveals,
As Whittington explained the bells ;
And bid themselves turn back again
Lord Mayors of New Jerusalem ;
But look so big and overgrown,
They scorn their edifiers to own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones, and sanctified expressions ;
Bestowed their gifts upon a saint,
Like charity, on those that want ;
And learned the apocryphal bigòts
T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes,
For which they scorn and hate them worse
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders :
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach the House of Commons' way ?
Where had they all their gifted phrases,
But from our Calamys and Cases ?
Without whose sprinkleing and sowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen ?
Their dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield ;
And had they not begun the war,
Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are :
For saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate ;
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
In th' intervals of war and slaughter ;
Abates the sharpness of its edge,
Without the power of sacrilege ;
And though they've tricks to cast their sins,
As easy as serpents do their skins,
That in a while grow out again,
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And from the most refined of saints,
As naturally grow miscreants
As barnacles turn solan geese
I' th' islands of the Orcades.

Their dispensation's but a ticket
For their conforming to the wicked,
With whom their greatest difference
Lies more in words and show, than sense :
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of state ;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well ;
And, if the world has any troth,
Some have been canonized in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the overheated sots
In fever still, like other goats ;
For though the whore bends heretics
Which flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
Our schismatics so vastly differ,
Th' hotter th' are they grow the stiffer ;
Still setting off their spiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious feuds :
For zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches saints to tear and rant,
And independents to profess
'The doctrine of dependences ;
Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
To rawheads fierce, and bloody bones ;
And not content with endless quarrels
Against the wicked, and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For, now the war is not between
The brethren and the men of sin,
But saint and saint to spill the blood
Of one another's brotherhood,
Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience,
Or zealous suffering for the cause,
To gain one groat's worth of applause ;
For, though endured with resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution ;
Shall precious saints, and secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,

And eat the flesh of bretheren,
Instead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
When savage bears agree with bears,
Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall mastiffs, by the collars pulled,
Engaged with bulls, let go their hold?
And saints, whose necks are pawned at stake,
No notice of the danger take?
But though no power of heaven or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal,
Who would not guess there might be hopes
The fear of gallowses and ropes
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animosities a while;
At least until th' had a clear stage,
And equal freedom to engage,
Without the danger of surprise
By both our common enemies?

' This none but we alone could doubt
Who understand their workings-out,
And know 'em, both in soul and conscience,
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense
As spiritual outlaws, whom the power
Of miracle can ne'er restore.
We, whom at first they set up under
In revelation only of plunder,
Who since have had so many trials
Of their encroaching self-denials,
That rooked upon us with design
To out-reform, and undermine;
Took all our interests and commands
Perfidiously, out of our hands;
Involved us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive gains allowed,
And made us serve as ministerial,
Like younger sons of father Belial,

And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong,
Th' had done us, and the cause so long,
We never failed to carry on
The work still, as we had begun ;
But true and faithfully obeyed,
And neither preached them hurt, nor prayed ;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us, like the cavaliers ;
Nor put them to the charge of jails,
To find us pillories and carts'-tails,
Or hangman's wages, which the state
Was forced, before them, to be at ;
That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,
Our ears for keeping true accounts,
And burned our vessels, like a new
Sealed peck, or bushel, for being true ;
But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
Held for the cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
One syllable of what we held.
And though we differed now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men,
Our inward men, and constant frame
Of spirit still were near the same ;
And till they first began to cant,
And sprinkle down the covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dreamed of teaching down free grace ;
But joined our gifts perpetually
Against the common enemy,
Although 'twas ours, and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a Rimmon.
And yet, for all this gospel-union,
And outward show of church-communion,
They'd ne'er admit us to our shares,
Of ruling church, or state affairs,
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own conditions of repentance ;
But shared our dividend o' the crown
We had so painfully preached down,
And forced us, though against the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again.

For 'twas but justice to restore
The wrongs we had received before ;
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay ;
Who for the right we've done the nation,
Have earned our temporal salvation,
And put our vessels in a way,
Once more to come again in play :
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this providence about,
And that our only suffering
Is able to bring in the king,
What would our actions not have done,
Had we been suffered to go on ?
And therefore may pretend t' a share,
At least, in carrying on th' affair :
But whether that be so, or not,
We've done enough to have it thought,
And that's as good as if w' had done 't,
And easier passed upon account :
For if it be but half denied,
'Tis half as good as justified.
The world is naturally averse,
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense and a lie
With greediness and gluttony ;
And though it have the pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong ;
As women long, when they're with child,
For things extravagant and wild ;
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
But seldom any thing that's wholesome ;
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
Turn round upon their ears, the poles,
And what they're confidently told,
By no sense else can be controlled.
' And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For as relapses make diseases
More desperate than their first accesses ;
If we but get again in power,
Our work is easier than before ;

And we more ready and expert
I' th' mystery, to do our part :
We, who did rather undertake
The first war to create, than make ;
And when of nothing 'twas begun,
Raised funds as strange, to carry 't on ;
Trepanned the state, and faced it down,
With plots and projects of our own ;
And if we did such feats at first,
What can we now we're better versed ?
Who have a freer latitude
Than sinners give themselves, allowed ;
And therefore likeliest to bring in,
On fairest terms, our discipline ;
To which it was revealed long since
We were ordained by Providence,
When three saints' ears, our predecessors
The Cause's primitive confessors,
B'ing crucified, the nation stood
In just so many years of blood,
That, multiplied by six, expressed
The perfect number of the beast,
And proved that we must be the men
To bring this work about again ;
And those who laid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough reformation :
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone ?
What churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching masters ?
Possessed with absolute dominions,
O'er brethren's purses and opinions,
And trusted with the double keys
Of heaven, and their warehouses ;
Who, when the cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what sums they please,
That brooding lie in banker's hands,
To be disposed at their commands ;
And daily increase and multiply,
With doctrine, use, and usury :
Can fetch in parties, as, in war
All other heads of cattle are,

From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,
And share them, from blue ribands down
To all blue aprons in the town ;
From ladies hurried in caleches,
With cornets at their footmen's breeches,
To queans as fat as mother Nab,
All case and body, like a crab.
Our party's great, and better tied
With oaths, and trade, than any side ;
Has one considerable improvement
To double fortify the covenant ;
I mean our covenant to purchase
Delinquents' titles, and the church's,
That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
Among ourselves, for current land,
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions ;
Our best reserve for reformation,
When new outgoings give occasion ;
That keeps the loins of brethren girt,
The covenant, their creed, t' assert ;
And, when they've packed a parliament,
Will once more try th' expedient :
Who can already muster friends,
To serve for members to our ends,
That represent no part o' th' nation,
But Fisher's-folly congregation ;
Are only tools to our intrigues,
And sit like geese to hatch our eggs ;
Who, by their precedence of wit,
T' outfast, outloiter, and outfit,
And order matters under hand,
To put all business to a stand ;
Lay public bills aside, for private,
And make 'em one another drive out ;
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary ;
And make the nation represent,
And serve for us in parliament ;
Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finish none,

Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,
That always passed for fundamental :
Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away, and bandy ;
Make lords and commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges :
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, th' only scope
And consolation of our hope :
Who, though we do not play the game,
Assist us much by giving aim ;
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions t' act their parts ;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A seconding, a third, or fourth ;
How much a casting voice comes to,
That turns up trump of *Ay* or *No* ;
And, by adjusting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend.
An art that so much study cost,
And now's in danger to be lost,
Unless our ancient virtuosos,
That found it out, get into th' houses.
These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or crook,
And practised down from forty-four,
Unless they turned us out of door :
Beside the herds of Boutèfeus
We set on work, without the house,
When every knight and citizen
Kept legislative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points of the rabble's sense,
And fill the lobbies of both houses
With politic important buzzes ;
Set up committecs of cabals,
To pack designs without the walls ;
Examine and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use ;
Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
And every one his part rehearse ;

Make Qs of answers, to waylay
What th' other party's like to say ;
With repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be returned to all objections :
And who shall break the master-jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest ;
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper slanders and seditions,
And treason for a token send,
By letter, to a country friend ;
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit,
With falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays :
Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He's in his calling, to be seen.
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth ;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations :
For charlatans can do no good,
Until they're mounted in a crowd ;
And when they're punished, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for't ;
As long as confessors are sure
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution :
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In powdering-tubs their richest trade ;
And, while they keep their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen,
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the Christian blood we've let ;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain
Our title to do so again ;
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy t' our principles,
In time will wear out all things else ;
Like marble statues, rubbed in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses ;

While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swelled and sunk, like other froths ;
Prevailed a while, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they swung ;
As they had turned from side to side,
And as the changelings lived they died.'

This said, th' impatient statesmonger
Could now contain himself no longer,
Who had not spared to show his piques
Against th' haranguer's politics,
With smart remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces.

After he had administered a dose
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
And powdered th' inside of his skull,
Instead of th' outward jobbernot,
He shook it with a scornful look
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke :

'In dressing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near ;
For who did ever play his gambols
With such insufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the king,
And keeping of him out, one thing ?
Which none could do, but those that swore
T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore ;
That to defend was to invade,
And to assassinate to aid :
Unless, because you drove him out,—
And that was never made a doubt,—
No power is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your score ;
A spiritual doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your uses.
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermin made ;
And weapons dressed with salves, restore
And heal the hurts they gave before :
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good nature as the salve,

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Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Those who have tried them can determine.
Indeed 'tis pity you should miss
Th' arrears of all your services,
And for th' eternal obligation
Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
B' used so unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward,
For letting rapine loose, and murther,
To rage just so far, but no further :
And setting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher ;
For venturing to assassinate,
And cut the throats of church and state,
And not be allowed the fittest men
To take the charge of both again :
Especially that have the grace
Of self-denying gifted face ;
Who, when your projects have miscarried,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfully trepanned,
And sprinkled in at second hand ;
As we have been, to share the guilt
Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt ;
For so our ignorance was flammed
To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damned ;
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at backgammon,
And win your necks upon the set,
As well as ours, who did but bet ;
For he had drawn your ears before,
And nicked them on the self-same score
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had lost us at foul play ;
And brought you down to rook and lie,
And fancy only on the by ;
Redeemed your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles,
And rescued all your outward traitors,
From hanging up, like alligators ;
For which ingeniously y' have showed
Your presbyterian gratitude ;


Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide,
And scruple, on the other side,
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conscience and remorse ;
To be convinced they were in vain,
And face about for new again ;
For truth no more unveiled your eyes,
Than maggots are convinced to flies ;
And therefore all your lights and calls
Are but apocryphal and false,
To charge us with the consequences
Of all your native insolences,
That to your own imperious wills
Laid law and gospel neck and heels ;
Corrupted the Old Testament,
To serve the New for precedent ;
T' amend its errors and defects,
With murder and rebellion-texts ;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to sow upon ;
And therefore from your tribe, the Jews
Held Christian doctrine forth, and use ;
As Mahomet your chief, began
To mix them in the Alcoran ;
Denounced and prayed with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cushion :
Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans ;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind ;
Filled Bedlam with predestination,
And Knightsbridge with illumination ;
Made children, with your tones, to run for't
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford.
While women, great with child, miscarried,
For being to malignants married :
Transformed all wives to Dalilahs,
Whose husbands were not for the cause ;
And turned the men to ten-horned cattle,
Because they came not out to battle ;

Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transformed to Meroz,
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not espouse the saints' adventures :
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus ;
Enchant the king's and church's lands,
T' obey and follow your commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcly Hill had done of old ;
Could turn the cov'nant, and translate
The gospel into spoons and plate ;
Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
And open th' intricate places ;
Could catechize a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox ;
Until the cause became a Damon,
And Pythias the wicked Mammon.

' And yet, in spite of all your charms
To conjure Legion up in arms,
And raise more devils in the rout,
Than e'er y' were able to cast out,
Y' have been reduced, and by those fools,
Bred up, you say, in your own schools,
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit,
By whom you've been so oft trepanned,
And held forth out of all command ;
Out-gifted, out-impulsed, out-done,
And out-revealed at carryings-on ;
Of all your dispensations wormed,
Out-providenced and out-reformed ;
Ejected out of church and state,
And all things but the people's hate ;
And spirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,
By those who lodged their gifts and graces,
Like better bowlers, in your places :
All which you bore with resolution,
Charged on th' account of persecution ;
And though most righteously oppressed,
Against your wills, still acquiesced :

And never hummed and hahed sedition,
Nor snuffled treason, nor misprision :
That is, because you never durst ;
For, had you preached and prayed your worst,
Alas ! you were no longer able
To raise your posse of the rabble :
One single redcoat sentinel
Out-charmed the magic of the spell,
And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole troops with chapter raised and verse.
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers,
Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
To your disposing of outgoings,
Or to your ordering providence,
One farthing's worth of consequence.

‘ For had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man,
There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to use the means ;
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out :
Brave undertakers to restore,
That could not keep yourselves in power ;
T' advance the interests of the crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
'Tis true you have, for I'd be loth
To wrong ye, done your parts in both,
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As grace is introduced by sin ;
For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
And sanctified impertinence,
Your carrying business in a huddle,
That forced our rulers to new-model ;
Obliged the state to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out ;
To reformado, one and all,
T' your great croisado general :
Your greedy slaving to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, power ;



That sprung the game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the net ;
Your spite to see the church's lands
Divided into other hands,
And all your sacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures :
Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By under churches in the town ;
And no course used to stop their mouths,
Nor th' independents' spreading growths :
All which considered, 'tis most true
None bring him in so much as you,
Who have prevailed beyond their plots,
Their midnight juntos, and sealed knots ;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own rash politics.
And this way you may claim a share
In carrying, as you brag, th' affair,
Else frogs and toads, that croaked the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,
And flies and mange, that set them free
From task-masters and slavery,
Were likelier to do the feat,
In any indifferent man's conceit :
For who e'er heard of restoration,
Until your thorough reformation ?
That is, the king's and church's lands
Were sequestered int' other hands :
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were opened to restore ;
And when the work was carrying on,
Who crossed it, but yourselves alone ?
As by a world of hints appears,
All plain, and extant, as your ears.
' But first, o' th' first : The Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny't,
Where Henderson, and th' other masses,
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases :
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Although put paltry Ob and Sollers :
As if th' unseasonable fools
Had been a coursing in the schools,


Until th' had proved the devil author
O' th' cov'nant, and the cause his daughter ;
For when they charged him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt,
They did not mean he wrought th' effusion
In person, like Sir Pride, or Hewson,
But only those who first begun
The quarrel were by him set on ;
And who could those be but the saints,
Those reformation termagants ?
But ere this passed, the wise debate
Spent so much time it grew too late ;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' inclose him with his warriors round ;
Had brought his providence about,
And turned th' untimely sophists out.

‘ Nor had the Uxbridge business less
Of nonsense in't, or sottishness ;
When from a scoundrel holder-forth,
‘The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,
Your mighty senators took law,
At his command were forced t' withdraw,
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
‘The doctrine, use, and application.
So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th' espousers of your cause and monies,
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends,
You basely left them, and the church
They trained you up to, in the lurch,
And suffered your own tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shows what utensils y' have been,
To bring the king's concernments in,
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you ;
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just,
Such as will punctually repay
With double interest, and betray.

‘ Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who dully act one part ;
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man’s home
And so are governments to some,
Who change them for the same intrigues
That statesmen use in breaking leagues ;
While others in old faiths and troths
Look odd, as out-of-fashioned clothes,
And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen.
For true and faithful’s sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes ;
And whether parties lose or win,
Is always nicked, or else hedged in :
While power usurped, like stolen delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.
And so we may, if we’ve but sense
To use the necessary means,
And not your usual stratagems
On one another, lights, and dreams :
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give ;
Set up the covenant on crutches,
’Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before we’re sure to prop our own ;
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding,
Who, ’twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y’ had none, accoutred.

‘ I grant all courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again ;
The only way that’s left us now,
But all the difficulty’s, how ?
’Tis true we’ve money, th’ only power
That all mankind falls down before ;

Money that, like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things ;
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way ;
As long as men have faith to sell, -
And meet with those that can pay well ;
Whose half-starved pride, and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice
T' expose to sale ; besides the wages
Of storing plagues to after ages.
Nor is our money less our own
Than 'twas before we laid it down ;
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon't,
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
What power can hinder us to win ?
We know the arts we used before,
In peace and war, and something more ;
And by th' unfortunate events,
Can mend our next experiments ;
For when we're taken into trust ;
How easy are the wisest choused,
Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights ;
And, while they're busy, at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please ?
How easy is't to serve for agents,
To prosecute our old engagements ?
To keep the good old cause on foot,
And present power from taking root ;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots, and parties taking arms ;
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side ;
Profess the passionat'st concerns,
For both their interests by turns,
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none ;
As bowls run true, by being made
On purpose false, and to be swayed,
For if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together ;



And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty :
To reconcile our late dissenters,
Our brethren, though by other venters ;
Unite them, and their different maggots,
As long and short sticks are in faggots,
And make them join again as close,
As when they first began t' espouse ;
Erect them into separate
New Jewish tribes in church and state ;
To join in marriage and commèrce,
And only 'mong themselves converse,
And all that are not of their mind,
Make enemies to all mankind :
Take all religions in, and stickle
From conclave down to conventicle ;
Agreeing still or disagreeing,
According to the light in being,
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual misrule in one sense ;
But in another quite contràry,
As dispensations chance to vary ;
And stand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the spirit :
Protect their emissaries, empowered
To preach sedition and the word ;
And when they're hampered by the laws,
Release the labourers for the cause,
And turn the persecution back
On those that made the first attack,
To keep them equally in awe,
For breaking, or maintaining law :
And when they have their fits too soon,
Before the full-tides of the moon,
Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
For sowing faction in and treason ;
And keep them hooded, and their churches,
Like hawks, from baiting on their perches ;
That when the blessèd time shall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,

They may be ready to restore
Their own fifth monarchy once more.
Meanwhile be better armed to fence
Against revolts of providence,
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen :
For if success could make us saints,
Our ruin turned us miscreants ;
A scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepared.

‘ These are the courses we must run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone,
And not to stand on terms and freaks,
Before we have secured our necks,
But do our work as out of sight,
As stars by day, and suns by night ;
All license of the people own,
In opposition to the crown ;
And for the crown as fiercely side,
The head and body to divide ;
The end of all we first designed,
And all that yet remains behind.
Be sure to spare no public rapine,
On all emergencies that happen :
For ’tis as easy to supplant
Authority, as men in want ;
As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand with the other trade ;
Gained vastly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver ;
And what the one, by tricks, forestalled,
The other, by as sly, retailed :
For gain has wonderful effects
T’ improve the factory of sects ;
The rule of faith in all professions,
And great Diana of th’ Ephesians ;
Whence turning of religion ’s made
The means to turn and wind a trade ;
And though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course,
And draw in store of customers,
To thrive the better in commerce :

For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather,
To nab the itches of their sects,
As jades do one another's necks.
Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
Will serve t' improve a church, as zeal;
As persecution, or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.

'Let business like ill watches, go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow;
For things in order are put out
So easy, ease itself will do't :
But when the feat's designed and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.

'All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert ;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
And lay perpetual trains, to wrangle.
But in affairs of less import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply,
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust.
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own ;
'The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the state :
Express the horrid'st detestation,
And pity the distracted nation ;
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
Is half in words, and half in face ;
As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs ;
Entrust it under solemn vow
Of mum and silence, and the rose,
To be retailed again in whispers,
For th' easy credulous to disperse.'

Thus far the statesman—When a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out ;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rushed in with equal fear and haste,
Who stared about, as pale as death,
And for a while, as out of breath,
Till, having gathered up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits :

‘ That beastly rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the town
And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalked bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the bishops—out of door ;
Are new drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers ;
Knights, citizens and burgesses—
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages.
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
And every representative
Have vowed to roast—and broil alive :
And ’tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrificed incarnate ;
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We’re grillied all at Temple Bar ;
Some, on the sign-post of an alehouse,
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
Made up of rags, to personate
Respective officers of state ;
That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
Proscribed in law, and executed,
And, while the work is carrying on,
Be ready listed under Dun,
That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
And tinder-box, of all his fellows ;
The activ’st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive ;


Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth again :
For since the State has made a quint
Of generals, he's lifted in't.
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie, his own way ;
For, moulded to the life, in clouts,
Th' have picked from dunghills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a hazel bavin
A cropped malignant baker gave 'em ;
And to the largest bonfire riding,
Th' have roasted Cook already, and Pride in ;
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thanksgivings th' used to do ;
Each in a tattered talisman,
Like vermin in effigy slain.

' But, what's more dreadful than the rest ;
Those rumps are but the tail o' th' beast,
Set up to popish engineers,
As by the crackers plainly appears ;
For none but Jesuits have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the church with powder ;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore's,
That have the charge of all her stores ;
Since first they failed in their designs,
To take in heaven by springing mines,
And, with unanswerable barrels
Of gunpowder, dispute their quarrels,
Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up, in th' open streets,
Disguised in rumps, like sambenites,
More like to ruin and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground.

' Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
For symbols of state-mysteries ;
Though some suppose, 'twas but to show
How much they scorned the saints, the few,

Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,
Are represented best by rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches ;
And from the Coptic priest, Kircherus,
Found out this mystic way to jeer us :
For, as th' Egyptians used by bees
T' express their antique Ptolomies,
And by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and power ;
Because these subtle animals
Bear all their interests in their tails ;
But when they're once impaired in that,
Are banished their well-ordered state :
They thought all governments were best
By hieroglyphic rumps expressed.
For as a fly that goes to bed,
Rests with his tail above his head,
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers,
That horsed us on their backs, to show us
A jadish trick at last, and throw us.

' The learnèd rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to ;
And therefore, at the last great day,
All th' other members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed ;
From whence the learnèd sons of art,
Os sacrum justly style that part :
Then what can better represent,
Than this rump bone, the parliament ?
That after several rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reversions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives ?
But now, alas ! they're all expired,
And th' house, as well as members, fired ;
Consumed in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out ;



Condemned t' ungoverning distress,
And paltry private wretchedness ;
Worse than the devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of restoration ;
And parted, like the body and soul,
From all dominion and control.
We, who could lately, with a look,
Enact, establish, or revoke,
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;
Before the bluster of whose huff,
All hats, as in a storm, flew off ;
Adored and bowed to by the great,
Down to the footman and valèt ;
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And prayers than the crowns of hats,
Shall now be scorned as wretchedly ;
For ruin's just as low as high ;
Which might be suffered were it all
The horror that attends our fall :
For some of us have scores more large
Than heads and quarters can discharge ;
And others, who, by restless scraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amassed,
Would gladly lay down all at last ;
And, to be but undone, entail
Their vessels on perpetual jail,
And bless the devil to let them farms
Of forfeit souls on no worse terms.'

This said, a near and louder shout
Put all th' assembly to the rout,
Who now begun t' outrun their fear,
As horses do, from those they bear ;
But crowded on with so much haste,
Until th' had blocked the passage fast,
And barricadoed it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a crippled piece
Of all their crushed and broken members,
Than have them grillied on the embers ;

Still pressing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs,
The vanguard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear,
But, borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled sorely under foot;
Yet nothing proved so formidable,
As th' horrid cookery of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
As lesser pains are by the gout,
Relieved 'em with a fresh supply
Of rallied force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan running-horse,
Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.

C A N T O I I I .

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight and squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bower by night.
He plods to turn his amorous suit,
T' a plea in law, and prosecute :
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprise ;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.

Who would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination ?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats ;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves.
For fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which ;
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences ;
As Rosicrucian virtuosos
Can see with ears, and hear with noses ;
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supplied by fear,
That makes them in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions,
And when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best ;
Do things not contrary alone,
To th' course of nature, but its own,
The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn poltroons as valiant ;

For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear ;
And, when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death, by dying ;
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions, rout.

This Hudibras had proved too true,
Who, by the furies, left *perdue*,
And haunted with detachments, sent
From Marshal Legion's regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Relieved and rescued with a cheat,
When nothing but himself, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer ;
As by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
It follows in due form of poesie.

Disguised in all the masks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blindman's buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day ;
Who took his dark and desperate course,
He knew no better than his horse ;
And by an unknown devil led,
He knew as little whither, fled,
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed ;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away, his best ;
To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear.
And though with kicks and bangs he plied
The furthur and the nearer side ;
As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they rowed the horse,
And when the hackney sails more swift,
Believe they lag, or run adrift ;
So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste :
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the morn began t' appear,
And shift t' another scene his fear,

He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid,
And forced him from the foe t' escape,
Had turned itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told
The lady all he had t' unfold,
But she conveyed him out of sight,
To entertain the approaching knight ;
And while he gave himself diversion,
T' accommodate his beast and person,
And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her,
She ordered th' antimasquerade,
For his reception, aforesaid :
But when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, the furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Conveyed away, as Ralpho guessed,
The wretched caitiff, all alone,
As he believed, began to moan,
And tell his story to himself,
The knight mistook him for an elf ;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralph's outward man,
And thought, because they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the saint's and devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes ;
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He stared upon him, and cried out,
'What art? My squire, or that bold sprite
That took his place and shape to-night?
Some busy independent pug,
Retainer to his synagogue?'

'Alas !' quoth he, 'I'm none of those
Your bosom friends, as you suppose,
But Ralph himself, your trusty squire,
Wh' has dragged your dunship out o' th' mire,

And from th' enchantments of a widow,
Wh' had turned you int' a beast, have freed you ;
And, though a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe, where now you are ;
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your constant presbyterian way.'

'That's stranger,' quoth the knight, 'and stranger ;
Who gave thee notice of my danger ?'

Quoth he, 'Th' infernal conjurer
Pursued, and took me prisoner ;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along to find you out,
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said or did :
And, though they lay to him the pageant,
I did not see him, nor his agent ;
Who played their sorceries out of sight,
T' avoid a fiercer second fight.'

'But didst thou see no devils then ?'

'Not one,' quoth he, 'but carnal men,
A little worse than fiends in hell,
And that she-devil Jezebel,
That laughed and tee-heed with derision,
To see them take your deposition.'

'What then,' quoth Hudibras, 'was he
'That played the devil to examine me ?'

'A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown,
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believed it :
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats ;
Denied your whipping, and confessed
The naked truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the reverend writer
That to our churches veiled his mitre ;
All which they take in black and white,
And cudgelled me to underwrite.'

'What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone,
To act the devil, and forbear
'To rid me of my hellish fear ?'

Quoth he, 'I knew your constant rate,
And frame of spirit too obstinate,
To be by me prevailed upon,
With any motives of my own ;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The devil a while, to nick your wit ;
The devil, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye ;
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.'

The knight, who now began to find
They'd left the enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain,
But feeble weariness and pain,
Perceived, by losing of their way,
Th' had gained th' advantage of the day,
And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good ;
He ventured to dismiss his fear,
That parting's wont to rant and tear,
And give the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind its back :
For having paused to recollect,
And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly,
And when no devil had appeared,
What else it could be said he feared,
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolved to re-engage ;
Tossed, like a foot-ball, back again
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.

Quoth he, 'It was thy cowardice,
That made me from this leaguer rise,
And when I'd half-reduced the place,
To quit it infamously base,
Was better covered by the new
Arrived detachment, than I knew ;
To slight my new acquests, and run,
Victoriously, from battles won ;
And, reckoning all I gained or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost ;

To make me put myself to flight,
And, conquering, run away by night ;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presumed to do ;
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
Exposed in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage ;
Lest, if they ventured to pursue,
I might the unequal fight renew ;
And, to preserve thy outward man,
Assumed my place, and led the van.'

'All this,' quoth Ralph, 'I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you :
You, who were damned to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powdering tubs,
To mount two-wheeled carroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse ;
Dragged out through straiter holes by th' ears,
Erased, or coupéd for perjurers ;
Who, though th' attempt had proved in vain,
Had had no reason to complain ;
But, since it prospered, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescued your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons.
The enemy was reinforced,
And we disabled and unhorsed,
Disarmed, unqualified for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight,
Which, though as desperate in th' attempt,
Has given you freedom to condemn't.
But were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable and vain,
To think of falling on again :
No martial project to surprise
Can ever be attempted twice ;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing cards.
Beside, our bangs of man and beast
Are fit for nothing now but rest,

And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable :
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem to amuse our foes,
To make an honourable retreat,
And waive a total sure defeat :
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct, in the martial art,
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive,
And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil ;
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest ;
That spares th' expense of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of brains ;
And, in the end, prevails as certain
As those that never trust to fortune ;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution ;
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If th' ancients crowned their bravest men
That only saved a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If every one would save but one ?
Or fight endangered to be lost,
Where all resolve to save the most ?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done ;
For those that save themselves and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ;
And sometime, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all ;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in gazettes ;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a gun,
Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome ;

To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame,
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
Confirmed with fireworks and with bells ;
And, though reduced to that extreme,
They have been forced to sing *Te Deum* ;
Yet, with religious blasphemy,
By flattering heaven with a lie,
And, for their beating, giving thanks,
Th' have raised recruits, and filled their banks ;
For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly ;
And when the fight becomes a chace,
Those win the day that win the race ;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights ;
Recovered many a desperate campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign ;
Restored the fainting high and mighty,
With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ ;
And made them stoutly overcome
With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum ;
With th' uncontrolled decrees of fate
To victory necessitate ;
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return ;
Or else their sultan populaces
Still strangle all their routed bassas.'

Quoth Hudibras, ' I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day ;
Although the rabble soused them for't,
O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
'Tis true our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not so resolute and bold,
Nor tied to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unless it be to herds of cattle ;
Or fighting convoys of provision,
The whole design o' the expedition,

And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out :
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
And eating, are performed one way,
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn hearts to death ;
And those achieve the highest renown,
That bring the other stomachs down.
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduced to famine,
And feats of arms to plot, design,
Surprise, and stratagem, and mine ;
But have no need nor use of courage,
Unless it be for glory, or forage :
For if they fight 'tis but by chance,
When one side venturing to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charged unmercifully' i' th' rear,
And forced, with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance,
To pick out ground t' encamp upon,
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors ;
Where both from side to side may skip,
And only encounter at bo-peep :
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer they're to be parted,
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attacked the frogs,
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strict ally.
For 'tis not now who's stout and bold,
But who bears hunger best, and cold ?
And he's approved the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving ;
And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man of prowess.
So th' emperor Caligula,
That triumphed o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirasiers ;

Engaged his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels,
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of scallops ;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car ;
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely ate his captives up,
And left all war, by his example,
Reduced to vict'ling of a camp well.'

Quoth Ralph, ' By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain you cannot now do worse
Than take this out-of-fashioned course,
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle to subdue her ;
Though some have done it in romances,
And banged them into amorous fancies:
As those who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones ;
And stout Rinaldo gained his bride
By courting of her back and side.
But since these times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover,
When mistresses are too cross-grained,
By such addresses to be gained ;
And if they were, would have it out
With many another kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,
As this of force, to win the Jezebel,
To storm her heart by th' antique charms
Of ladies errant, force of arms :
But rather strive by law to win her,
And try the title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her word,
And me to witness the accord :
Besides two more of her retinue
To testify what passed between you ;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,
For which so many that renounced
Their plighted contracts, have been trounced,

And bills upon recòrd been found,
That forced the ladies to compound ;
And that, unless I miss the matter,
Is all the business you look after.
Besides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than those in war,
In which the law does execution,
With less disorder and confusion ;
Has more of honour in't, some hold,
Not like the new way, but the old,
When those the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And wingèd arrows killed as dead,
And more than bullets now of lead :
So all their combats now, as then,
Are managed chiefly by the pen ;
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures ;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms,
And whatsoe'er's achieved in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right :
For whether you prevail, or lose,
All must be tried there in the close ;
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
What you must trust to ere ye've done.
The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo ;
That makes the most perfidious lover,
A lady, that's as false, recover ;
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your bride,
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.
For law's the wisdom of all ages,
And managed by the ablest sages,
Who, though their business at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
They never manage the contest
T' impair their public interest,

Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession :
Not like us brethren, who divide
Our common-wealth, the cause, and side ;
And though we're all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle-fangle,
While lawyers have more sober sense,
Than t' argue at their own expense,
But make their best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss ;
And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses ;
But have no interest in the cause
For which th' engage, and wage the laws,
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And though th' abounded in all ages,
With sundry learnèd clerks and sages ;
Though all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvass every suit,
Th' have no disputes about their art,
Nor in plemics controvert ;
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound :
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
Philosophers, mathematicians ;
The Galenist, and Paracelsian,
Condemn the way each other deals in ;
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes ;
And heralds stickle who got who,
So many hundred years ago.
But lawyers are too wise a nation
T' expose their trade to disputation,
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges ;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay.

Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats,
When in all other sciences
They swarm like insects, and increase.
For what bigòt durst ever draw,
By inward light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An answer to a declaration?
For those that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies,
They'll write a love-letter in chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.'

The knight, who used with tricks and shifts
To edify by Ralpho's gifts,
But in appearance cried him down,
To make them better seem his own,
All plagiaries' constant course
Of sinking, when they take a purse,
Resolved to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise;
And, after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by transition, fall upon
The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, 'This gambol thou advisest
Is, of all others, the unwisest;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing sillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' expense;
To act against myself, and traverse
My suit and title to her favours;
And if she should, which heaven forbid!
O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did,
What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?
He that with injury is grieved,
And goes to law to be relieved,

Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
Who, when a thief has robbed his house,
Applies himself to cunning men,
To help him to his goods again ;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain :
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult to play :
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain ; by fair means, worse ;
But worst of all to give her over,
Till she's as desperate to recover :
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they're never to be won ;
But since I have no other course,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known ;
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue ;
Whom I must answer, or begin,
Inevitably, first with him ;
For I've received advertisement,
By times enough, of his intent ;
And knowing he that first complains
Th' advantage of the business gains ;
For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest hand ;
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear ;
Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place ;
And, for his bringing custom in,
Has all advantages to win :
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel, to advise
Which way t' encounter or surprise,
And, after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occasion.

Most apt for what I have to do,
As counsellor, and justice too.'

And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A lawyer fit for such a case,
An old dull sot, who told the clock,
For many years, at Bridewell Dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks's Hall,
And *hiccius doctius* played in all ;
Where, in all governments and times,
H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,
And used two equal ways of gaining,
By hindering justice, or maintaining :
To many a quean gave privilege,
And whipped, for want of quarterage ;
Cart-loads of thieves to prison sent,
For being behind a fortnight's rent ;
And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Puddle Dock, for want of money :
Engaged the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace ;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes commoners, or lords,
And kept 'em prisoners of course,
For being sober at ill hours ;
That in the morning he might free
Or bind 'em over for his fee ;
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise in their ways ;
Farmed out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger ;
And made the dirt i' th' street compound,
For taking up the public ground ;
The kennel, and the king's highway,
For being unmolested, pay ;
Let out the stocks and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most ;
Imposed a tax on bakers' ears,
And for false weight on chandlers ;
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine ;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly offend

As residentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church duties, and his fees ;
But was implacable and awkward,
To all that interloped and hawkered.

To this brave man the knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs,
And found him mounted in his pew,
With books and money placed, for show,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay :
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case ;
Which he as proudly entertained,
As th' other courteously strained ;
And, to assure him 'twas not that
He looked for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, ' There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgelled '—' Very well '—
' And now he brags t' have beaten me '—
' Better, and better still,' quoth he—
' And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me '—' Best of all '—
' 'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robbed him '—' Well done, in troth '—
' When h' has confessed he stole my cloak,
And picked my fob, and what he took ;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again '—' Marry, hang him '—
' Now, whether I should beforehand,
Swear he robbed me ? '—' I understand '—
' Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods ? '—' Ah, whoreson ! '—
' Or, if 'tis better to endite,
And bring him to his trial ? '—' Right '—
' Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him ? '—' True '—
' Or whether he that is defendant,
In this case, has the better end on't ;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the action ? '—' Better still.'

‘Then there’s a lady too.’—‘Ay, marry’—
‘That’s easily proved accessory ;
A widow, who by solemn vows,
Contracted to me for my spouse,
Combined with him to break her word,
And has abetted all’—‘Good Lord!’—
‘Suborned th’ aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the devil of hell,
Who put m’ into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life’—‘Make that appear’—
‘Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body’—‘Good again’—
‘And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robbed me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle’—‘Worse and worse.’
‘And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T’ avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.’

‘Sir,’ quoth the lawyer, ‘not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim ;
For if th’ have used you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy ;
I would it were my case, I’d give
More than I’ll say, or you’ll believe :
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I’d made her kneel for better or worse ;
For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose :
And if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any case I’ve known ;
But we that practice dare not own :
The law severely contrabands
Our taking business off men’s hands ;
’Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action ’gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To stick a pen in left of either ;

For which some do the summersault,
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault :
 But you may swear at any rate,
 Things not in nature, for the state ;
 For in all courts of justice here
 A witness is not said to swear,
 But make oath, that is, in plain terms,
 To forge whatever he affirms.'

'I thank you,' quoth the knight, 'for that,
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat,
 For justice, though she's painted blind,
 Is to the weaker side inclined,
 Like charity ; else right and wrong
 Could never hold it out so long,
 And, like blind fortune, with a sleight,
 Convey men's interest, and right,
 From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
 As easily as *hocus pocus* ;
 Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious ;
 And clear again, like *hiccius doctius*.
 Then whether you would take her life,
 Or but recover her for your wife,
 Or be content with what she has,
 And let all other matters pass,
 The business to the law's alone,
 The proof is all it looks upon :
 And you can want no witnesses,
 To swear to anything you please,
 That hardly get their mere expenses
 By th' labour of their consciences,
 Or letting out, to hire, their ears
 To affidavit-customers,
 At inconsiderable values,
 To serve for jurymen or tales,
 Although retained in th' hardest matters
 Of trustees and administrators.'

'For that,' quoth he, 'let me alone ;
 W' have store of such, and all our own,
 Bred up and tutored by our teachers,
 Th' ablest of conscience-stretchers.'

'That's well,' quoth he, 'but I should guess,
 By weighing all advantages,

Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey for a water-witch ;
And when y' have hanged the conjurer,
Y' have time enough to deal with her.
In th' interim spare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the banns ;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well for quirks and quilllets,
With trains t' inveigle, and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies ;
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They'll serve for other by-designs ;
And make an artist understand,
To copy out her seal, or hand ;
Or find void places in the paper,
To steal in something to entrap her ;
Till, with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endowed ye :
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temple, under trees,
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,
About the cross-legged knights, their hosts ;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn ;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit-men ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their souls ;
And when y' are furnished with all pùrveys,
I shall be ready at your service.'
 'I would not give,' quoth Hudibras,
 'A straw to understand a case,
 Without the admirable skill
 To wind and manage it at will ;
 To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,
 Against the weather-gauge of laws ;
 And ring the changes upon cases,
 As plain as noses upon faces ;
 As you have well instructed me,
 For which y' have earned,—here 'tis,—your fee.

I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice ;
To bait a letter, as you bid'—

As, not long after, thus he did ;
For, having pumped up all his wit,
And hummed upon it, thus he writ.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO
HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduced to Nebuchadnezzar ;
And from as famed a conqueror,
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turned out to grass with cattle :
For since I am denied access
To all my earthly happiness, .
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes ;
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting banishment,
• Where all the hopes I had t' have won
Your heart, being dashed, will break my own.

Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,
You'd find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wronged my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperformed, 'tis true ;
But not because it is unpaid
'Tis violated, though delayed :
Or if it were, it is no fault
So heinous, as you'd have it thought ;
To undergo the loss of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers ;
For there's a difference in the case,
Between the noble and the base ;
Who always are observed t' have done't
Upon as different an account ;
The one for great and weighty cause,
To salve in honour ugly flaws ;
For none are like to do it sooner
'Than those who're nicest of their honour :
The other, for base gain and pay,
Forswear and perjure by the day,

And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls and consciences a calling.
It is no scandal, nor aspersion,
Upon a great and noble person,
To say, he naturally abhorred
Th' old-fashioned trick to keep his word,
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame
In meaner men, to do the same :
For to be able to forget,
Is found more useful to the great
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
But though the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not just, that does exempt
The guilty, and punish the innocent ;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungoverned tongue ;
And when one member is forsworn,
Another to be cropped or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of law, recover mine,
You're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by't.
For he that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life, or limbs at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her.
This y' have acknowledged I have done,
Although you now disdain to own ;
But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem good service than a fault.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer,
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judged how far th' engage ;
And where the sense by custom 's checked,
Are found void, and of none effect ;
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do ;
Nor are they obliged to be so brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little :

For as best-tempered blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round ;
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not b' allowed
In love a greater latitude ?
For as the law of arms approves
All ways to conquest, so should love's ;
And not be tied to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails :
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty love,
Submit its great prerogative,
To any other power alive ?
Shall love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case ?
The fundamental law of nature
Be over-ruled by those made after ?
Commit the censure of its cause
To any, but its own great laws ?
Love, that's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive ;
Controls the mighty power of fate,
And gives mankind a longer date ;
The life of nature, that restores
As fast as time and death devours ;
To whose free-gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too :
For love's the only trade that's driven,
The interest of state in heaven,
Which nothing but the soul of man
Is capable to entertain.
For what can earth produce, but love,
To represent the joys above ?
Or who but lovers can converse,
Like angels, by the eye-discourse ?
Address, and compliment by vision,
Make love, and court by intuition ?
And burn in amorous flames as fierce
As those celestial ministers ?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to so great an end ?

Or heaven itself a sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for th' offence's sake?
Or if it did not, but the cause
Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be equity in love?
For laws, that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love or hate,
That have no passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on criminals as strict:
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon, than condemn.
Then, since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault;
For why should he who made address,
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return
But insolence, affronts and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design?
He who was used so unlike a soldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder;
And after letting blood, and purging,
Condemned to voluntary scourging;
Alarmed with many a horrid fright,
And clawed by goblins in the night;
Insulted on, reviled and jeered,
With rude invasion of his beard;
And when our sex was foully scandalled
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attacked by despicable foes,
And drubbed with mean and vulgar blows;
And, after all, to be debarred
So much as standing on his guard;
When horses, being spurred and pricked,
Have leave to kick for being kicked?

Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnished with all perquisites ;
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nursing babies that lie in,
B' allowed to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none ?
We, who have nothing but frail vows
Against your stratagems t' oppose ;
Or oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down ?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye ;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes :
As pirates all false colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary mariner ;
So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrowed flags of white and red ;
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts ;
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' less subtle books :
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In towers, and curls, and periwigs,
With greater art and cunning reared,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard ;
Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
Those to adore 'em they disdain ;
And only draw 'em into clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his mistress but the more a slave ;
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands,
Which he's obliged t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust or just.
Then when he is compelled by her
T' adventures he would else forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command ?
And when necessity's obeyed,
Nothing can be unjust or bad :

And therefore, when the mighty powers
Of love, our great ally, and yours,
Joined forces not to be withstood
By frail enamoured flesh and blood,
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will,
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty, and you.
Nor are those scandals I confessed,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done, of course,
By all men, when they're under force :
Whence some, upon the rack, confess
What th' hangman and their prompters please ;
But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure
To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under :
And therefore when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on th' adventure went ;
All mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse.
For what romance can show a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours ?
And what at first was held a crime,
Has turned to honourable in time.

For women first were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own ;
And therefore men have power to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent that what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no injustice or foul play ;

And that you ought to take that course,
 As we take you, for better or worse,
 And gratefully submit to those
 Who you, before another, chose.
 For why should every savage beast
 Exceed his great lord's interest?
 Have freer power than he, in grace
 And nature, o'er the creature has?
 Because the laws he since has made
 Have cut off all the power he had;
 Retrenched the absolute dominion
 That nature gave him over women;
 When all his power will not extend
 One law of nature to suspend;
 And but to offer to repeal
 The smallest clause, is to repel.
 This, if men rightly understood
 Their privilege, they would make good,
 And not, like sots, permit their wives
 T' encroach on their prerogatives,
 For which sin they deserve to be
 Kept, as they are, in slavery.

Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,
 Since 'tis too much at once to show
 Excess of love and temper too;
 All I have said that's bad and true,
 Was never meant to aim at you,
 Who have so sovereign a control
 O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul,
 That, rather than to forfeit you,
 Has ventured loss of heaven too;
 Both with an equal power possessed,
 To render all that serve you blessed;
 But none like him, who's destined either
 To have or lose you both together;
 And if you'll but this fault release,
 For so it must be, since you please,
 I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
 Which you commanded, and I swore,
 And expiate, upon my skin,
 Th' arrears in full of all my sin:

For 'tis but just that I should pay
Th' accruing penance for delay,
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.

The knight, perusing this epistle,
Believed h' had brought her to his whistle,
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applause, t' himself, twice over ;
Subscribed his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit ;
And dated it with wondrous art,
' Given from the bottom of his heart ; '
Then sealed it with his coat of love,
A smoking faggot—and above,
Upon a scroll—' I burn, and weep '—
And near it—' for her Ladyship,
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present.'
Then gave it to his faithful squire,
With lessons how t' observe, and eye her.

She first considered which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter :
But guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least her sport,
She opened it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout ;
Resolved to answer it in kind ;
And thus performed what she designed.

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

THAT you're a beast, and turned to grass,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your sword and spurs were won
In combat, by an Amazon ;
That sword that did, like fate, determine
Th' inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarmed and wrested from its knight,
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners ;
Where still they'd lain, in base restraint,
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on honourable conditions,
Released 'em from the worst of prisons ;
And what return that favour met,
You cannot, though you would, forget ;
When being free, you strove t' evade
The oaths you had in prison made ;
Forswore yourself, and first denied it,
But after owned, and justified it ;
And when y' had falsely broke one vow,
Absolved yourself, by breaking two.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for pardon at our feet ;
Discouraged by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter, for your ears ;
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due,
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only course ;
We have no title nor pretence
To body, soul, or conscience,

But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware :
These are the motives which, t' induce,
Or fright us into love, you use ;
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between soliciting and ranting ;
Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But since you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war, between two enemies,
Or forfeitures which every lover,
That would but sue for, might recover,
It is not hard to understand
The mystery of this bold demand,
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.

'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your amorous hearts on fire ;
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear like Indian dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames,
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with,
But those we wear about our necks
Produce those amorous effects.
Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,
The periwigs you make us wear ;
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wildfire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I've been versed in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their mystic cabals, and jargones ;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds ;

What raptures fond and amorous,
O' th' charms and graces of my house ;
What ecstasy and scorching flame,
Burns for my money in my name ;
What from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle, takes its fire ;
What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
Longs for a thousand pounds a-year ;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall
Enamoured, at first sight, withal ;
To these th' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades ;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Ye've suffered for their loves in vain,
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy,
That all your oaths and labour lost,
They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love,
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of mankind study 't as an art ;
For love should, like a deodand,
Still fall to th' owner of the land ;
And where there's substance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and sound
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces ;
Which is of such thin subtlety,
It steals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces but by these ;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty invades and conquers with,

But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philtre-love commands?

This is the way all parents prove,
In managing their children's love ;
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were burying of the dead ;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest for better or worse ;
For money has a power above
The stars, and fate, to manage love,
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipped with gold.
And though some say, the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names,—
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,
And woo, and contract, in their names,
And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em ;—
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money ;
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do 't for worse than nothing,
And when they're at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage choose.
All this is right ; but, for the course
You take to do 't, by fraud or force,
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than setters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow,
Which all men either break, or bow ;
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo ?
Such as beforehand swear and lie,
For earnest to their treachery,
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less :

Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the last ;
And when their crimes were made appear,
As plain as witnesses can swear,
Yet when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confessed,
T' your ghostly father as you guessed,
So slight as to be justified,
By being as shamefully denied ;
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank on both sides of a case ;
Or credit were not to be lost
B' a brave knight-errant of the post,
That eats perfidiously his word,
And swears his ears through a two-inch board ;
Can own the same thing, and disown,
And perjure booty *pro* and *con* ;
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
And help him out to be forsworn ;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kissed,
To be betrayed and sold, like Christ.
These are the virtues in whose name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In grace and nature, o'er all women ;
Of whom no less will satisfy,
Than all the sex, your tyranny :
Although you'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern such a numerous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you ;
For if you all were Solomons,
And wise and great as he was once,
You'll find they're able to subdue,
As they did him, and baffle you.
And if you are imposed upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done ;
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the sleight.
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false attracts of our own making,

Swear that's a rose, and that's a stone,
Like sots, to us that laid it on,
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme ;
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences ;
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces ;
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit :
For, by the practice of those arts
We gain a greater share of hearts ;
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost :
For great perfections are, like heaven,
Too rich a present to be given :
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be performed without hard duty,
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted rose,
Beyond the wild in hedges grows !
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flowers degenerate into weeds :
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
And polished, looks a diamond !
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness ;
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that nature has conferred :
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves art to polish and refine.
Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again :
For when, outwitted by his wife,
Man first turned tenant but for life,
If woman had not intervened,
How soon had mankind had an end !
And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.

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And where's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural no-voice ?
Since all the privilege you boast,
Falsely usurped, or vainly lost,
Is now our right, to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration.
And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear in making laws,
We could, in spite of all your tricks,
And shallow formal politics,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours, in show, give way.
Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive
T' advance your high prerogative,
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit and own yourselves our slaves ;
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our interests own,
Like sots, suppose we have no shares
In ordering you, and your affairs,
When all your empire, and command,
You have from us, at second hand ;
As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
And did not guide the man-of-war :
Nor we, because we don't appear
In councils, do not govern there ;
While, like the mighty Prester John,
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserved in close disguise,
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,
W' enjoy as large a power, unseen,
To govern him, as he does men ;
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emperors at our feet fall down ;
Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim
Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a Grand Constable,

We make and execute all laws ;
Can judge the judges, and the cause ;
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all the world's affairs of state ;
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.
We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all conventicles :
By us is all commerce and trade
Improved, and managed, and decayed ;
For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
We rule in every public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting ;
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man-of-war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct vail.
And, when h' has chased his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state,
Untimely raised, or magistrate,
That's haughty and imperious ?
He's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cause to do't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
We are your guardians, that increase,
Or waste your fortunes how we please,
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.
'Tis we that can dispose alone,
Whether your heirs shall be your own ;
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust.
Nor can the rigorousest course
Prevail, unless to make us worse ;

Who still, the harsher we are used,
Are further off from being reduced ;
And scorn t' abate, for any ills,
The least punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet out wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy,
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat :
For, when y' have tried all sorts of ways,
What fools do we make of you in plays ?
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads ;
Encounter, in despite of nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease ;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts ;
To do your exercise for honour,
And have your brains beat out the sooner ;
Or cracked, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known ;
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your projects are preposterous ;
To square the circle of the arts,
And run stark mad to show your parts ;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we see cause ;
Be our solicitors and agents,
And stand for us in all engagements.

And these are all the mighty powers
You vainly boast to cry down ours ;
And what in real value's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting :
Because yourselves are terrified,
And stoop to one another's pride ;
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hectored, and submit :
By your example, lose that right
In treaties, which we gained in fight ;

And terrified into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a salique law ;
Or, as some nations use, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race ;
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women.

THE END.

IZAAK WALTON'S LIVES

INTRODUCTION.

IZAACK WALTON was born at Stafford in the year 1593—when Shakespeare had newly begun to write plays all his own—and he died in the year 1683, aged ninety-one. He began life soon after he came of age in one of the little seamster or draper's shops on the Exchange, seven and a half feet long by five feet wide, from which, in Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," "sweet, beauteous Jane" tempted the enamoured Hamon, saying—

Sir, what is't you buy?
What is it you lack, sir? Calico or lawn,
Fine cambric shirts or bands? What will you buy?

In 1624, at the age of thirty-one, Izaak Walton moved into Fleet Street, where his shop was on the north side, two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane. He moved afterwards to the seventh house round the corner on the west side of the Lane. He went to church at St. Paul's, where Donne (who died in 1631) had been made Dean in 1623, and

he found a friend in the poet-preacher, who first quickened his religious life. In 1626—the year of Francis Bacon's death—Izaak Walton married at Canterbury Rachel Floud, who was descended on the mother's side from Archbishop Cranmer. Fourteen years afterwards that first wife died, having given to her gentle husband seven children, who all died when young. In business Walton prospered, and on holidays he went as an angler to the river Lee.

The year of his first wife's death (1640) was that of the publication of a volume of Donne's Sermons, to which Walton prefixed the Life of Donne, which will be found in this volume. Walton's age was forty-seven in that year 1640, which was closely followed by the greater troubles between King and Parliament that grew to Civil War. The Civil War began in 1642, and in the following year Izaak Walton, aged fifty, gave up the business by which he had earned enough to live in peace. He was a firm friend to Church and King, and loved the poets, and he was a contemplative man not only when he went a-fishing.

In 1646 Izaak Walton married again, his second wife being the sister of Thomas Ken, then a boy nine years old, afterwards one of the Seven Bishops who were sent to the Tower for resisting James the Second's claim to a dispensing power, who is remembered also by some gentle verses, among which

are the familiar Morning and Evening Hymns. Anne Ken, the sister who became the second wife of Izaak Walton, gave him sixteen more years of happiness in married life, beginning when his age was fifty-three, and ending when he was just reaching the age of threescore and ten. It was in the seventh year of this second marriage, when his age was sixty, that Izaak Walton published the first edition of his "Complete Angler." There remained after the death of his second wife still twenty years of life before him, and he had also the solace left him of a son who bore his father's name, and a daughter who was named after her mother, Anne.

The second of the "Lives" published by Izaak Walton was that of Richard Hooker, prefixed to an edition of his works in 1666—year of the Fire of London; the third was that of Sir Henry Wotton, prefixed to the "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*" in 1670. In the same year, 1670, appeared Walton's Life of George Herbert with his Letters, and also the first collection of the four Lives into a volume, illustrated with portraits of the men described. That is the volume here reprinted. Within nine years of its first publication it had reached a fifth edition, and it has since maintained its position as a living book. A fifth Life, that of Dr. Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, was not published until eight years later, in 1678, when the biographer had reached the age of

eighty-five. Izaak Walton was for some time domesticated with George Morley, Bishop of Winchester, and in the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, he died at Winchester, on the 15th of December 1683.

Walton's "Lives" are of men who were very near to him and whose lives touched his own. He was a child when Hooker died, but the George Cranmer of whom he tells as Hooker's pupil, was uncle to Walton's first wife; Donne had from the pulpit of St. Paul's first stirred in him the depths of spiritual life, and had looked in on him when he kept shop near the corner of Chancery Lane. Walton was forty-six when Sir Henry Wotton died, while, as for George Herbert, Izaak Walton and he were both born in the same year; though one died in the earlier half of the reign of Charles the First, the other lived on through the Commonwealth and through the reign of Charles the Second and into the reign of James the Second, dying in the year of the executions of Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney.

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H. M.

February 1888.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE AND REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,
GEORGE, LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
And Prelate of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

MY LORD,—

I DID some years past present you with a plain relation of the Life of Mr. Richard Hooker, that humble man to whose memory princes and the most learned of this nation have paid a reverence at the mention of his name. And now, with Mr. Hooker's, I present you also the Life of that pattern of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert; and with his the Life of Dr. Donne, and your friend Sir Henry Wotton, all reprinted. The two first were written under your roof; for which reason, if they were worth it, you might justly challenge a Dedication. And, indeed, so you might of Dr. Donne's, and Sir Henry Wotton's; because, if I had been fit for this undertaking, it would not have been by acquired learning or study, but by the advantage of forty years' friendship, and thereby, with hearing and discoursing with your Lordship, that hath enabled me to make the relation of these Lives passable—if they prove so—in an eloquent and captious age.

And indeed, my Lord, though these relations be well-meant sacrifices to the memory of these worthy men, yet I have so little confidence in my performance that I beg

pardon for superscribing your name to them ; and desire all that know your Lordship to apprehend this not as a Dedication—at least by which you receive any addition of honour—but rather as an humble and more public acknowledgment of your long-continued and your now daily favours to,

My Lord,

Your most affectionate

and most humble servant,

IZAAK WALTON.

EPISTLE TO THE READER.

THOUGH the several Introductions to these several Lives have partly declared the reasons how and why I undertook them, yet since they are come to be reviewed, and augmented, and reprinted, and the four are now become one book, I desire leave to inform you that shall become my reader, that when I sometimes look back upon my education and mean abilities, it is not without some wonder at myself that I am come to be publicly in print. And though I have in those Introductions declared some of the accidental reasons that occasioned me to be so, yet let me add this to what is there said, that by my undertaking to collect some notes for Sir Henry Wotton's writing the Life of Dr. Donne, and by Sir Henry Wotton's dying before he performed it, I became like those men that enter easily into a lawsuit or a quarrel, and having begun, cannot make a fair retreat and be quiet when they desire it. And really, after such a manner, I became engaged into a necessity of writing the Life of Dr. Donne, contrary to my first intentions; and that begot a like necessity of writing the Life of his and my ever-honoured friend, Sir Henry Wotton.

And having writ these two Lives, I lay quiet twenty years, without a thought of either troubling myself or others, by any new engagement in this kind; for I thought I knew my unfitness. But about that time, Dr. Gauden (then Lord Bishop of Exeter), published the Life

of Mr. Richard Hooker (so he called it), with so many dangerous mistakes, both of him and his books, that discoursing of them with his Grace, Gilbert, that now is Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, he enjoined me to examine some circumstances, and then rectify the Bishop's mistakes, by giving the world a fuller and truer account of Mr. Hooker and his books than that Bishop had done ; and I know I have done so. And let me tell the reader, that till his Grace had laid this injunction upon me, I could not admit a thought of any fitness in me to undertake it ; but when he twice had enjoined me to it, I then declined my own and trusted his judgment, and submitted to his commands, concluding that if I did not, I could not forbear accusing myself of disobedience, and indeed of ingratitude, for his many favours. Thus I became engaged into the third Life.

For the Life of that great example of holiness, Mr. George Herbert, I profess it to be so far a freewill offering, that it was writ chiefly to please myself, but yet not without some respect to posterity. For though he was not a man that the next age can forget, yet many of his particular acts and virtues might have been neglected or lost, if I had not collected and presented them to the imitation of those that shall succeed us ; for I humbly conceive writing to be both a safer and truer preserver of men's virtuous actions than tradition, especially as it is managed in this age. And I am also to tell the reader, that though this Life of Mr. Herbert was not by me writ in haste, yet I intended it a review before it should be made public ; but that was not allowed me, by reason of my absence from London when it was printing, so that the reader may find in it some mistakes, some double expressions, and some not very proper, and some that might have been contracted, and some faults

that are not justly chargeable upon me, but the printer ; and yet I hope none so great as may not by this confession purchase pardon from a good-natured reader.

And now I wish that, as that learned Jew, Josephus, and others, so these men had also writ their own lives ; but since it is not the fashion of these times, I wish their relations or friends would do it for them, before delays make it too difficult. And I desire this the more, because it is an honour due to the dead, and a generous debt due to those that shall live and succeed us, and would to them prove both a content and satisfaction. For when the next age shall (as this does) admire the learning and clear reason which that excellent casuist Dr. Sanderson (the late Bishop of Lincoln) hath demonstrated in his sermons and other writings, who, if they love virtue, would not rejoice to know that this good man was as remarkable for the meekness and innocence of his life as for his great and useful learning ; and indeed as remarkable for his fortitude in his long and patient suffering (under them that then called themselves the godly party) for that doctrine which he had preached and printed in the happy days of the nation's and the Church's peace ? And who would not be content to have the like account of Dr. Field, that great schoolman, and others of noted learning ? And though I cannot hope that my example or reason can persuade to this undertaking, yet I please myself that I shall conclude my Preface with wishing that it were so.

I. W.

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LIFE OF DR. JOHN DONNE.



INTRODUCTION

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST COLLECTION OF HIS SERMONS.

IF that great master of language and art, Sir Henry Wotton, the late Provost of Eton College, had lived to see the publication of these sermons, he had presented the world with the author's life exactly written ; and 'twas pity he did not, for it was a work worthy his undertaking, and he fit to undertake it : betwixt whom and the author there was so mutual a knowledge, and such a friendship contracted in their youth, as nothing but death could force a separation. And, though their bodies were divided, their affections were not ; for that learned knight's love followed his friend's fame beyond death and the forgetful grave, which he testified by entreating me, whom he acquainted with his design, to inquire of some particulars that concerned it, not doubting but my knowledge of the author, and love to his memory, might make my diligence useful. I did most gladly undertake the employment, and continued it with great content, till I had made my collection ready to be augmented and completed by his matchless pen ; but then death prevented his intentions.

When I heard that sad news, and heard also that these sermons were to be printed, and want the author's life, which I thought to be very remarkable ; indignation or grief—indeed I know not which—transported me so far, that I reviewed my forsaken collections, and resolved the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that my artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it.

And if I shall now be demanded, as once Pompey's poor bondman was (the grateful wretch had been left alone on the sea-shore with the forsaken dead body of his once glorious lord and master, and was then gathering the scattered pieces of an old broken boat to make a funeral pile to burn it, which was the custom of the Romans), "Who art thou, that alone hast the honour to bury the body of Pompey the Great?" so, who am I that do thus officiously set the author's memory on fire? I hope the question will prove to have in it more of wonder than disdain ; but wonder indeed the reader may, that I, who profess myself artless, should presume with my faint light to show forth his life, whose very name makes it illustrious ! But, be this to the disadvantage of the person represented, certain I am it is to the advantage of the beholder, who shall here see the author's picture in a natural dress, which ought to beget faith in what is spoken ; for he that wants skill to deceive may safely be trusted.

And if the author's glorious spirit, which now is in heaven, can have the leisure to look down and see me, the poorest, the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of this officious duty, confident I am that he will not disdain this well-meant sacrifice to his memory ; for, whilst his conversation made me and many others happy below, I know his humility and gentleness were then eminent ; and, I have heard divines say, those virtues that were but

sparks upon earth become great and glorious flames in heaven.

Before I proceed further, I am to entreat the reader to take notice that when Doctor Donne's Sermons were first printed, this was then my excuse for daring to write his life; and I dare not now appear without it.

MASTER JOHN DONNE was born in London, in the year 1573, of good and virtuous parents; and, though his own learning and other multiplied merits may justly appear sufficient to dignify both himself and his posterity, yet the reader may be pleased to know that his father was masculinely and lineally descended from a very ancient family in Wales, where many of his name now live, that deserve and have great reputation in that country.

By his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, sometime Lord Chancellor of England, as also from that worthy and laborious Judge Rastall, who left posterity the vast statutes of the law of this nation most exactly abridged.

He had his first breeding in his father's house, where a private tutor had the care of him until the tenth year of his age, and in his eleventh year was sent to the University of Oxford, having at that time a good command both of the French and Latin tongue. This, and some other of his remarkable abilities, made one then give this censure of him: "That this age had brought forth another Picus Mirandula, of whom story says that he was rather born than made wise by study."

There he remained for some years in Hart Hall, having, for the advancement of his studies, tutors of several sciences to attend and instruct him, till time made him

capable, and his learning expressed in public exercises, declared him worthy, to receive his first degree in the schools, which he forbore by advice from his friends, who, being for their religion of the Romish persuasion, were conscionably averse to some parts of the oath that is always tendered at those times, and not to be refused by those that expect the titular honour of their studies.

About the fourteenth year of his age he was transplanted from Oxford to Cambridge, where, that he might receive nourishment from both soils, he stayed till his seventeenth year, all which time he was a most laborious student, often changing his studies, but endeavouring to take no degree, for the reasons formerly mentioned.

About the seventeenth year of his age he was removed to London, and then admitted into Lincoln's Inn, with an intent to study the law, where he gave great testimonies of his wit, his learning, and of his improvement in that profession, which never served him for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction.

His father died before his admission into this society; and, being a merchant, left him his portion in money. (It was £3000.) His mother, and those to whose care he was committed, were watchful to improve his knowledge, and to that end appointed him tutors, both in the mathematics and in all the other liberal sciences, to attend him. But, with these arts, they were advised to instil into him particular principles of the Romish Church, of which those tutors professed, though secretly, themselves to be members.

They had almost obliged him to their faith, having for their advantage, besides many opportunities, the example of his dear and pious parents, which was a most powerful persuasion, and did work much upon him, as he profeseth in his preface to his "Pseudo-Martyr," a

book of which the reader shall have some account in what follows.

He was now entered into the eighteenth year of his age; and at that time had betrothed himself to no religion that might give him any other denomination than a Christian. And reason and piety had both persuaded him that there could be no such sin as schism, if an adherence to some visible Church were not necessary.

About the nineteenth year of his age, he, being then unresolved what religion to adhere to, and considering how much it concerned his soul to choose the most orthodox, did therefore—though his youth and health promised him a long life—to rectify all scruples that might concern that, presently lay aside all study of the law, and of all other sciences that might give him a denomination, and began seriously to survey and consider the body of divinity as it was then controverted betwixt the Reformed and the Roman Church. And as God's blessed Spirit did then awaken him to the search, and in that industry did never forsake him—they be his own words (in his Preface to "*Pseudo-Martyr*")—so he calls the same Holy Spirit to witness this protestation: that in that disquisition and search he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himself, and by that which he took to be the safest way—namely, frequent prayers, and an indifferent affection to both parties; and, indeed, Truth had too much light about her to be hid from so sharp an inquirer, and he had too much ingenuity not to acknowledge he had found her.

Being to undertake this search, he believed the Cardinal Bellarmine to be the best defender of the Roman cause, and therefore betook himself to the examination of his reasons. The cause was weighty, and wilful

delays had been inexcusable both towards God and his own conscience : he therefore proceeded in this search with all moderate haste, and about the twentieth year of his age did show the then Dean of Gloucester—whose name my memory hath now lost—all the Cardinal's works marked with many weighty observations under his own hand ; which works were bequeathed by him, at his death, as a legacy to a most dear friend.

About a year following he resolved to travel ; and the Earl of Essex going first to Cales, and after the Island voyages—the first anno 1596, the second 1597—he took the advantage of those opportunities, waited upon his lordship, and was an eye-witness of those happy and unhappy employments.

But he returned not back into England till he had stayed some years, first in Italy, and then in Spain, where he made many useful observations of those countries, their laws and manner of government, and returned perfect in their languages.

The time that he spent in Spain was. at his first going into Italy, designed for travelling to the Holy Land, and for viewing Jerusalem and the Sepulchre of our Saviour. But at his being in the furthest parts of Italy, the disappointment of company, or of a safe convoy, or the uncertainty of returns of money into those remote parts, denied him that happiness, which he did often occasionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his return into England, that exemplary pattern of gravity and wisdom, the Lord Ellesmere, then Keeper of the Great Seal, the Lord Chancellor of England, taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his person and behaviour, took him to be his chief secretary, supposing and intending it to be an introduction to some more

weighty employment in the State, for which, his lordship did often protest, he thought him very fit.

Nor did his lordship, in this time of Master Donne's attendance upon him, account him to be so much his servant as to forget he was his friend; and, to testify it, did always use him with much courtesy, appointing him a place at his own table, to which he esteemed his company and discourse to be a great ornament.

He continued that employment for the space of five years, being daily useful, and not mercenary to his friend. During which time he—I dare not say unhappily—fell into such a liking, as, with her approbation, increased into a love, with a young gentlewoman that lived in that family, who was niece to the Lady Ellesmere, and daughter to Sir George More, then Chancellor of the Garter and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir George had some intimation of it, and, knowing prevention to be a great part of wisdom, did therefore remove her with much haste from that to his own house at Lothesley, in the county of Surrey; but too late, by reason of some faithful promises which were so interchangeably passed as never to be violated by either party.

These promises were only known to themselves; and the friends of both parties used much diligence, and many arguments, to kill or cool their affections to each other; but in vain, for love is a flattering mischief that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds move feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire. And such an industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them secretly together,

I forbear to tell the manner how, and at last to a marriage too, without the allowance of those friends whose approbation always was and ever will be necessary to make even a virtuous love become lawful.

And that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall, like an unexpected tempest, on those that were unwilling to have it so, and that pre-apprehensions might make it the less enormous when it was known, it was purposely whispered into the ears of many that it was so, yet by none that could affirm it. But, to put a period to the jealousies of Sir George—doubt often begetting more restless thoughts than the certain knowledge of what we fear—the news was, in favour to Mr. Donne, and with his allowance, made known to Sir George by his honourable friend and neighbour Henry, Earl of Northumberland; but it was to Sir George so immeasurably unwelcome, and so transported him that, as though his passion of anger and inconsideration might exceed theirs of love and error, he presently engaged his sister, the Lady Ellesmere, to join with him to procure her lord to discharge Mr. Donne of the place he held under his lordship. This request was followed with violence; and though Sir George were remembered that errors might be over-punished, and desired therefore to forbear till second considerations might clear some scruples, yet he became restless until his suit was granted and the punishment executed. And though the Lord Chancellor did not, at Mr. Donne's dismissal, give him such a commendation as the great Emperor Charles the Fifth did of his Secretary Eraso, when he parted with him to his son and successor, Philip the Second, saying, "That in his Eraso he gave to him a greater gift than all his estate and all the kingdoms which he then resigned to him;" yet the Lord Chancellor said, "He parted with a

friend, and such a secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a subject."

Immediately after his dismissal from his service, he sent a sad letter to his wife to acquaint her with it; and after the subscription of his name, writ,

"John Donne, Anne Donne, Un-done ;" |

and God knows it proved too true; for this bitter physic of Mr. Donne's dismissal was not enough to purge out all Sir George's choler, for he was not satisfied till Mr. Donne and his sometime compupil in Cambridge that married him, namely, Samuel Brooke, who was after Doctor in Divinity and Master of Trinity College, and his brother, Mr. Christopher Brooke, sometime Mr. Donne's chamber-fellow in Lincoln's Inn, who gave Mr. Donne his wife, and witnessed the marriage, were all committed to three several prisons.

Mr. Donne was first enlarged, who neither gave rest to his body or brain, nor to any friend in whom he might hope to have an interest, until he had procured an enlargement for his two imprisoned friends.

He was now at liberty, but his days were still cloudy; and, being past these troubles, others did still multiply upon him; for his wife was—to her extreme sorrow—detained from him; and though, with Jacob, he endured not a hard service for her, yet he lost a good one, and was forced to make good his title, and to get possession of her by a long and restless suit in law, which proved troublesome and sadly chargeable to him, whose youth and travel, and needless bounty, had brought his estate into a narrow compass.

It is observed, and most truly, that silence and submission are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men; and it proved so with Sir George; for

these, and a general report of Mr. Donne's merits, together with his winning behaviour—which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art—these, and time, had so dispassionated Sir George, that, as the world had approved his daughter's choice, so he also could not but see a more than ordinary merit in his new son ; and this at last melted him into so much remorse—for love and anger are so like agues as to have hot and cold fits, and love in parents, though it may be quenched, yet is easily rekindled, and expires not till death denies mankind a natural heat—that he laboured his son's restoration to his place ; using to that end both his own and his sister's power to her lord ; but with no success ; for his answer was, "That though he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit to discharge and re-admit servants at the request of passionate petitioners."

Sir George's endeavour for Mr. Donne's re-admission was by all means to be kept secret ; for men do more naturally reluct for errors than submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgment. But, however, it was not long before Sir George appeared to be so far reconciled as to wish their happiness, and not to deny them his paternal blessing, but yet refused to contribute any means that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr. Donne's estate was the greatest part spent in many and chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience : he out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife, who had been curiously and plentifully educated, both their natures generous, and accustomed to confer and not to receive courtesies ; these and other considerations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his sufferings, surrounded him with

many sad thoughts, and some apparent apprehensions of want.

But his sorrows were lessened and his wants prevented by the seasonable courtesy of their noble kinsman, Sir Francis Wolly, of Pirford in Surrey, who entreated them to a cohabitation with him; where they remained with much freedom to themselves, and equal content to him, for some years; and as their charge increased—she had yearly a child—so did his love and bounty.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men, that wealth hath seldom been the portion and never the mark to discover good people, but that Almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath of His abundant goodness denied it—He only knows why—to many whose minds He hath enriched with the greater blessings of knowledge and virtue, as the fairer testimonies of His love to mankind; and this was the present condition of this man of so excellent erudition and endowments, whose necessary and daily expenses were hardly reconcilable with his uncertain and narrow estate. Which I mention, for that at this time there was a most generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares; the declaration of which shall be the next employment of my pen.

God hath been so good to His Church as to afford it, in every age, some such men to serve at His altar as have been piously ambitious of doing good to mankind; a disposition that is so like to God Himself, that it owes itself only to Him, who takes a pleasure to behold it in His creatures. These times (1648) He did bless with many such; some of which still live to be patterns of apostolical charity, and of more than human patience. I have said this because I have occasion to mention one of them in my following discourse; namely, Dr. Morton,

the most laborious and learned Bishop of Durham ; one that God hath blessed with perfect intellectuals and a cheerful heart at the age of ninety-four years, and is yet living ; one that in his days of plenty had so large a heart as to use his large revenue to the encouragement of learning and virtue, and is now—be it spoken with sorrow—reduced to a narrow estate, which he embraces without repining ; and still shows the beauty of his mind by so liberal a hand, as if this were an age in which to-morrow were to care for itself. I have taken a pleasure in giving the reader a short but true character of this good man, my friend, from whom I received the following relation. He sent to Mr. Donne, and entreated to borrow an hour of his time for a conference the next day. After their meeting, there was not many minutes passed before he spake to Mr. Donne to this purpose : “ Mr. Donne, the occasion of sending for you is to propose to you what I have often revolved in my own thought since I last saw you ; which, nevertheless, I will not declare but upon this condition, that you shall not return me a present answer, but forbear three days, and bestow some part of that time in fasting and prayer ; and, after a serious consideration of what I shall propose, then return to me with your answer. Deny me not, Mr. Donne ; for it is the effect of a true love, which I would gladly pay as a debt due for yours to me.”

This request being granted, the Doctor expressed himself thus :—

“ Mr. Donne, I know your education and abilities, I know your expectation of a State employment, and I know your fitness for it, and I know too the many delays and contingencies that attend Court promises ; and let me tell you that my love, begot by our long friendship and your merits, hath prompted me to such an inquisition

after your present temporal estate as makes me no stranger to your necessities, which I know to be such as your generous spirit could not bear if it were not supported with a pious patience. You know I have formerly persuaded you to waive your Court hopes and enter into Holy Orders, which I now again persuade you to embrace, with this reason added to my former request ; The king hath yesterday made me Dean of Gloucester, and I am also possessed of a benefice, the profits of which are equal to those of my deanery ; I will think my deanery enough for my maintenance—who am and resolved to die a single man—and will quit my benefice and estate you in it, which the patron is willing I shall do, if God shall incline your heart to embrace this motion. Remember, Mr. Donne, no man's education or parts make him too good for this employment, which is to be an ambassador for the God of glory ; that God who by a vile death opened the gates of life to mankind. Make me no present answer ; but remember your promise, and return to me the third day with your resolution."

At the hearing of this, Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave a visible testimony of an inward conflict ; but he performed his promise, and departed without returning an answer till the third day, and then his answer was to this effect:—

"My most worthy and most dear friend, since I saw you I have been faithful to my promise, and have also meditated much of your great kindness, which hath been such as would exceed even my gratitude ; but that it cannot do, and more I cannot return you ; and I do that with a heart full of humility and thanks, though I may not accept of your offer ; but, sir, my refusal is not for that I think myself too good for that calling, for which kings, if they think so, are not good enough : nor

for that my education and learning, though not eminent, may not, being assisted with God's grace and humility, render me in some measure fit for it; but I dare make so dear a friend as you are my confessor. Some irregularities of my life have been so visible to some men, that though I have, I thank God, made my peace with Him by penitential resolutions against them, and by the assistance of His grace banished them my affections, yet this, which God knows to be so, is not so visible to man as to free me from their censures, and it may be that sacred calling from a dishonour. And besides, whereas it is determined by the best of casuists that God's glory should be the first end, and a maintenance the second motive to embrace that calling, and though each man may propose to himself both together, yet the first may not be put last without a violation of conscience, which He that searches the heart will judge. And truly my present condition is such, that if I ask my own conscience whether it be reconcilable to that rule, it is at this time so perplexed about it, that I can neither give myself nor you an answer. You know, sir, who says, 'Happy is that man whose conscience doth not accuse him for that thing which he does.' To these I might add other reasons that dissuade me; but I crave your favour that I may forbear to express them, and thankfully decline your offer."

This was his present resolution, but the heart of man is not in his own keeping; and he was destined to this sacred service by a higher hand, a hand so powerful, as at last forced him to a compliance, of which I shall give the reader an account before I shall give a rest to my pen.

Mr. Donne and his wife continued with Sir Francis Wolly till his death, a little before which time Sir Francis

was so happy as to make a perfect reconciliation betwixt Sir George and his forsaken son and daughter, Sir George conditioning, by bond, to pay to Mr. Donne £800 at a certain day, as a portion with his wife, or £20 quarterly for their maintenance, as the interest for it, till the said portion was paid.

Most of those years that he lived with Sir Francis he studied the civil and canon laws ; in which he acquired such a perfection as was judged to hold proportion with many who had made that study the employment of their whole life.

Sir Francis being dead, and that happy family dissolved, Mr. Donne took for himself a house in Mitcham, near to Croydon in Surrey, a place noted for good air and choice company. There his wife and children remained, and for himself he took lodgings in London, near to Whitehall, whither his friends and occasions drew him very often, and where he was as often visited by many of the nobility and others of this nation, who used him in their counsels of greatest consideration, and with some rewards for his better subsistence.

Nor did our own nobility only value and favour him, but his acquaintance and friendship was sought for by most ambassadors of foreign nations, and by many other strangers whose learning or business occasioned their stay in this nation.

He was much importuned by many friends to make his constant residence in London ; but he still denied it, having settled his dear wife and children at Mitcham, and near some friends that were bountiful to them and him, for they, God knows, needed it ; and that you may the better now judge of the then present condition of his mind and fortune, I shall present you with an extract collected out of some few of his many letters :—

“ And the reason why I did not send an answer to your last week’s letter was because it then found me under too great a sadness ; and at present ’tis thus with me : There is not one person but myself well of my family : I have already lost half a child, and, with that mischance of hers, my wife has fallen into such a discomposure as would afflict her too extremely, but that the sickness of all her other children stupefies her, of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope ; and these meet with a fortune so ill-provided for physic, and such relief, that if God should ease us with burials, I know not how to perform even that ; but I flatter myself with this hope, that I am dying too ; for I cannot waste faster than by such griefs. As for

“ From my Hospital at Mitcham,

“ JOHN DONNE.

“ Aug. 10.”

Thus he did bemoan himself ; and thus in other letters :—

“ For, we hardly discover a sin, when it is but an omission of some good and no accusing act : with this or the former, I have often suspected myself to be overtaken ; which is, with an over-earnest desire of the next life ; and though I know it is not merely a weariness of this, because I had the same desire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes than I now do, yet I doubt worldly troubles have increased it ; ’tis now Spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me ; every other tree blossoms, and I wither : I grow older, and not better ; my strength diminisheth, and my load grows heavier, and yet I would fain be or do something ; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder in this time of my sadness ; for to choose is to do, but to be no part

of any body is as to be nothing : and so I am, and shall so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world as by business to contribute some sustentation to the whole. This I made account ; I began early, when I understood the study of our laws, but was diverted by leaving that and embracing the worst voluptuousness, a hydroptic immoderate desire of human learning and languages, beautiful ornaments indeed to men of great fortunes ; but mine was grown so low as to need an occupation, which I thought I entered well into, when I subjected myself to such a service as I thought might exercise my poor abilities, and there I stumbled and fell too ; and now I am become so little, or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good enough for one of my own letters. Sir, I fear my present discontent does not proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be nothing—that is, dead. But, sir, though my fortune hath made me such as that I am rather a sickness or a disease of the world than any part of it, and therefore neither love it nor life, yet I would gladly live to become some such thing as you should not repent loving me. Sir, your own soul cannot be more zealous for your good than I am ; and God, who loves that zeal in me, will not suffer you to doubt it. You would pity me now if you saw me write ; for my pain hath drawn my head so much awry and holds it so that my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive you into my prayers with mine own weary soul, and commend myself to yours. I doubt not but next week will bring you good news, for I have either mending or dying on my side ; but if I do continue longer thus, I shall have comfort in this, that my Blessed Saviour, in exercising His justice upon my two worldly parts, my fortune and my body, reserves all His mercy for that which most needs

it, my soul! which is, I doubt, too like a porter that is very often near the gate, and yet goes not out. Sir, I profess to you truly, that my lothness to give over writing now seems to myself a sign that I shall write no more.

“Your poor friend, and

“God’s poor patient,

“JOHN DONNE.

“Sept 7.”


By this you have seen a part of the picture of his narrow fortune and the perplexities of his generous mind; and thus it continued with him for about two years, all which time his family remained constantly at Mitcham, and to which place he often retired himself, and destined some days to a constant study of some points of controversy betwixt the English and Roman Church, and especially those of supremacy and allegiance; and to that place and such studies he could willingly have wedded himself during his life, but the earnest persuasion of friends became at last to be so powerful, as to cause the removal of himself and family to London, where Sir Robert Drewry, a gentleman of a very noble estate, and a more liberal mind, assigned him and his wife a useful apartment in his own large house in Drury Lane, and not only rent free, but was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathized with him and his, in all their joy and sorrows.

At this time of Mr. Donne’s and his wife’s living in Sir Robert’s house, the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French King, Henry the Fourth; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French Court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put

on a sudden resolution to solicit Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body as to her health that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her ; saying, " Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence ; " and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him, and told his wife so ; who did therefore, with an unwilling willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months, for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve, the Ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne left London, and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room in which Sir Robert and he and some other friends had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour ; and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone, but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him ; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer ; but after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, " I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you : I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms : thus I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert

replied, "Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you ; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was : "I cannot be surer that I now live than that I have not slept since I saw you ; and am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped and looked me in the face and vanished." Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day ; for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate and so confirmed a confidence that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said that desire and doubt have no rest, and it proved so with Sir Robert ; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry House, with a charge to hasten back and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive, and, if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account :—That he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed ; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day and about the very hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

This is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may ; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion that visions and miracles are ceased. And, though it is most certain that two lutes, being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other that is not touched being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will—like an echo to a trumpet—warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune, yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls ; and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion. But if the unbelieving



will not allow the believing reader of this story a liberty to believe that it may be true, then I wish him to consider many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus, and that both St. Austin and Monica his mother had visions in order to his conversion. And though these and many others—too many to name—have but the authority of human story, yet the incredible reader may find in the sacred story (1 Sam. xxviii. 14) that Samuel did appear to Saul even after his death—whether really or not, I undertake not to determine. And Bildad, in the Book of Job, says these words (iv. 13–16). “A spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my head stood up ; fear and trembling came upon me, and made all my bones to shake.” Upon which words I will make no comment, but leave them to be considered by the incredulous reader, to whom I will also commend this following consideration : That there be many pious and learned men that believe our merciful God hath assigned to every man a particular guardian angel to be his constant monitor, and to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul. And the opinion that every man hath his particular angel may gain some authority by the relation of St. Peter’s miraculous deliverance out of prison (Acts xii. 7–10 ; 13–15), not by many, but by one angel. And this belief may yet gain more credit by the reader’s considering, that when Peter after his enlargement knocked at the door of Mary the mother of John, and Rhoe, the maid-servant, being surprised with joy that Peter was there, did not let him in, but ran in haste and told the disciples, who were then and there met together, that Peter was at the door ; and they, not believing it, said she was mad, yet when she again affirmed it, though they then believed it not, yet they concluded and said, “ It is his angel.”

More observations of this nature, and inferences from them, might be made to gain the relation a firmer belief; but I forbear, lest I, that intended to be but a relator, may be thought to be an engaged person for the proving what was related to me; and yet I think myself bound to declare that, though it was not told me by Mr. Donne himself, it was told me—now long since—by a person of honour, and of such intimacy with him, that he knew more of the secrets of his soul than any person then living: and I think he told me the truth; for it was told with such circumstances, and such asseveration, that—to say nothing of my own thoughts—I verily believe he that told it me did himself believe it to be true.

I forbear the reader's further trouble as to the relation and what concerns it, and will conclude mine with commending to his view a copy of verses given by Mr. Donne to his wife at the time he then parted from her. And I beg leave to tell that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them:—

A VALEDICTION, FORBIDDING TO MOURN.

“As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
While some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now, and some say, No:

“So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys,
To tell the laity our love.

“Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears:
Men reckon what it did or meant:
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

- “Dull sublunary lovers’ love—
 Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
 Absence, because that doth remove
 Those things which elemented it.
- “But we, by a love so far refined,
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind,
 Care not hands, eyes, or lips to miss.
- “Our two souls, therefore, which are one—
 Though I must go—endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.
- “I. we be two? we are two so
 As stiff twin-compasses are two :
 Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
 To move, but does if th’ other do.
- “And though thine in the centre sit,
 Yet, when my other far does roam,
 Thine leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect as mine comes home.
- “Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
 Like th’ other foot, obliquely run :
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And me to end where I begun.”

I return from my account of the vision, to tell the reader that both before Mr. Donne’s going into France, at his being there, and after his return, many of the nobility and others that were powerful at Court, were watchful and solicitous to the king for some secular employment for him. The king had formerly both known and put a value upon his company, and had also given him some hopes of a State employment, being always much pleased when Mr. Donne attended him’ especially at his meals, where there were usually many deep discourses of general learning, and very often friendly disputes, or debates of religion, betwixt his Majesty and

those divines whose places required their attendance on him at those times, particularly the Dean of the Chapel, who then was Bishop Montague—the publisher of the learned and eloquent works of his Majesty—and the most Reverend Doctor Andrews, the late learned Bishop of Winchester, who was then the King's Almoner.

About this time there grew many disputes that concerned the oath of supremacy and allegiance, in which the king had appeared and engaged himself by his public writings now extant, and his Majesty discoursing with Mr. Donne concerning many of the reasons which are usually urged against the taking of those oaths, apprehended such a validity and clearness in his stating the questions, and his answers to them, that his Majesty commanded him to bestow some time in drawing the arguments into a method, and then to write his answers to them ; and, having done that, not to send but be his own messenger, and bring them to him. To this he presently and diligently applied himself, and within six weeks brought them to him under his own handwriting, as they be now printed ; the book bearing the name of "Pseudo-Martyr," printed anno 1610.

When the king had read and considered that book, he persuaded Mr. Donne to enter into the Ministry ; to which at that time he was and appeared very unwilling, apprehending it—such was his mistaken modesty—to be too weighty for his abilities ; and though his Majesty had promised him a favour, and many persons of worth mediated with his Majesty for some secular employment for him—to which his education had apted him—and particularly the Earl of Somerset, when in his greatest height of favour, who being then at Theobald's with the king, where one of the clerks of the council died that night, the Earl posted a messenger for Mr. Donne to come

to him immediately, and at Mr. Donne's coming, said, "Mr. Donne, to testify the reality of my affection, and my purpose to prefer you, stay in this garden till I go up to the king, and bring you word that you are clerk of the council: doubt not my doing this, for I know the king loves you, and know the king will not deny me." But the king gave a positive denial to all requests, and, having a discerning spirit, replied: "I know Mr. Donne is a learned man, has the abilities of a learned divine, and will prove a powerful preacher; and my desire is to prefer him that way, and in that way I will deny you nothing for him." After that time, as he professeth in his "Book of Devotions," the king descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation, of him to enter into sacred Orders:" which, though he then denied not, yet he deferred it for almost three years. All which time he applied himself to an incessant study of textual divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned languages, Greek and Hebrew.

In the first and most blessed times of Christianity, when the clergy were looked upon with reverence, and deserved it, when they overcame their opposers by high examples of virtue, by a blessed patience and long suffering, those only were then judged worthy the Ministry whose quiet and meek spirits did make them look upon that sacred calling with a humble adoration and fear to undertake it; which indeed requires such great degrees of humility and labour and care, that none but such were then thought worthy of that celestial dignity. And such only were then sought out, and solicited to undertake it. This I have mentioned, because forwardness and inconsideration could not in Mr. Donne, as in many others, be an argument of insufficiency or unfitness; for he had considered long, and had many strifes within

himself concerning the strictness of life, and competency of learning, required in such as enter into sacred Orders ; and doubtless, considering his own demerits, did humbly ask God with St. Paul, "Lord, who is sufficient for these things?" and with meek Moses, "Lord, who am I?" And sure, if he had consulted with flesh and blood, he had not for these reasons put his hand to that holy plough. But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him, as the angel did with Jacob, and marked him ; marked him for His own ; marked him with a blessing, a blessing of obedience to the motions of His Blessed Spirit. And then, as he had formerly asked God with Moses, "Who am I?" so now, being inspired with an apprehension of God's particular mercy to him, in the king's and others' thankful solicitations of him, he came to ask King David's question, "Lord, who am I, that Thou art so mindful of me?" So mindful of me, as to lead me for more than forty years through this wilderness of the many temptations and various turnings of a dangerous life : so merciful to me, as to move the learnedest of kings to descend to move me to serve at the altar ! So merciful to me, as at last to move my heart to embrace this holy motion ! Thy motions I will and do embrace : and I now say with the Blessed Virgin, "Be it with Thy servant as seemeth best in Thy sight : " and so Blessed Jesus, I do take the Cup of Salvation, and will call upon thy Thy Name, and will preach Thy Gospel.

Such strifes as these St. Austin had, when St. Ambrose endeavoured his conversion to Christianity, with which he confesseth he acquainted his friend Alipius. Our learned author, a man fit to write after no mean copy, did the like. And declaring his intentions to his dear friend, Dr. King, then Bishop of Londor, a man famous

in his generation, and no stranger to Mr. Donne's abilities—for he had been chaplain to the Lord Chancellor at the time of Mr. Donne's being his lordship's secretary—that reverend man did receive the news with much gladness; and, after some expressions of joy, and a persuasion to be constant in his pious purpose, he proceeded with all convenient speed to ordain him first deacon, and then priest not long after.

Now the English Church had gained a second St. Austin; for I think none was so like him before his conversion, none so like St. Ambrose after it; and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellences of the other, the learning and holiness of both. And now all his studies, which had been occasionally diffused, were all centred in divinity. Now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new employment for his wit and eloquence. Now all his earthly affections were changed into divine love, and all the faculties of his own soul were engaged in the conversion of others; in preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners, and peace to each troubled soul. To these he applied himself with all care and diligence; and now such a change was wrought in him, that he could say with David, "O how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of Hosts!" Now he declared openly, "that when he required a temporal, God gave him a spiritual blessing." And that "he was now gladder to be a door-keeper in the house of God, than he could be to enjoy the noblest of all temporal employments."

Presently after he entered into his holy profession the king sent for him and made him his chaplain-in-ordinary, and promised to take a particular care for his preferment.

And though his long familiarity with scholars and

persons of greatest quality was such as might have given some men boldness enough to have preached to any eminent auditory, yet his modesty in this employment was such that he could not be persuaded to it, but went, usually accompanied with some one friend, to preach privately in some village not far from London, his first sermon being preached at Paddington. This he did till his Majesty sent and appointed him a day to preach to him at Whitehall; and though much were expected from him, both by his Majesty and others, yet he was so happy—which few are—as to satisfy and exceed their expectations, preaching the Word so as showed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to distil into others: a preacher in earnest, weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them, always preaching to himself like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a virtue so as to make it beloved, even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

There may be some that may incline to think—such indeed as have not heard him—that my affection to my friend hath transported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching. If this meets with any such, let me entreat, though I will omit many, yet that they will receive a double witness for what I say; it being attested by a gentleman of worth—Mr. Chidley, a frequent hearer of his sermons—in part of a funeral elegy writ by him on Mr. Donne; and is a known truth though it be in verse:—

“Each altar had his fire—
He kept his love, but not his object ; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it ;
Taught it both time and place, and brought it home
To piety which it doth best become.

* * * * *

For say, had ever pleasure such a dress ?
Have you seen crimes so shaped, or loveliness
Such as his lips did clothe religion in ?
Had not reproof a beauty passing sin ?
Corrupted Nature sorrowed that she stood
So near the danger of becoming good.
And when he preached, she wished her ears exempt
From piety, that had such power to tempt.
How did his sacred flattery beguile
Men to amend ?”

More of this and more witnesses might be brought, but
I forbear and return.

That summer, in the very same month in which he
entered into sacred Orders, and was made the king's
chaplain, his Majesty then going his progress, was en-
treated to receive an entertainment in the University of
Cambridge, and Mr. Donne attending his Majesty at that
time, his Majesty was pleased to recommend him to the
University to be made doctor in divinity : Doctor Hars-
nett, after Archbishop of York, was then Vice-Chancellor,
who, knowing him to be the author of that learned book
the “Pseudo-Martyr,” required no other proof of his
abilities, but proposed it to the University, who presently
assented, and expressed a gladness that they had such an
occasion to entitle him to be theirs.

His abilities and industry in his profession were so
eminent, and he so known and so beloved by persons of
quality, that within the first year of his entering into sacred
Orders he had fourteen advowsons of several benefices
presented to him ; but they were in the country, and he
could not leave his beloved London, to which place he

had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and there contracted a friendship with many, whose conversation multiplied the joys of his life ; but an employment that might affix him to that place would be welcome, for he needed it.

Immediately after his return from Cambridge his wife died, leaving him a man of a narrow, unsettled estate, and—having buried five—the careful father of seven children then living, to whom he gave a voluntary assurance never to bring them under the subjection of a stepmother, which promise he kept most faithfully, burying with his tears all his earthly joys in his most dear and deserving wife's grave, and betook himself to a most retired and solitary life.

In this retiredness, which was often from the sight of his dearest friends, he became crucified to the world, and all those vanities, those imaginary pleasures that are daily acted on that restless stage, and they were as perfectly crucified to him. Nor is it hard to think—being, passions may be both changed and heightened by accidents—but that that abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her, who had long been the delight of his eyes and the companion of his youth ; her, with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears as common people are not capable of ; not hard to think but that she being now removed by death, a commensurable grief took as full a possession of him as joy had done, and so indeed it did ; for now his very soul was elemented of nothing but sadness, now grief took so full a possession of his heart as to leave no place for joy : if it did it was a joy to be alone, where, like a pelican in the wilderness, he might bemoan himself without witness or restraint, and pour forth his passions like Job in the days of his affliction : “ Oh that

I might have the desire of my heart ! Oh that God would grant the thing that I long for !” For then as the grave is become her house, so I would hasten to make it mine also, that we two might there make our beds together in the dark. Thus, as the Israelites sat mourning by the rivers of Babylon, when they remembered Sion, so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrows : thus he began the day and ended the night, ended the restless night and began the weary day in lamentations. And thus he continued till a consideration of his new engagements to God and St. Paul’s “Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel !” dispersed those sad clouds that had then benighted his hopes and now forced him to behold the light.

His first motion from his house was to preach where his beloved wife lay buried, in St. Clement’s Church, near Temple Bar, London ; and his text was a part of the prophet Jeremy’s Lamentation : “Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction.”

And indeed his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man ; and they, with the addition of his sighs and tears expressed in his sermon, did so work upon the affections of his hearers as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadness, and so they left the congregation ; but then their houses presented them with objects of diversion, and his presented him with nothing but fresh objects of sorrow, in beholding many helpless children, a narrow fortune, and a consideration of the many cares and casualties that attend their education.

In this time of sadness he was importuned by the grave Benchers of Lincoln’s Inn, who were once the companions and friends of his youth, to accept of their lecture, which, by reason of Dr. Gataker’s removal from thence, was then void ; of which he accepted, being most glad to

renew his intermitted friendship with those whom he so much loved, and where he had been a Saul—though not to persecute Christianity, or to deride it, yet in his irregular youth to neglect the visible practice of it—there to become a Paul, and preach salvation to his beloved brethren.

And now his life was a shining light among his old friends ; now he gave an ocular testimony of the strictness and regularity of it ; now he might say, as St. Paul adviseth his Corinthians, “ Be ye followers of me, as I follow Christ, and walk as ye have me for an example ;” not the example of a busybody, but of a contemplative, a harmless, a humble, and a holy life and conversation.

The love of that noble Society was expressed to him many ways ; for, besides fair lodgings that were set apart, and newly furnished for him with all necessaries, other courtesies were also daily added ; indeed so many and so freely as if they meant their gratitude should exceed his merits ; and in this love-strife of desert and liberality, they continued for the space of two years, he preaching faithfully and constantly to them, and they liberally requiting him. About which time the Emperor of Germany died, and the Palsgrave, who had lately married the Lady Elizabeth, the king’s only daughter, was elected and crowned King of Bohemia, the unhappy beginning of many miseries in that nation.

King James, whose motto—*Beati pacifici*—did truly speak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavoured first to prevent, and after to compose, the discords of that discomposed State ; and, amongst other his endeavours, did then send the Lord Hay, Earl of Doncaster, his ambassador to those unsettled princes ; and, by a special command from his Majesty, Dr. Donne was appointed to assist and attend that employment to the Princes of the

Union, for which the Earl was most glad, who had always put a great value on him, and taken a great pleasure in his conversation and discourse: and his friends at Lincoln's Inn were as glad, for they feared that his immoderate study and sadness for his wife's death would, as Jacob said, "make his days few," and, respecting his bodily health, "evil" too: and of this there were many visible signs.

At his going, he left his friends of Lincoln's Inn, and they him, with many reluctations; for, though he could not say as St. Paul to his Ephesians, "Behold, you, to whom I have preached the kingdom of God, shall from henceforth see my face no more;" yet he, believing himself to be in a consumption, questioned, and they feared it; all concluding that his troubled mind, with the help of his unintermitted studies, hastened the decays of his weak body. But God, who is the God of all wisdom and goodness, turned it to the best; for this employment—to say nothing of the event of it—did not only divert him from those too serious studies and sad thoughts, but seemed to give him a new life by a true occasion of joy, to be an eye-witness of the health of his most dear and most honoured mistress, the Queen of Bohemia, in a foreign nation; and to be a witness of that gladness which she expressed to see him: who, having formerly known him a courtier, was much joyed to see him in a canonical habit, and more glad to be an ear-witness of his excellent and powerful preaching.

About fourteen months after his departure out of England, he returned to his friends of Lincoln's Inn, with his sorrows moderated and his health improved; and there betook himself to his constant course of preaching.

About a year after his return out of Germany, Dr. Carey was made Bishop of Exeter, and by his removal,

the Deanery of St. Paul's being vacant, the king sent to Dr. Donne and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his Majesty was sat down, before he had eat any meat, he said after his pleasant manner, "Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and, though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for, knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of St. Paul's; and, when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you."

Immediately after he came to his deanery, he employed workmen to repair and beautify the chapel; suffering, as holy David once vowed, "his eyes and temples to take no rest till he had first beautified the house of God."

The next quarter following when his father-in-law, Sir George More—whom time had made a lover and admirer of him—came to pay to him the conditioned sum of twenty pounds, he refused to receive it; and said, as good Jacob did, when he heard his beloved son Joseph was alive, "'It is enough;' you have been kind to me and mine: I know your present condition is such as not to abound, and I hope mine is, or will be such as not to need it: I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract;" and in testimony of it freely gave him up his bond.

Immediately after his admission into his deanery the vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West, London, fell to him by the death of Dr. White, the advowson of it having been given to him long before by his honourable friend Richard, Earl of Dorset, then the patron, and confirmed by his brother the late deceased Edward, both of them men of much honour.

By these, and another ecclesiastical endowment which fell to him about the same time, given to him formerly by the Earl of Kent, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children that they were not left scandalous as relating to their or his profession and quality.

The next Parliament, which was within that present year, he was chosen Prolocutor to the Convocation, and about that time was appointed by his Majesty, his most gracious master, to preach very many occasional sermons, as at St. Paul's Cross and other places. All which employments he performed to the admiration of the representative body of the whole clergy of this nation.

He was once, and but once, clouded with the king's displeasure, and it was about this time ; which was occasioned by some malicious whisperer, who had told his Majesty that Dr. Donne had put on the general humour of the pulpits, and was become busy in insinuating a fear of the king's inclining to Popery, and a dislike of his government ; and particularly for the king's then turning the evening lectures into catechizing and expounding the Prayer of our Lord, and of the Belief, and Commandments. His Majesty was the more inclinable to believe this, for that a person of nobility and great note, betwixt whom and Dr. Donne there had been a great friendship, was at this very time discarded the Court—I shall forbear his name, unless I had a fairer occasion—and justly committed to prison, which begot many rumours in the common people, who in this nation think they are not wise unless they be busy about what they understand not, and especially about religion.

The king received this news with so much discontent and restlessness that he would not suffer the sun to set and leave him under this doubt, but sent for Dr. Donne,

and required his answer to the accusation ; which was so clear and satisfactory that the king said, “he was right glad he rested no longer under the suspicion.” When the king had said this, Dr. Donne kneeled down and thanked his Majesty, and protested his answer was faithful and free from all collusion, and therefore “desired that he might not rise till, as in like cases, he always had from God, so he might have from his Majesty, some assurance that he stood clear and fair in his opinion.” At which the king raised him from his knees with his own hands, and “protested he believed him ; and that he knew he was an honest man, and doubted not but that he loved him truly.” And, having thus dismissed him, he called some lords of his council into his chamber, and said with much earnestness, “My Doctor is an honest man ; and, my lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer than he hath now made me ; and I always rejoice when I think that by my means he became a divine.”

He was made Dean in the fiftieth year of his age, and in his fifty-fourth year a dangerous sickness seized him, which inclined him to a consumption ; but God, as Job thankfully acknowledged, preserved his spirit, and kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect as when that sickness first seized his body ; but it continued long, and threatened him with death, which he dreaded not.

In this distemper of body, his dear friend, Dr. Henry King, then chief residentiary of that church, and late Bishop of Chichester, a man generally known by the clergy of this nation, and as generally noted for his obliging nature, visited him daily ; and observing that his sickness rendered his recovery doubtful, he chose a seasonable time to speak to him to this purpose.

“Mr. Dean, I am, by your favour, no stranger to your

temporal estate, and you are no stranger to the offer lately made us for the renewing a lease of the best Prebend's corps belonging to our church ; and you know 'twas denied, for that our tenant being very rich, offered to fine at so low a rate as held not proportion with his advantages ; but I will either raise him to an higher sum, or procure that the other residentiaries shall join to accept of what was offered ; one of these, I can and will by your favour do without delay, and without any trouble either to your body or mind : I beseech you to accept of my offer, for I know it will be a considerable addition to your present estate, which I know needs it."

To this, after a short pause, and raising himself upon his bed, he made this reply :—

"My most dear friend, I most humbly thank you for your many favours, and this in particular ; but in my present condition I shall not accept of your proposal : for doubtless there is such a sin as sacrilege ; if there were not, it could not have a name in Scripture ; and the primitive clergy were watchful against all appearances of that evil ; and indeed then all Christians looked upon it with horror and detestation, judging it to be even an open defiance of the power and providence of Almighty God, and a sad presage of a declining religion. But instead of such Christians, who had selected times set apart to fast and pray to God for a pious clergy, which they then did obey, our times abound with men that are busy and litigious about trifles and church ceremonies, and yet so far from scrupling sacrilege, that they make not so much as a quære what it is ; but I thank God I have ; and dare not now upon my sick-bed, when Almighty God hath made me useless to the service of the church, make any advantages out of it. But if He shall again restore me to such a degree

of health as again to serve at His altar, I shall then gladly take the reward which the bountiful benefactors of this church have designed me; for God knows my children and relations will need it. In which number, my mother—whose credulity and charity has contracted a very plentiful to a very narrow estate—must not be forgotten. But Dr. King, if I recover not, that little worldly estate that I shall leave behind me—that very little when divided into eight parts—must, if you deny me not so charitable a favour, fall into your hands, as my most faithful friend and executor; of whose care and justice I make no more doubt than of God's blessing on that which I have conscientiously collected for them; but it shall not be augmented on my sick-bed, and this I declare to be my unalterable resolution."

The reply to this was only a promise to observe his request.

Within a few days his distempers abated; and as his strength increased so did his thankfulness to Almighty God, testified in his most excellent "*Book of Devotions*," which he published at his recovery; in which the reader may see the most secret thoughts that then possessed his soul, paraphrased and made public: a book that may not unfitly be called a Sacred Picture of Spiritual Ecstasies, occasioned and applicable to the emergencies of that sickness, which book, being a composition of meditations, disquisitions, and prayers, he writ on his sick-bed; herein imitating the holy Patriarchs, who were wont to build their altars in that place where they had received their blessings.

This sickness brought him so near to the gates of death, and he saw the grave so ready to devour him, that he would often say his recovery was supernatural: but that God that then restored his health continued it to

him till the fifty-ninth year of his life : and then, in August 1630, being with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvey. at Abury Hatch, in Essex, he there fell into a fever, which with the help of his constant infirmity—vapours from the spleen—hastened him into so visible a consumption that his beholders might say, as St. Paul of himself, “ He dies daily ;” and he might say with Job, “ My welfare passeth away as a cloud, the days of my affliction have taken hold of me, and weary nights are appointed for me.”

Reader, this sickness continued long, not only weakening, but wearying him so much, that my desire is he may now take some rest ; and that before I speak of his death thou wilt not think it an impertinent digression to look back with me upon some observations of his life, which, whilst a gentle slumber gives rest to his spirits, may, I hope, not unfitly exercise thy consideration.

His marriage was the remarkable error of his life ; an error, which though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from justifying it ; and though his wife’s competent years, and other reasons, might be justly urged to moderate severe censures, yet he would occasionally condemn himself for it ; and doubtless it had been attended with a heavy repentance, if God had not blessed them with so mutual and cordial affections, as in the midst of their sufferings made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly than the banquets of dull and low-spirited people.

The recreations of his youth were poetry, in which he was so happy as if Nature and all her varieties had been made only to exercise his sharp wit and high fancy ; and in those pieces which were facetiously composed and carelessly scattered—most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age—it may appear by his

choice metaphors that both Nature and all the arts joined to assist him with their utmost skill.

It is a truth that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely—God knows, too loosely—scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals; but, though he was no friend to them, he was not so fallen out with heavenly poetry as to forsake that; no, not in his declining age, witnessed then by many divine sonnets, and other high, holy, and harmonious composures. Yea, even on his former sick-bed he wrote this heavenly hymn, expressing the great joy that then possessed his soul, in the assurance of God's favour to him when he composed it:—

A HYMN

TO GOD THE FATHER.

“Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

“Wilt Thou forgive that sin, which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two—but wallowed in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

“I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore;
And having done that, Thou hast done,
I fear no more.”

I have the rather mentioned this hymn, for that he

caused it to be set to a most grave and solemn tune, and to be often sung to the organ by the choristers of St. Paul's Church in his own hearing ; especially at the evening service, and at his return from his customary devotions in that place did occasionally say to a friend : " The words of this hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul in my sickness when I composed it. And, O the power of church music ! that harmony added to this hymn has raised the affections of my heart and quickened my graces of zeal and gratitude ; and I observe that I always return from paying this public duty of prayer and praise to God, with an unexpressible tranquillity of mind, and a willingness to leave the world."

After this manner did the disciples of our Saviour, and the best of Christians in those ages of the Church nearest to His time, offer their praises to Almighty God. And the reader of St. Augustine's Life may there find that, towards his dissolution, he wept abundantly that the enemies of Christianity had broke in upon them, and profaned and ruined their sanctuaries, and because their public hymns and lauds were lost out of their churches. And after this manner have many devout souls lifted up their hands and offered acceptable sacrifices unto Almighty God, where Dr. Donne offered his, and now lies buried.

But now (1656), O Lord ! how is that place become desolate !

Before I proceed further, I think fit to inform the reader that not long before his death he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an anchor, like those which painters draw, when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the cross : his varying no otherwise than to affix Him not to

a cross, but to an anchor—the emblem of Hope ; this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of those figures thus drawn to be engraven very small in heliotropium stones and set in gold ; and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends, to be used as seals or rings, and kept as memorials of him and of his affection to them.

His dear friends and benefactors, Sir Henry Goodier and Sir Robert Drewry, could not be of that number, nor could the Lady Magdalen Herbert, the mother of George Herbert, for they had put off mortality, and taken possession of the grave before him ; but Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Hall, the then—late deceased—Bishop of Norwich, were ; and so were Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester—lately deceased—men, in whom there was such a mixture of general learning, of natural eloquence, and Christian humility, that they deserve a commemoration by a pen equal to their own, which none have exceeded.

And in this enumeration of his friends, though many must be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not ; I mean that George Herbert who was the author of “*The Temple ; or, Sacred Poems and Ejaculations.*” A book, in which by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts ; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that Spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and heaven ; and may, by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt

this George Herbert and Dr. Donne, there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments, of which that which followeth may be some testimony.

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT ;

SENT HIM WITH ONE OF MY SEALS OF THE ANCHOR

AND CHRIST.

“ A Sheaf of Snakes used heretofore to be my Seal, which is the Crest of our poor family.”

“ Qui prius assuetus serpentum falce tabellas
Signare, hæc nostræ symbola parva domûs,
Adscitus domui Domini.

“ Adopted in God's family, and so
My old coat lost, into new Arms I go.
The Cross, my Seal in Baptism, spread below,
Does by that form into an Anchor grow.
Crosses grow Anchors, bear as thou shouldst do
Thy Cross, and that Cross grows an Anchor too.
But He that makes our Crosses Anchors thus,
Is Christ, who there is crucified for us.
Yet with this I may my first Serpents hold ;
God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old—
The Serpent, may, as wise, my pattern be ;
My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.
And, as he rounds the earth to murder, sure
He is my death ; but on the Cross, my cure,
Crucify Nature then ; and then implore
All grace from Him, crucified there before.
When all is Cross, and that Cross Anchor grown
This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone.

Under that little Seal, great gifts I send.
 Both works and prayers, pawns and fruits of a friend.
 Oh ! may that Saint, that rides on our Great Seal,
 To you that bear his name, large bounty deal.
 JOHN DONNE."

IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS

GEORGE HERBERT.

"Quòd Crux nequibat fixa clavique additi—
 Tenere Christum scilicet ne ascenderet,
 Tuive Christum.

"Although the Cross could not here Christ detain,
 When nailed unto't, but He ascends again ;
 Nor yet thy eloquence here keep Him still,
 But only whilst thou speak'st—this Anchor will :
 Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
 This certain Anchor add a Seal ; and so
 The water and the earth both unto thee
 Do owe the symbol of their certainty.
 Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure,
 This holy cable's from all storms secure.

GEORGE HERBERT."

I return to tell the reader, that, besides these verses to his dear Mr. Herbert, and that hymn that I mentioned to be sung in the choir of St. Paul's Church, he did also shorten and beguile many sad hours by composing other sacred ditties ; and he writ a hymn on his death-bed, which bears this title :—

A HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

March 23, 1630.

"Since I am coming to that holy room,
 Where, with Thy Choir of Saints, for evermore
 I shall be made Thy music, as I come
 I tune my instrument here at the door,
 And, what I must do then, think here before.

“ Since my physicians by their loves are grown
Cosmographers; and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed—

“ So, in His purple wrapt, receive my Lord !
By these His thorns, give me His other Crown :
And, as to other souls I preached Thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own.
‘ That He may rise ; therefore the Lord throws down.’ ”

If these fall under the censure of a soul, whose too much mixture with earth makes it unfit to judge of these high raptures and illuminations, let him know that many holy and devout men have thought the soul of Prudentius to be most refined, when, not many days before his death, “ he charged it to present his God each morning and evening with a new and spiritual song ; ” justified by the example of King David and the good King Hezekiah, who, upon the renovation of his years, paid his thankful vows to Almighty God in a royal hymn, which he concludes in these words : “ The Lord was ready to save ; therefore I will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of my life in the temple of my God.”

The latter part of his life may be said to be a continued study ; for as he usually preached once a week, if not oftener, so after his sermon he never gave his eyes rest till he had chosen out a new text, and that night cast his sermon into a form, and his text into divisions, and the next day betook himself to consult the Fathers, and so commit his meditations to his memory, which was excellent. But upon Saturday he usually gave himself and his mind a rest from the weary burthen of his week’s meditations, and usually spent that day in visitation of friends, or some other diversions of his thoughts, and would say, “ that he gave both his body and mind that refreshment, that he might be enabled to do the work of the day

following, not faintly, but with courage and cheerfulness."

Nor was his age only so industrious, but in the most unsettled days of his youth his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in a morning ; and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till past ten, all which time was employed in study, though he took great liberty after it. And if this seem strange, it may gain a belief by the visible fruits of his labours, some of which remain as testimonies of what is here written ; for he left the resultance of 1400 authors, most of them abridged and analyzed with his own hand ; he left also six score of his sermons, all written with his own hand, also an exact and laborious treatise concerning self-murder, called *Biathanatos*, wherein all the laws violated by that act are diligently surveyed, and judiciously censured : a treatise written in his younger days, which alone might declare him then not only perfect in the civil and canon law, but in many other such studies and arguments as enter not into the consideration of many that labour to be thought great clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were these only found in his study, but all businesses that passed of any public consequence, either in this or any of our neighbour nations, he abbreviated either in Latin, or in the language of that nation, and kept them by him for useful memorials. So he did the copies of divers letters and cases of conscience that had concerned his friends, with his observations and solutions of them, and divers other businesses of importance, all particularly and methodically digested by himself.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him ; making his will when no faculty of his soul was damped or made defective by pain or sickness, or he surprised by

a sudden apprehension of death ; but it was made with mature deliberation, expressing himself an impartial father, by making his children's portions equal ; and a lover of his friends, whom he remembered with legacies fitly and discreetly chosen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of some of them, for methinks they be persons that seem to challenge a recordation in this place : as namely, to his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Grimes, he gave that striking clock, which he had long worn in his pocket ; to his dear friend and executor, Dr. King, late Bishop of Chichester, that model of gold of the Synod of Dort, with which the States presented him at his last being at the Hague, and the two pictures of Padre Paolo and Fulgentio, men of his acquaintance when he travelled Italy, and of great note in that nation for their remarkable learning ; to his ancient friend Dr. Brook, that married him, Master of Trinity College in Cambridge, he gave the picture of the Blessed Virgin and Joseph ; to Dr. Winniff, who succeeded him in the Deanery, he gave a picture called the Skeleton ; to the succeeding Dean, who was not then known, he gave many necessities of worth and useful for his house, and also several pictures and ornaments for the chapel, with a desire that they might be registered, and remain as a legacy to his successors ; to the Earls of Dorset and Carlisle he gave several pictures ; and so he did to many other friends ; legacies, given rather to express his affection than to make any addition to their estates ; but unto the poor he was full of charity, and unto many others who, by his constant and long-continued bounty, might entitle themselves to be his alms-people ; for all these he made provision, and so largely as, having then six children living, might to some appear more than proportionable to his estate. I forbear to mention any more, lest the reader

may think I trespass upon his patience, but I will beg his favour to present him with the beginning and end of his will:—

“In the name of the blessed and glorious Trinity, Amen. I, John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus, and by the calling of the Church of England, Priest, being at this time in good health and perfect understanding—praised be God therefore—do hereby make my last will and testament in manner and form following :

“First, I give my gracious God an entire sacrifice of body and soul, with my most humble thanks for that assurance which His Blessed Spirit imprints in me now of the Salvation of the one, and the Resurrection of the other; and for that constant and cheerful resolution, which the same Spirit hath established in me, to live and die in the religion now professed in the Church of England. In expectation of that Resurrection, I desire my body may be buried—in the most private manner that may be—in that place of St. Paul’s Church, London, that the now Residentiaries have at my request designed for that purpose, &c. And this my last will and testament, made in the fear of God—whose mercy I humbly beg, and constantly rely upon in Jesus Christ, and in perfect love and charity with all the world—whose pardon I ask, from the lowest of my servants to the highest of my superiors—written all with my own hand, and my name subscribed to every page, of which there are five in number.

“Sealed December 13, 1630.”

Nor was this blessed sacrifice of charity expressed only at his death, but in his life also, by a cheerful and frequent visitation of any friend whose mind was de-

jected, or his fortune necessitous ; he was inquisitive after the wants of prisoners, and redeemed many from prison, that lay for their fees or small debts ; he was a continual giver to poor scholars, both of this and foreign nations. Besides what he gave with his own hand, he usually sent a servant, or a discreet and trusty friend, to distribute his charity to all the prisons in London, at all the festival times of the year, especially at the birth and resurrection of our Saviour. He gave a hundred pounds at one time to an old friend, whom he had known live plentifully, and by a too liberal heart and carelessness became decayed in his estate ; and when the receiving of it was denied, by the gentleman's saying, "He wanted not ;"—for the reader may note, that as there be some spirits so generous as to labour to conceal and endure a sad poverty, rather than expose themselves to those blushes that attend the confession of it ; so there be others, to whom nature and grace have afforded such sweet and compassionate souls, as to pity and prevent the distresses of mankind ; which I have mentioned because of Dr. Donne's reply, whose answer was : "I know you want not what will sustain nature, for a little will do that ; but my desire is, that you, who in the days of your plenty have cheered and raised the hearts of so many of your dejected friends, would now receive this from me, and use it as a cordial for the cheering of your own ;" and upon these terms it was received. He was a happy reconciler of many differences in the families of his friends and kindred, which he never undertook faintly—for such undertakings have usually faint effects—and they had such a faith in his judgment and impartiality, that he never advised them to anything in vain. He was, even to her death, a most dutiful son to his mother, careful to provide for her supportation, of which

she had been destitute, but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities; who having sucked in the religion of the Roman Church with the mother's milk, spent her estate in foreign countries, to enjoy a liberty in it, and died in his house but three months before him.

And to the end it may appear how just a steward he was of his Lord and Master's revenue, I have thought fit to let the reader know that, after his entrance into his Deanery, as he numbered his years, he, at the foot of a private account, to which God and His angels were only witnesses with him, computed first his revenue, then what was given to the poor and other pious uses, and lastly, what rested for him and his; and having done that, he then blessed each year's poor remainder with a thankful prayer, which, for that they discover a more than common devotion, the reader shall partake some of them in his own words:—

“So all is that remains this year [1624–5]—

“Deo Opt. Max. benigno largitori, a me, et ab iis quibus hæc a me reservantur, gloria et gratia in æternum. Amen.”

TRANSLATED THUS.

“To God all Good, all Great, the benevolent Bestower, by me and by them, for whom, by me, these sums are laid up, be glory and grace ascribed for ever. Amen.”

“So that this year [1626] God hath blessed me and mine with—

“Multiplicatæ sunt super nos misericordiæ tuæ, Domine.”

TRANSLATED THUS.

“Thy mercies, O Lord! are multiplied upon us.”

“Da, Domine, ut quæ ex immensâ bonitate tuâ nobis

elargiri dignatus sis, in quorumcunque manus devenerint, in tuam semper cedant gloriam. Amen."

TRANSLATED THUS.

"Grant, O Lord! that what out of Thine infinite bounty Thou hast vouchsafed to lavish upon us, into whosoever hands it may devolve, may always be improved to Thy glory. Amen."

"In fine horum sex annorum manet [1628-9]—

"Quid habeo quod non accepi a Domino? Largitur etiam ut quæ largitus est sua iterum fiant, bono eorum usu; ut quemadmodum nec officiis hujus mundi, nec loci in quo me posuit dignitati, nec servis, nec egenis, in toto hujus anni curriculo mihi conscius sum me defuisse; ita et liberi, quibus quæ supersunt, supersunt, grato animo ea accipiant, et beneficum authorem recognoscant. Amen."

TRANSLATED THUS.

"At the end of these six years remains—

"What have I, which I have not received from the Lord? He bestows, also, to the intent that what He hath bestowed may revert to Him by the proper use of it: that, as I have not consciously been wanting to myself during the whole course of the past year, either in discharging my secular duties, in retaining the dignity of my station, or in my conduct towards my servants and the poor—so my children for whom remains whatever is remaining, may receive it with gratitude, and acknowledge the beneficent Giver. Amen."

But I return from my long digression.

We left the author sick in Essex, where he was forced to spend much of that winter, by reason of his disability to remove from that place; and having never, for almost

twenty years, omitted his personal attendance on his Majesty in that month, in which he was to attend and preach to him, nor having ever been left out of the roll and number of Lent Preachers, and there being then—in January 1630—a report brought to London, or raised there, that Dr. Donne was dead, that report gave him occasion to write the following letter to a dear friend :—

“SIR,—

“This advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of Heaven ; and this advantage by the solitude and close imprisonment that they reduce me to after, that I am so much the oftener at my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your happiness ; and I doubt not, among His other blessings, God will add some one to you for my prayers. A man would almost be content to die—if there were no other benefit in death—to hear of so much sorrow, and so much good testimony from good men, as I—God be blessed for it—did upon the report of my death : yet I perceive it went not through all ; for one writ to me, that some—and he said of my friends—conceived I was not so ill as I pretended, but withdrew myself to live at ease, discharged of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and, God knows, an ill-grounded interpretation ; for I have always been sorrier when I could not preach than any could be they could not hear me. It hath been my desire, and God may be pleased to grant it, that I might die in the pulpit ; if not that, yet that I might take my death in the pulpit ; that is, die the sooner by occasion of those labours. Sir, I hope to see you presently after Candlemas, about which time will fall my Lent Sermon at Court, except my Lord Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and so leave me out

of the roll ; but as long as I live, and am not speechless, I would not willingly decline that service. I have better leisure to write than you to read ; yet I would not willingly oppress you with too much letter. God so bless you and your son, as I wish to

“ Your poor friend and servant

“ in Christ Jesus,

“ J. DONNE.”

Before that month ended, he was appointed to preach upon his old constant day, the first Friday in Lent : he had notice of it, and had in his sickness so prepared for that employment, that as he had long thirsted for it, so he resolved his weakness should not hinder his journey ; he came therefore to London some few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither, many of his friends—who with sorrow saw his sickness had left him but so much flesh as did only cover his bones—doubted his strength to perform that task, and did therefore dissuade him from undertaking it, assuring him, however, it was like to shorten his life : but he passionately denied their requests, saying : “ He would not doubt that that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment ; professing a holy ambition to perform that sacred work.” And when, to the amazement of some beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body and a dying face. And doubtless many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel (chap. xxxvii. 3), “ Do these bones live ? or can that soul organize that tongue to speak so long time as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre, and measure out an hour of

this dying man's unspent life? Doubtless it cannot." And yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying; the text being, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death." Many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own funeral sermon.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house; out of which he never moved, till, like St. Stephen, "he was carried by devout men to his grave."

The next day after his sermon, his strength being much wasted, and his spirits so spent as indisposed him to business or to talk, a friend that had often been a witness of his free and facetious discourse asked him, "Why are you sad?" To whom he replied, with a countenance so full of cheerful gravity, as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world; and said:

"I am not sad; but most of the night past I have entertained myself with many thoughts of several friends that have left me here, and are gone to that place from which they shall not return; and that within a few days I also shall go hence, and be no more seen. And my preparation for this change has become my nightly meditation upon my bed, which my infirmities have now made restless to me. But at this present time, I was in a serious contemplation of the providence and goodness of God to me; to me, who am less than the least of His mercies: and looking back upon my life past, I now plainly see it was His hand that prevented me from all temporal employment; and that it was His

will I should never settle nor thrive till I entered into the Ministry, in which I have now lived almost twenty years—I hope to His glory—and by which, I most humbly thank Him, I have been enabled to requite most of those friends which showed me kindness when my fortune was very low, as God knows it was: and—as it hath occasioned the expression of my gratitude—I thank God most of them have stood in need of my requital. I have lived to be useful and comfortable to my good father-in-law, Sir George More, whose patience God hath been pleased to exercise with many temporal crosses; I have maintained my own mother, whom it hath pleased God, after a plentiful fortune in her younger days, to bring to great decay in her very old age. I have quieted the consciences of many that have groaned under the burthen of a wounded spirit, whose prayers I hope are available for me. I cannot plead innocency of life, especially of my youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful God, who is not willing to see what I have done amiss. And though of myself I have nothing to present to Him but sins and misery, yet I know He looks not upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in my Saviour, and hath given me, even at this present time, some testimonies by His Holy Spirit, that I am of the number of His Elect: I am therefore full of inexpressible joy, and shall die in peace.”

I must here look so far back, as to tell the reader that at his first return out of Essex to preach his last sermon, his old friend and physician, Dr. Fox, a man of great worth, came to him to consult his health; and that after a sight of him, and some queries concerning his distempers, he told him, “That by cordials and drinking milk twenty days together, there was a probability of his restoration to health;” but he passionately denied to drink it. Nevertheless, Dr. Fox, who loved him most

entirely, wearied him with solicitations, till he yielded to take it for ten days ; at the end of which time he told Dr. Fox, " He had drunk it more to satisfy him than to recover his health ; and that he would not drink it ten days longer upon the best moral assurance of having twenty years added to his life ; for he loved it not ; and was so far from fearing death, which to others is the King of Terrors, that he longed for the day of his dissolution."

It is observed that a desire of glory or commendation is rooted in the very nature of man ; and that those of the severest and most mortified lives, though they may become so humble as to banish self-flattery, and such weeds as naturally grow there, yet they have not been able to kill this desire of glory, but that, like our radical heat, it will both live and die with us ; and many think it should do so ; and we want not sacred examples to justify the desire of having our memory to outlive our lives ; which I mention, because Dr. Donne, by the persuasion of Dr. Fox, easily yielded at this very time to have a monument made for him ; but Dr. Fox undertook not to persuade him how or what monument it should be ; that was left to Dr. Donne himself.

A monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it, and to bring with it a board, of the iust height of his body. " These being got, then without delay a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth :—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrouded

and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and deathlike face, which was purposely turned towards the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus." In this posture he was drawn at his just height ; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bedside, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor Dr. Henry King, then chief residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that church, and by Dr. Donne's own appointment, these words were to be affixed to it as an epitaph :—

JOHANNES DONNE,

SAC. THEOL, PROFESS.

POST VARIA STUDIA, QUIBUS AB ANNIS
TENERRIMIS FIDELITER, NEC INFELICITER
INCUBUIT ;

INSTINCTU ET IMPULSU SP. SANCTI, MONITU
ET HORTATU

REGIS JACOBI, ORDINES SACROS AMPLEXUS,
ANNO SUI JESU, MDCXIV. ET SUÆ ÆTATIS XLII.
DECANATU HUIUS ECCLESIAE INDUTUS,
XXVII. NOVEMBRIS, MDCXXI.

EXUTUS MORTE ULTIMO DIE MARTII, MDCXXXI.
HIC LICET IN OCCIDUO CINERE, ASPICIT EUM
CUJUS NOMEN EST ORIENS.

And now, having brought him through the many labyrinths and perplexities of a various life, even to the gates of death and the grave, my desire is he may rest till I have told my reader that I have seen many pictures of him, in several habits, and at several ages, and in several postures ; and I now mention this because I have

seen one picture of him, drawn by a curious hand, at his age of eighteen, with his sword, and what other adornments might then suit with the present fashions of youth and the giddy gaieties of that age, and his motto then was—

“How much shall I be changed
Before I am changed !”

And if that young and his now dying picture were at this time set together, every beholder might say, “Lord ! how much is Dr. Donne already changed, before he is changed !” And the view of them might give my reader occasion to ask himself with some amazement, “Lord ! how much may I also, that am now in health, be changed before I am changed, before this vile, this changeable body shall put off mortality !” and therefore to prepare for it. But this is not writ so much for my reader’s memento, as to tell him that Dr. Donne would often in his private discourses, and often publicly in his sermons, mention the many changes both of his body and mind ; especially of his mind from a vertiginous giddiness ; and would as often say, “His great and most blessed change was from a temporal to a spiritual employment ;” in which he was so happy, that he accounted the former part of his life to be lost ; and the beginning of it to be from his first entering into sacred Orders, and serving his most merciful God at His altar.

Upon Monday, after the drawing this picture, he took his last leave of his beloved study ; and being sensible of his hourly decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber ; and that week sent at several times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives ; and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a

spiritual benediction. The Sunday following he appointed his servants that, if there were any business yet undone that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next, for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with anything that concerned this world, nor ever did; but as Job, so he "waited for the appointed day of his dissolution.

And now he was so happy as to have nothing to do but to die, to do which he stood in need of no longer time; for he had studied it long, and to so happy a perfection, that in a former sickness he called God to witness (in his "Book of Devotions," written then), "He was that minute ready to deliver his soul into His hands, if that minute God would determine his dissolution." In that sickness he begged of God the constancy to be preserved in that estate for ever; and his patient expectation to have his immortal soul disrobed from her garment of mortality, makes me confident that he now had a modest assurance that his prayers were then heard and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his hourly change; and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away, and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatifical vision, he said, "I were miserable if I might not die;" and after those words, closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him, not to serve another master—for who speaks like him—but died before him; for that it was then become useless to him that now conversed with God on earth as angels are said to do in heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless, and seeing heaven by that illumination by

which he saw it, he did, as St. Stephen, "look steadfastly into it, till he saw the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God His Father," and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes, and then disposed his hands and body into such a posture as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous was the life, thus excellent, thus exemplary was the death of this memorable man.

He was buried in that place of St. Paul's Church which he had appointed for that use some years before his death, and by which he passed daily to pay his public devotions to Almighty God, who was then served twice a day by a public form of prayer and praises in that place; but he was not buried privately, though he desired it, for, beside an unnumbered number of others, many persons of nobility and of eminence for learning, who did love and honour him in his life, did show it at his death, by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a public sorrow.

To which place of his burial some mournful friends repaired, and, as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly flowers, which course they, who were never yet known, continued morning and evening for many days, not ceasing till the stones that were taken up in that church to give his body admission into the cold earth—now his bed of rest—were again by the mason's art so levelled and firmed as they had been formerly, and his place of burial undistinguishable to common view.

The next day after his burial some unknown friend, some one of the many lovers and admirers of his virtue

and learning, writ this epitaph with a coal on the wall over his grave :—

“ Reader ! I am to let thee know,
Donne’s body only lies below ;
For, could the grave his soul comprise,
Earth would be richer than the skies ! ”

Nor was this all the honour done to his reverend ashes ; for, as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts Himself a debtor, persons that dare trust God with their charity, and without a witness, so there was by some grateful unknown friend that thought Dr. Donne’s memory ought to be perpetuated, a hundred marks sent to his faithful friends and executors (Dr. King and Dr. Montford), towards the making of his monument. It was not for many years known by whom ; but, after the death of Dr. Fox, it was known that it was he that sent it, and he lived to see as lively a representation of his dead friend as marble can express ; a statue indeed so like Dr. Donne, that—as his friend Sir Henry Wotton hath exprest himself—“ It seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.”

He was of stature moderately tall, of a straight and equally proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so contempered that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was unimitably high, equalled only by his great wit, both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye showed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

He did much contemplate, especially after he entered into his sacred calling, the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of heaven, and would often say in a kind of sacred ecstasy, "Blessed be God that He is God, only and divinely like Himself."

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it. A great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body, that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust.

But I shall see it reanimated.

I W.

AN ELEGY ON DR. DONNE.

BY IZAAK WALTON.

Our Donne is dead! and we may sighing say,
We had that man, where language chose to stay,
And show her utmost power. I would not praise
That, and his great wit, which in our vain days
Make others proud; but as these served to unlock
That cabinet his mind, where such a stock
Of knowledge was reposed, that I lament
Our just and general cause of discontent.

And I rejoice I am not so severe,
But as I write a line, to weep a tear
For his decease; such sad extremities
Can make such men as I write elegies.

And wonder not : for when so great a loss
Falls on a nation, and they slight the cross,
God hath raised prophets to awaken them
From their dull lethargy ; witness my pen,
Not used to upbraid the world, though now it must
Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.

Dull age ! Oh, I would spare thee, but thou'rt worse :
Thou art not only dull, but hast a curse
Of black ingratitude ; if not, couldst thou
Part with this matchless man, and make no vow
For thee and thine successively to pay
Some sad remembrance to his dying day ?

Did his youth scatter poetry, wherein
Lay love's philosophy ? was every sin
Pictured in his sharp satires, made so foul,
That some have feared sin's shapes, and kept their soul
Safer by reading verse ; did he give days,
Past marble monuments, to those whose praise
He would perpetuate ? Did he—I fear
Envy will doubt—these at his twentieth year ?

But, more matured, did his rich soul conceive
And in harmonious holy numbers weave
A crown of sacred sonnets, fit t' adorn
A dying martyr's brow, or to be worn
On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
After she wiped Christ's feet, but not till then ;
Did he—fit for such penitents as she
And he to use—leave us a Litany,
Which all devout men love, and doubtless shall,
As times grow better, grow more classical ?
Did he write hymns, for piety and wit,
Equal to those great grave Prudentius writ ?
Spake he all languages ? Knew he all laws ?
The grounds and use of physic ; but, because
'Twas mercenary, waived it ? went to see
That happy place of Christ's nativity ?
Did he return and preach Him ? preach Him so,
As since St. Paul none ever did ? they know—

Those happy souls that heard him, know this truth.
 Did he confirm thy aged ? convert thy youth ?
 Did he these wonders ? and is his dear loss
 Mourned by so few ? few for so great a cross.

But sure the silent are ambitious all
 To be close mourners of his funeral.
 If not, in common pity they forbear
 By repetitions to renew our care : -
 Or knowing grief conceived and hid, consumes
 Man's life insensibly, as poison's fumes
 Corrupt the brain, take silence for the way
 T' enlarge the soul from these walls, mud and clay,
 Materials of this body, to remain
 With him in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
 Lessens those joys we have ; for with him all
 Are satisfied with joys essential.

Dwell on these joys, my thoughts ! Oh ! do not call
 Grief back, by thinking on his funeral.
 Forget he loved me : waste not my swift years,
 Which haste to David's seventy, filled with fears
 And sorrows for his death : forget his parts,
 'They find a living grave in good men's hearts :
 And, for my first is daily paid for sin,
 Forget to pay my second sigh for him :
 Forget his powerful preaching ; and forget
 I am his convert. Oh my frailty ! let
 My flesh be no more heard : it will obtrude
 This lethargy : so should my gratitude,
 My vows of gratitude should so be broke,
 Which can no more be, than his virtues, spoke
 By any but himself : for which cause, I
 Write no encomiums, but this elegy,
 Which as a freewill offering, I here give
 Fame and the world ; and parting with it, grieve
 I want abilities fit to set forth
 A monument, as matchless as his worth.

April 7, 1631.

Iz. WA.

LIFE OF SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SIR HENRY WOTTON, whose Life I now intend to write, was born in the year of our Redemption 1568, in Bocton Hall, commonly called Bocton, or Boughton Place, or Palace, in the parish of Bocton Malherbe, in the fruitful country of Kent. Bocton Hall, being an ancient and goodly structure, beautifying and being beautified by the parish church of Bocton Malherbe adjoining unto it, and both seated within a fair park of the Wottons, on the brow of such a hill as gives the advantage of a large prospect, and of equal pleasure to all beholders.

But this house and church are not remarkable for anything so much as for that the memorable family of the Wottons have so long inhabited the one, and now lie buried in the other, as appears by their many monuments in that church, the Wottons being a family that hath brought forth divers persons eminent for wisdom and valour, whose heroic acts and noble employments, both in England and in foreign parts, have adorned themselves and this nation, which they have served abroad faithfully in the discharge of their great trust, and prudently in their negotiations with several princes; and also served at home with much honour and justice, in their wise managing a great part of the public affairs thereof, in the various times both of war and peace.

But lest I should be thought by any, that may incline either to deny or doubt this truth, not to have observed moderation in the commendation of this family, and also for that I believe the merits and memory of such persons ought to be thankfully recorded, I shall offer to the consideration of every reader, out of the testimony of their pedigree and our chronicles, a part—and but a part—of that just commendation which might be from thence enlarged, and shall then leave the indifferent reader to judge whether my error be an excess or defect of commendations.

Sir Robert Wotton, of Bocton Malherbe, Knight, was born about the year of Christ 1460 : he, living in the reign of King Edward the Fourth, was by him trusted to be Lieutenant of Guisnes, to be Knight Porter, and Comptroller of Calais, where he died, and lies honourably buried.

Sir Edward Wotton, of Bocton Malherbe, Knight, son and heir of the said Sir Robert, was born in the year of Christ 1489, in the reign of King Henry the Seventh ; he was made Treasurer of Calais, and of the Privy Council to King Henry the Eighth, who offered him to be Lord Chancellor of England : but, saith Holinshed (in his “Chronicle”), out of a virtuous modesty he refused it.

Thomas Wotton, of Bocton Malherbe, Esquire, son and heir of the said Sir Edward, and the father of our Sir Henry that occasions this relation, was born in the year of Christ 1521. He was a gentleman excellently educated, and studious in all the liberal arts, in the knowledge whereof he attained unto a great perfection ; who, though he had, besides those abilities, a very noble and plentiful estate, and the ancient interest of his predecessors, many invitations from Queen Elizabeth to change his country

recreations and retirement for a Court offering him a knighthood—she was then with him at his Bocton Hall—and that to be but as an earnest of some more honourable and more profitable employment under her; yet he humbly refused both, being “a man of great modesty, of a most plain and single heart, of an ancient freedom, and integrity of mind.” A commendation which Sir Henry Wotton took occasion often to remember with great gladness, and thankfully to boast himself the son of such a father, from whom indeed he derived that noble ingenuity that was always practised by himself, and which he ever both commended and cherished in others. This Thomas was also remarkable for hospitality, a great lover and much beloved of his country; to which may justly be added, that he was a cherisher of learning, as appears by that excellent antiquary Mr. William Lambarde, in his “Perambulation of Kent.”

This Thomas had four sons—Sir Edward, Sir James, Sir John, and Sir Henry.

Sir Edward was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and made Comptroller of her Majesty's Household. “He was,” saith Camden, “a man remarkable for many and great employments in the State during her reign, and sent several times ambassadör into foreign nations. After her death, he was by King James made Comptroller of his Household, and called to be of his Privy Council, and by him advanced to be Lord Wotton, Baron of Merley in Kent, and made Lord-Lieutenant of that county.”

Sir James, the second son, may be numbered among the martial men of his age, who was, in the thirty-eighth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, with Robert, Earl of Sussex, Count Lodowick of Nassau, Don Christophoro, son of Antonio, King of Portugal, and divers other

gentlemen of nobleness and valour, knighted in the field near Cadiz in Spain, after they had gotten great honour and riches, besides a notable retaliation of injuries, by taking that town.

Sir John, being a gentleman excellently accomplished, both by learning and travel, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and by her looked upon with more than ordinary favour, and with intentions of preferment; but death in his younger years put a period to his growing hopes.

Of Sir Henry my following discourse shall give an account.

The descent of these fore-named Wottons was all in a direct line, and most of them and their actions in the memory of those with whom we have conversed; but if I had looked so far back as to Sir Nicholas Wotton, who lived in the reign of King Richard the Second, or before him upon divers others of great note in their several ages, I might by some be thought tedious; and yet others may more justly think me negligent if I omit to mention Nicholas Wotton, the fourth son of Sir Robert, whom I first named.

This Nicholas Wotton was Doctor of Law, and sometime Dean both of York and Canterbury; a man whom God did not only bless with a long life, but with great abilities of mind, and an inclination to employ them in the service of his country, as is testified by his several employments, having been sent nine times ambassador unto foreign princes (Camden in his "*Britannia*"); and by his being a Privy Councillor to King Henry the Eighth, to Edward the Sixth, to Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, who also, after he had been, during the wars between England, Scotland, and France, three several times and not unsuccessfully, employed in committees

for settling of peace betwixt this and those kingdoms, “died,” saith learned Camden, “full of commendations for wisdom and piety.” He was also, by the will of King Henry the Eighth, made one of his executors, and chief Secretary of State to his son, that pious prince, Edward the Sixth. Concerning which Nicholas Wotton I shall say but this little more: that he refused, being offered it by Queen Elizabeth, to be Archbishop of Canterbury (Holinshed), and that he died not rich, though he lived in that time of the dissolution of abbeys.

More might be added; but by this it may appear that Sir Henry Wotton was a branch of such a kindred as left a stock of reputation to their posterity: such reputation as might kindle a generous emulation in strangers, and preserve a noble ambition in those of his name and family to perform actions worthy of their ancestors.

And that Sir Henry Wotton did so, might appear more perfectly than my pen can express it, if of his many surviving friends, some one of higher parts and employments had been pleased to have commended his to posterity; but since some years are now past, and they have all—I know not why—forborne to do it, my gratitude to the memory of my dead friend, and the renewed request of some (Sir Edward Bysshe, Clarencieux King of Arms, Mr. Charles Cotton, and Mr. Nic. Oudert, sometime Sir Henry Wotton’s servant), that still live solicitous to see this duty performed; these have had a power to persuade me to undertake it, which truly I have not done but with distrust of mine own abilities; and yet so far from despair, that I am modestly confident my humble language shall be accepted, because I shall present all readers with a commixture of truth and Sir Henry Wotton’s merits.

This being premised, I proceed to tell the reader that

the father of Sir Henry Wotton was twice married ; first to Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir John Rudstone, Knight ; after whose death, though his inclination was averse to all contentions, yet necessitated he was to several suits in law, in the persecution whereof—which took up much of his time, and were the occasion of many discontents—he was by divers of his friends earnestly persuaded to a re-marriage ; to whom he as often answered, “ That if he ever did put on a resolution to marry, he was seriously resolved to avoid three sorts of persons—namely,

“ Those that had children ;

Those that had lawsuits ;

And those that were of his kindred.”

And yet, following his own lawsuits, he met in Westminster Hall with Mrs. Eleonora Morton, widow to Robert Morton, of Kent, Esquire, who was also engaged in several suits in law ; and he, observing her comportment at the time of hearing one of her causes before the judges, could not but at the same time both compassionate her condition and affect her person ; for the tears of lovers, or beauty dressed in sadness, are observed to have in them a charming eloquence, and to become very often too strong to be resisted : which I mention, because it proved so with this Thomas Wotton ; for, although there were in her a concurrence of all those accidents against which he had so seriously resolved, yet his affection to her grew then so strong, that he resolved to solicit her for a wife, and did, and obtained her.

By her, who was the daughter of Sir William Finch, of Eastwell, in Kent, he had only Henry his youngest son. His mother undertook to be tutoress unto him during much of his childhood ; for whose care and pains he paid her each day with such visible signs of future

perfection in learning as turned her employment into a pleasing trouble ; which she was content to continue till his father took him into his own particular care, and disposed of him to a tutor in his own house at Bocton.

And when time and diligent instruction had made him fit for a removal to a higher form, which was very early, he was sent to Winchester School ; a place of strict discipline and order, that so he might in his youth be moulded into a method of living by rule, which his wise father knew to be the most necessary way to make the future part of his life both happy to himself, and useful for the discharge of all business, whether public or private.

And that he might be confirmed in this regularity he was, at a fit age, removed from that school to be a commoner of New College in Oxford, both being founded by William Wickham, Bishop of Winchester.

There he continued till about the eighteenth year of his age, and was then transplanted into Queen's College, where, within that year, he was by the chief of that college persuasively enjoined to write a play for their private use : it was the tragedy of "Tancredo," which was so interwoven with sentences, and for the method and exact personating those humours, passions, and dispositions which he proposed to represent, so performed, that the gravest of that society declared he had, in a slight employment, given an early and a solid testimony of his future abilities. And though there may be some sour dispositions which may think this not worth a memorial, yet that wise knight, Baptista Guarini, whom learned Italy accounts one of her ornaments, thought it neither an uncomely nor an unprofitable employment for his age.

But I pass to what will be thought more serious,

About the twentieth year of his age he proceeded Master of Arts ; and at that time read in Latin three lectures *de Oculo* ; wherein he having described the form, the motion, the curious composure of the eye, and demonstrated how of those very many, every humour and nerve performs its distinct office, so as the God of Order hath appointed, without mixture or confusion, and all this to the advantage of man, to whom the eye is given, not only as the body's guide, but whereas all other of his senses require time to inform the soul, this in an instant apprehends and warns him of danger ; teaching him in the very eyes of others to discover wit, folly, love, and hatred. After he had made these observations, he fell to dispute this optic question, "Whether we see by the emission of the beams from within, or reception of the species from without?" And after that, and many other like learned disquisitions, he, in the conclusion of his lectures, took a fair occasion to beautify his discourse with a commendation of the blessing and benefit of "Seeing ; by which we do not only discover Nature's secrets, but, with a continued content—for the eye is never weary of seeing—behold the great light of the world, and by it discover the fabric of the heavens, and both the order and motion of the celestial orbs ; nay, that if the eye look but downward, it may rejoice to behold the bosom of the earth, our common mother, embroidered and adorned with numberless and various flowers, which man sees daily grow up to perfection, and then silently moralize his own condition, who, in a short time, like those very flowers, decays, withers, and quickly returns again to that earth from which both had their first being."

These were so exactly debated and so rhetorically heightened, as, among other admirers, caused that learned

Italian, Albericus Gentilis, then Professor of the Civil Law in Oxford, to call him “*Henrice mi Ocelle* ;” which dear expression of his was also used by divers of Sir Henry’s dearest friends, and by many other persons of note during his stay in the University.

But his stay there was not long, at least not so long as his friends once intended ; for the year after Sir Henry proceeded Master of Arts, his father—whom Sir Henry did never mention without this, or some like reverential expression, as, “*That good man, my father,*” or, “*My father, the best of men*”—about that time this good man changed this for a better life ; leaving to Sir Henry, as to his other younger sons, a rent-charge of a hundred marks a year, to be paid for ever out of some one of his manors, of a much greater value.

And here, though this good man be dead, yet I wish a circumstance or two that concerns him may not be buried without a relation, which I shall undertake to do ; for that I suppose they may so much concern the reader to know, that I may promise myself a pardon for a short digression.

In the year of our Redemption 1553, Nicholas Wotton, Dean of Canterbury, whom I formerly mentioned, being then ambassador in France, dreamed that his nephew, this Thomas Wotton, was inclined to be a party in such a project, as, if he were not suddenly prevented, would turn both to the loss of his life and ruin of his family.

Doubtless the good Dean did well know that common dreams are but a senseless paraphrase on our waking thoughts, or of the business of the day past, or are the result of our over-engaged affections, when we betake ourselves to rest, and knew that the observation of them may turn to silly superstitions, as they too often do. But,

though he might know all this, and might also believe that prophecies are ceased, yet doubtless he could not but consider that all dreams are not to be neglected or cast away without all consideration ; and did therefore rather lay this dream aside than intend totally to lose it ; and dreaming the same again the night following, when it became a double dream, like that of Pharaoh—of which double dreams the learned have made many observations—and considering that it had no dependence on his waking thoughts, much less on the desires of his heart, then he did more seriously consider it ; and remembered that Almighty God was pleased in a dream to reveal and to assure Monica, the mother of St. Austin, “That he, her son, for whom she wept so bitterly and prayed so much, should at last become a Christian.” (St. Austin’s “Confessions.”) This, I believe, the good Dean considered ; and considering also that Almighty God, though the causes of dreams be often unknown, hath even in these latter times also by a certain illumination of the soul in sleep, discovered many things that human wisdom could not foresee ; upon these considerations he resolved to use so prudent a remedy by way of prevention as might introduce no great inconvenience either to himself or to his nephew. And to that end he wrote to the Queen—’twas Queen Mary—and besought her “That she would cause his nephew, Thomas Wotton, to be sent for out of Kent ; and that the Lords of her Council might interrogate him in some such feigned questions as might give a colour for his commitment into a favourable prison ; declaring that he would acquaint her Majesty with the true reason of his request when he should next become so happy as to see and speak to her Majesty.”

It was done as the Dean desired, and in prison I must

leave Mr. Wotton till I have told the reader what followed.

At this time a marriage was concluded betwixt our Queen Mary and Philip King of Spain, and though this was concluded with the advice, if not by the persuasion, of her Privy Council, as having many probabilities of advantage to this nation, yet divers persons of a contrary persuasion did not only declare against it, but also raised forces to oppose it, believing, as they said, it would be a means to bring England to be under a subjection to Spain, and make those of this nation slaves to strangers.

And of this number Sir Thomas Wyat, of Boxley Abbey in Kent, betwixt whose family and the family of the Wottons there had been an ancient and entire friendship, was the principal actor, who, having persuaded many of the nobility and gentry, especially of Kent, to side with him, and he being defeated and taken prisoner, was legally arraigned and condemned, and lost his life; so did the Duke of Suffolk and divers others, especially many of the gentry of Kent, who were there in several places executed as Wyat's assistants.

And of this number in all probability had Mr. Wotton been, if he had not been confined; for though he could not be ignorant that "another man's treason makes it mine by concealing it," yet he durst confess to his uncle, when he returned to England, and then came to visit him in prison, "That he had more than an intimation of Wyat's intentions;" and though he had not continued actually innocent if his uncle had not so happily dreamed him into a prison, out of which place when he was delivered by the same hand that caused his commitment, they both considered the dream more seriously, and then both joined in praising God for it, "that God who ties Himself to no rules, either in preventing of evil, or in showing

of mercy to those whom of good pleasure He hath chosen to love."

And this dream was the more considerable, because that God, who in the days of old did use to speak to His people in visions, did seem to speak to many of this family in dreams, of which I will also give the reader one short particular of this Thomas Wotton, whose dreams did usually prove true, both in foretelling things to come and discovering things past, and the particular is this :— This Thomas, a little before his death, dreamed that the University treasury was robbed by townsmen and poor scholars and that the number was five, and being that day to write to his son Henry at Oxford, he thought it worth so much pains, as by a postscript in his letter to make a slight inquiry of it. The letter, which was writ out of Kent, and dated three days before, came to his son's hands the very morning after the night in which the robbery was committed ; and when the City and University were both in a perplexed inquest of the thieves, then did Sir Henry Wotton show his father's letter, and by it such light was given of this work of darkness, that the five guilty persons were presently discovered and apprehended, without putting the University to so much trouble as the casting of a figure.

And it may yet be more considerable that this Nicholas and Thomas Wotton should both, being men of holy lives, of even tempers, and much given to fasting and prayer, foresee and foretell the very days of their own death. Nicholas did so, being then seventy years of age and in perfect health. Thomas did the like in the sixty-fifth year of his age ; who being then in London, where he died, and foreseeing his death there, gave direction in what manner his body should be carried to Bocton ; and though he thought his uncle Nicholas worthy of that

noble monument which he built for him in the cathedral church of Canterbury, yet this humble man gave directions concerning himself to be buried privately, and especially without any pomp at his funeral. This is some account of this family, which seemed to be beloved of God.

But it may now seem more than time that I return to Sir Henry Wotton at Oxford, where after his Optic Lecture he was taken into such a bosom friendship with the learned Albericus Gentilis, whom I formerly named, that, if it had been possible, Gentilis would have breathed all his excellent knowledge, both of the mathematics and law, into the breast of his dear Harry, for so Gentilis used to call him ; and though he was not able to do that, yet there was in Sir Henry such a propensity and con-naturalness to the Italian language, and those studies whereof Gentilis was a great master, that the friendship between them did daily increase, and proved daily advantageous to Sir Henry, for the improvement of him in several sciences during his stay in the University.

From which place, before I shall invite the reader to follow him into a foreign nation, though I must omit to mention divers persons that were then in Oxford of memorable note for learning, and friends to Sir Henry Wotton, yet I must not omit the mention of a love that was there begun betwixt him and Dr. Donne, sometime Dean of St. Paul's ; a man of whose abilities I shall forbear to say anything, because he who is of this nation, and pretends to learning or ingenuity, and is ignorant of Dr. Donne, deserves not to know him. The friendship of these two I must not omit to mention, being such a friendship as was generously elemented ; and as it was begun in their youth, and in a university, and there maintained by correspondent inclinations and studies, so it lasted till age and death forced a separation.

In Oxford he stayed till about two years after his father's death, at which time he was about the twenty-second year of his age ; and having to his great wit added the ballast of learning and knowledge of the arts, he then laid aside his books, and betook himself to the useful library of travel, and a more general conversation with mankind, employing the remaining part of his youth, his industry, and fortune to adorn his mind, and to purchase the rich treasure of foreign knowledge, of which, both for the secrets of Nature, the dispositions of many nations, their several laws and languages, he was the possessor in a very large measure, as I shall faithfully make to appear before I take my pen from the following narration of his life.

In his travels, which was almost nine years before his return into England, he stayed but one year in France, and most of that in Geneva, where he became acquainted with Theodore Beza, then very aged, and with Isaac Casaubon, in whose house, if I be rightly informed, Sir Henry Wotton was lodged, and there contracted a most worthy friendship with that man of rare learning and ingenuity.

Three of the remaining eight years were spent in Germany, the other five in Italy, the stage on which God appointed he should act a great part of his life ; where, both in Rome, Venice and Florence, he became acquainted with the most eminent men for learning and all manner of arts, as picture, sculpture, chemistry, architecture, and other manual arts, even arts of inferior nature, of all which he was a most dear lover and a most excellent judge.

He returned out of Italy into England about the thirtieth year of his age, being then noted by many both for his person and comportment ; for indeed he was

of a choice shape, tall of stature, and of a most persuasive behaviour, which was so mixed with sweet discourse and civilities, as gained him much love from all persons with whom he entered into an acquaintance.

And whereas he was noted in his youth to have a sharp wit and apt to jest, that by time, travel and conversation was so polished and made so useful, that his company seemed to be one of the delights of mankind ; insomuch as Robert, Earl of Essex, then one of the darlings of fortune, and in greatest favour with Queen Elizabeth, invited him first into a friendship, and, after a knowledge of his great abilities, to be one of his secretaries, the other being Mr. Henry Cuffe, sometime of Merton College in Oxford, and there also the acquaintance of Sir Henry Wotton in his youth, Mr. Cuffe being then a man of no common note in the University for his learning ; nor after his removal from that place, for the great abilities of his mind, nor indeed for the fatalness of his end.

Sir Henry Wotton, being now taken into a serviceable friendship with the Earl of Essex, did personally attend his counsels and employments in two voyages at sea against the Spaniards, and also in that—which was the Earl's last—into Ireland, that voyage wherein he did then so much provoke the Queen to anger, and worse at his return into England, upon whose immovable favour the Earl had built such sandy hopes as encouraged him to those undertakings which, with the help of a contrary faction, suddenly caused his commitment to the Tower.

Sir Henry Wotton observing this, though he was not of that faction, for the Earl's followers were also divided into their several interests, which encouraged the Earl to those undertakings which proved so fatal to him and divers of his confederation, yet knowing treason to be so

comprehensive as to take in even circumstances, and out of them to much such positive conclusions as subtle statesmen shall project, either for their revenge or safety ; considering this, he thought prevention, by absence out of England, a better security than to stay in it, and there plead his innocency in a prison. Therefore did he, so soon as the Earl was apprehended, very quickly, and as privately, glide through Kent to Dover, without so much as looking toward his native and beloved Bocton, and was by the help of favourable winds and liberal payment of the mariners, within sixteen hours after his departure from London, set upon the French shore, where he heard shortly after that the Earl was arraigned, condemned, and beheaded, and that his friend Mr. Cuffe was hanged, and divers other persons of eminent quality executed.

The times did not look so favourably upon Sir Henry Wotton as to invite his return into England ; having therefore procured of Sir Edward Wotton, his elder brother, an assurance that his annuity should be paid him in Italy, thither he went, happily renewing his intermitted friendship and interest, and indeed his great content in a new conversation with his old acquaintance in that nation, and more particularly in Florence, which city is not more eminent for the great Duke's Court than for the great recourse of men of choicest note for learning and arts, in which number he there met with his old friend Signor Vietta, a gentleman of Venice, and then taken to be secretary to the great Duke of Tuscany.

After some stay in Florence, he went the fourth time to visit Rome, where, in the English College, he had very many friends ; their humanity made them really so, though they knew him to be a dissenter from many of their principles of religion, and having enjoyed their company, and satisfied himself concerning some curiosi-

ties that did partly occasion his journey thither, he returned back to Florence, where a most notable accident befell him ; an accident that did not only find new employment for his choice abilities, but did introduce him to a knowledge and interest with our King James, then King of Scotland, which I shall proceed to relate.

But first I am to tell the reader, that though Queen Elizabeth, or she and her council, were never willing to declare her successor, yet James, then King of the Scots, was confidently believed by most to be the man upon whom the sweet trouble of kingly government would be imposed, and the Queen declining very fast, both by age and visible infirmities, those that were of the Romish persuasion in point of religion, even Rome itself, and those of this nation, knowing that the death of the Queen and the establishing of her successor, were taken to be critical days for destroying or establishing the Protestant religion in this nation, did therefore improve all opportunities for preventing a Protestant prince to succeed her. And as the Pope's excommunication of Queen Elizabeth had, both by the judgment and practice of the Jesuited Papist, exposed her to be warrantably destroyed, so, if we may believe an angry adversary, a secular priest (William Watson), against a Jesuit, you may believe that about that time there were many endeavours, first to excommunicate, and then to shorten the life of King James.

Immediately after Sir Henry Wotton's return from Rome to Florence, which was about a year before the death of Queen Elizabeth, Ferdinand, the great Duke of Florence, had intercepted certain letters that discovered a design to take away the life of James, the then King of Scots. The duke, abhorring this fact, and resolving to endeavour a prevention of it, advised with his secretary

Vietta by what means a caution might be best given to that king ; and after consideration it was resolved to be done by Sir Henry Wotton, whom Vietta first commended to the duke, and the duke had noted and approved of above all the English that frequented his Court.

Sir Henry was gladly called by his friend Vietta to the duke, who, after much profession of trust and friendship, acquainted him with the secret ; and, being well instructed, despatched him into Scotland with letters to the king, and with those letters such Italian antidotes against poison as the Scots till then had been strangers to.

Having parted from the duke, he took up the name and language of an Italian ; and thinking it best to avoid the line of English intelligence and danger, he posted into Norway, and through that country towards Scotland, where he found the king at Stirling. Being there, he used means, by Bernard Lindsey, one of the king's bed-chamber, to procure him a speedy and private conference with his Majesty, assuring him, "That the business which he was to negotiate was of such consequence as had caused the great Duke of Tuscany to enjoin him suddenly to leave his native country of Italy to impart it to his king."

This being by Bernard Lindsey made known to the king, the king, after a little wonder, mixed with jealousy, to hear of an Italian ambassador or messenger, required his name, which was said to be Octavio Baldi, and appointed him to be heard privately at a fixed hour that evening.

When Octavio Baldi came to the presence-chamber door, he was requested to lay aside his long rapier, which, Italian like, he then wore ; and being entered the chamber, he found there with the king three or four Scotch lords, standing distant in several corners of the

chamber, at the sight of whom he made a stand ; which the king observing, “bade him be bold and deliver his message, for he would undertake for the secrecy of all that were present.” Then did Octavio Baldi deliver his letters and his message to the king in Italian ; which, when the king had graciously received, after a little pause, Octavio Baldi steps to the table, and whispers to the king in his own language that he was an Englishman, beseeching him for a more private conference with his Majesty, and that he might be concealed during his stay in that nation ; which was promised and really performed by the king during all his abode there, which was about three months ; all which time was spent with much pleasantness to the king, and with as much to Octavio Baldi himself, as that country could afford, from which he departed as true an Italian as he came thither.

To the duke at Florence he returned with a fair and grateful account of his employment ; and within some few months after his return there came certain news to Florence that Queen Elizabeth was dead, and James, King of the Scots, proclaimed King of England. The duke knowing travel and business to be the best schools of wisdom, and that Sir Henry Wotton had been tutored in both, advised him to return presently to England, and there joy the king with his new and better title, and wait there upon fortune for a better employment.

When King James came into England, he found, amongst other of the late Queen’s officers, Sir Edward, who was after Lord Wotton, Comptroller of the House, of whom he demanded, “if he knew one Henry Wotton that had spent much time in foreign travel ?” The lord replied he knew him well, and that he was his brother. Then the king, asking where he then was, was answered at Venice or Florence ; but by late letters from

thence he understood he would suddenly be at Paris. "Send for him," said the king, "and when he shall come into England, bid him repair privately to me." The Lord Wotton, after a little wonder, asked the king, "If he knew him?" To which the king answered, "You must rest unsatisfied of that till you bring the gentleman to me."

Not many months after this discourse, the Lord Wotton brought his brother to attend the king, who took him in his arms and bade him welcome by the name of Octavio Baldi, saying he was the most honest and therefore the best dissembler that ever he met with, and said, "Seeing I know you neither want learning, travel, nor experience, and that I have had so real a testimony of your faithfulness and abilities to manage an ambassage, I have sent for you to declare my purpose, which is to make use of you in that kind hereafter." And indeed the king did so, most of those two-and-twenty years of his reign; but before he dismissed Octavio Baldi from his present attendance upon him, he restored him to his old name of Henry Wotton, by which he then knighted him.

Not long after this, the king having resolved, according to his motto, "*Beati pacifici*," to have a friendship with his neighbour kingdoms of France and Spain, and also, for divers weighty reasons, to enter into an alliance with the State of Venice, and to that end to send ambassadors to those several places, did propose the choice of these employments to Sir Henry Wotton; who, considering the smallness of his own estate, which he never took care to augment, and knowing the Courts of great princes to be sumptuous and necessarily expensive, inclined most to that of Venice, as being a place of more retirement, and best suiting with his

genius, who did ever love to join with business, study and a trial of natural experiments ; for both which fruitful Italy, that darling of Nature, and cherisher of all arts, is so justly famed in all parts of the Christian world.

Sir Henry having, after some short time and consideration, resolved upon Venice, and a large allowance being appointed by the king for his voyage thither, and a settled maintenance during his stay there, he left England, nobly accompanied through France to Venice by gentlemen of the best families and breeding that this nation afforded : they were too many to name, but these two, for the following reasons, may not be omitted : Sir Albertus Morton, his nephew, who went his secretary, and William Bedel, a man of choice learning and sanctified wisdom, who went his chaplain.

And though his dear friend Dr. Donne, then a private gentleman, was not one of the number that did personally accompany him in this voyage, yet the reading of this following letter, sent by him to Sir Henry Wotton the morning before he left England, may testify he wanted not his friend's best wishes to attend him.

“ SIR,—

“ After those reverend papers, whose soul is
Our good and great king's loved hand and feared name,
By which to you he derives much of his,
And, how he may, makes you almost the same :

“ A taper of his torch ; a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling sun, though it
Must in another sphere his virtue stream :

“ After those learned papers, which your hand
Hath stored with notes of use and pleasure too :
From which rich treasury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or do :

"After those loving papers which friends send
With glad grief to your seaward steps farewell,
And thicken on you now as prayers ascend
To heaven on troops at a good man's passing bell :

"Admit this honest paper, and allow
It such an audience as yourself would ask ;
What you would say at Venice, this says now,
And has for nature what you have for task.

"To swear much love : nor to be changed before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit :
Nor shall I then honour your fortune more
Than I have done your honour wanting wit.

"But 'tis an easier load, though both oppress,
To want, than govern greatness ; for we are
In that, our own and only business :
In this, we must for others' vices care.

"'Tis therefore well your spirits now are placed
In their last furnace, in activity,
Which fits them ; schools, and courts, and wars o'erpast
To touch and taste in any best degree.

"For me ! if there be such a thing as I,
Fortune, if there be such a thing as she,
Finds that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

"But though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here :
And, to send you what I shall beg, His stairs
In length and ease are alike everywhere.

"J. DONNE."

Sir Henry Wotton was received by the State of Venice with much honour and gladness, both for that he delivered his ambassage most elegantly in the Italian language, and came also in such a juncture of time as his master's friendship seemed useful for that Republic. The time of

his coming thither was about the year 1604, Leonardo Donato being then Duke, a wise and resolved man, and to all purposes such—Sir Henry Wotton would often say it as the State of Venice could not then have wanted, there having been formerly, in the time of Pope Clement the Eighth, some contests about the privileges of churchmen, and the power of the civil magistrates; of which, for the information of common readers, I shall say a little, because it may give light to some passages that follow.

About the year 1603. the Republic of Venice made several injunctions against lay persons giving lands or goods to the Church without license from the civil magistrate; and in that inhibition they expressed their reasons to be, "For that when any goods or land once came into the hands of the ecclesiastics it was not subject to alienation, by reason whereof, the lay people being at their death charitable even to excess, the clergy grew every day more numerous, and pretended an exemption from all public service and taxes, and from all secular judgment, so that the burden grew thereby too heavy to be borne by the laity."

Another occasion of difference was, that about this time complaints were justly made by the Venetians against two clergymen, the Abbot of Nervesa and a Canon of Vicenza, for committing such sins as I think not fit to name; nor are these mentioned with an intent to fix a scandal upon any calling, for holiness is not tied to ecclesiastical orders, and Italy is observed to breed the most virtuous and most vicious men of any nation. These two having been long complained of at Rome in the name of the State of Venice, and no satisfaction being given to the Venetians, they seized the persons of this abbot and canon, and committed them to prison.

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till a report was blown abroad that the Venetians were all turned Protestants, which was believed by many ; for that it was observed that the English ambassador was so often in conference with the Senate, and his chaplain, Mr. Bedel, more often with Father Paul, whom the people did not take to be his friend ; and also, for that the Republic of Venice was known to give commission to Gregory Justiniano, then their ambassador in England, to make all these proceedings known to the King of England, and to crave a promise of his assistance if need should require, and in the meantime they required the king's advice and judgment ; which was the same that he gave to Pope Clement, at his first coming to the crown of England ; that Pope then moving him to a union with the Roman Church ; namely, " To endeavour the calling of a free Council for the settlement of peace in Christendom ; and that he doubted not but that the French king, and divers other princes, would join to assist in so good a work ; and, in the meantime, the sin of this breach, both with his and the Venetian dominions, must of necessity lie at the Pope's door."

In this contention, which lasted almost two years, the Pope grew still higher, and the Venetians more and more resolved and careless ; still acquainting King James with their proceedings, which was done by the help of Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Bedel, and Padre Paulo, whom the Venetians did then call to be one of their consulters of State, and with his pen to defend their just cause ; which was by him so performed that the Pope saw plainly he had weakened his power by exceeding it, and offered the Venetians absolution upon very easy terms, which the Venetians still slighting, did at last obtain by that which was scarce so much as a show of acknowledging it : for they made an order that in that day in which they

were absolved there should be no public rejoicing, nor any bonfires that night, lest the common people might judge that they desired an absolution, or were absolved for committing a fault.

These contests were the occasion of Padre Paulo's knowledge and interest with King James; for whose sake principally, Padre Paulo compiled that eminent history of the remarkable Council of Trent; which history was, as fast as it was written, sent in several sheets in letters by Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Bedel, and others, unto King James, and the then Bishop of Canterbury, into England, and there first made public, both in English and the universal language.

For eight years after Sir Henry Wotton's going into Italy, he stood fair and highly valued in the king's opinion; but at last became much clouded by an accident, which I shall proceed to relate.

At his first going ambassador into Italy, as he passed through Germany, he stayed some days at Augusta, where, having been in his former travels well known by many of the best note for learning and ingeniousness, those that are esteemed the virtuosi of that nation, with whom he passing an evening in merriments, was requested by Christopher Flecamore to write some sentence in his albo—a book of white paper, which for that purpose many of the German gentry usually carry about them—and Sir Henry Wotton consenting to the motion, took an occasion, from some accidental discourse of the present company, to write a pleasant definition of an ambassador in these very words:

“*Legatus est vir bonus, peregrè missus ad mentiendum Reipublicæ causâ.*”

Which Sir Henry Wotton could have been content should have been thus Englished:

“An ambassador is an honest man, sent to lie abroad for the good of his country.”

But the word for lie, being the hinge upon which the conceit was to turn, was not so expressed in Latin as would admit, in the hands of an enemy especially, so fair a construction as Sir Henry thought in English. Yet, as it was, it slept quietly among other sentences in this albo almost eight years, till by accident it fell into the hands of Jasper Scioppius, a Romanist, a man of a restless spirit and a malicious pen, who, with books against King James, prints this as a principle of that religion professed by the king and his ambassador Sir Henry Wotton, then at Venice; and in Venice it was presently after written in several glass windows, and spitefully declared to be Sir Henry Wotton's.

This coming to the knowledge of King James, he apprehended it to be such an oversight, such a weakness, or worse, in Sir Henry Wotton, as caused the king to express much wrath against him; and this caused Sir Henry Wotton to write two apologies: one to Velserus, one of the chiefs of Augusta, in the universal language, which he caused to be printed, and given and scattered in the most remarkable places both of Germany and Italy, as an antidote against the venomous books of Scioppius; and another apology to King James, which were both so ingenious, so clear, and so choicely eloquent, that his Majesty, who was a pure judge of it, could not forbear, at the receipt thereof, to declare publicly, “That Sir Henry Wotton had commuted sufficiently for a greater offence.”

And now, as broken bones well set become stronger, so Sir Henry Wotton did not only recover, but was much more confirmed in his Majesty's estimation and favour than formerly he had been.

And, as that man of great wit and useful fancy, his friend Dr. Donne, gave in a will of his—a will of conceits—his reputation to his friends, and his industry to his foes, because from thence he received both, so those friends, that in this time of trial laboured to excuse this facetious freedom of Sir Henry Wotton's, were to him more dear and by him more highly valued ; and those acquaintance that urged this as an advantage against him, caused him by this error to grow both more wise, and, which is the best fruit error can bring forth, for the future to become more industriously watchful over his tongue and pen.

I have told you a part of his employment in Italy, where notwithstanding the death of his favourer, the Duke Leonardo Donato, who had an undissembled affection for him, and the malicious accusation of Sciopius, yet his interest, as though it had been an entailed love, was still found to live and increase in all the succeeding dukes during his employment to that State, which was almost twenty years ; all which time he studied the dispositions of those dukes, and the other consulters of State, well knowing that he who negotiates a continued business and neglects the study of dispositions, usually fails in his proposed ends. But in this Sir Henry Wotton did not fail ; for, by a fine sorting of fit presents, curious and not costly entertainments, always sweetened by various and pleasant discourse, with which, and his choice application of stories, and his elegant delivery of all these, even in their Italian language, he first got, and still preserved, such interest in the State of Venice, that it was observed, such was either his merit or his modesty, they never denied him any request.

But all this shows but his abilities and his fitness for that employment : it will therefore be needful to tell the

reader what use he made of the interest which these procured him ; and that indeed was rather to oblige others than to enrich himself : he still endeavouring that the reputation of the English might be maintained both in the German Empire and in Italy, where many gentlemen, whom travel had invited into that nation, received from him cheerful entertainments, advice for their behaviour, and, by his interest, shelter or deliverance from those accidental storms of adversity which usually attend upon travel.

And because these things may appear to the reader to be but generals, I shall acquaint him with two particular examples : one of his merciful disposition, and one of the nobleness of his mind, which shall follow.

There had been many English soldiers brought by commanders of their own country to serve the Venetians for pay against the Turk, and those English having, by irregularities or improvidence, brought themselves into several galleys and prisons, Sir Henry Wotton became a petitioner to that State for their lives and enlargement, and his request was granted ; so that those, which were many hundreds, and there made the sad examples of human misery, by hard imprisonment and unpitied poverty in a strange nation, were by his means released, relieved, and in a comfortable condition sent to thank God and him for their lives and liberty in their own country.

And this I have observed as one testimony of the compassionate nature of him who was, during his stay in those parts, as a city of refuge for the distressed of this and other nations.

And for that which I offer as a testimony of the nobleness of his mind, I shall make way to the reader's clearer understanding of it by telling him, that beside several

other foreign employments, Sir Henry Wotton was sent thrice ambassador to the Republic of Venice. And at his last going thither, he was employed ambassador to several of the German princes, and more particularly to the Emperor Ferdinando the Second, and that his employment to him, and those princes, was to incline them to equitable conditions for the restoration of the Queen of Bohemia and her descendants to their patrimonial inheritance of the Palatinate.

This was, by his eight months' constant endeavours and attendance upon the Emperor, his court and council, brought to a probability of a successful conclusion without bloodshed. But there were at that time two opposite armies in the field, and as they were treating there was a battle fought, in the managery whereof there were so many miserable errors on the one side (so Sir Henry Wotton expresses it in a despatch to the king), and so advantageous events to the Emperor, as put an end to all present hopes of a successful treaty, so that Sir Henry, seeing the face of peace altered by that victory, prepared for a removal from that Court, and, at his departure from the Emperor, was so bold as to remember him, "That the events of every battle move on the unseen wheels of fortune, which are this moment up, and down the next; and therefore humbly advised him to use his victory so soberly as still to put on the thoughts of peace." Which advice, though it seemed to be spoken with some passion, his dear mistress the Queen of Bohemia being concerned in it, was yet taken in good part by the Emperor, who replied, "That he would consider his advice. And though he looked on the king his master as an abettor of his enemy the Palsgrave, yet for Sir Henry himself his behaviour had been such during the manage of the treaty, that he took him to be a person of

much honour and merit, and did therefore desire him to accept of that jewel as a testimony of his good opinion of him ;” which was a jewel of diamonds of more value than a thousand pounds.

The jewel was received with all outward circumstances and terms of honour by Sir Henry Wotton. But the next morning, at his departing from Vienna, he, at his taking leave of the Countess of Sabrina—an Italian lady in whose house the Emperor had appointed him to be lodged and honourably entertained—acknowledged her merits, and besought her to accept of that jewel as a testimony of his gratitude for her civilities, presenting her with the same that was given him by the Emperor ; which being suddenly discovered, and told to the Emperor, was by him taken for a high affront, and Sir Henry Wotton told so by a messenger. To which he replied, “That though he received it with thankfulness, yet he found in himself an indisposition to be the better for any gift that came from an enemy to his royal mistress, the Queen of Bohemia,” for so she was pleased he should always call her. Many other of his services to his prince and this nation might be insisted upon, as, namely, his procurations of privileges and courtesies with the German princes and the Republic of Venice for the English merchants, and what he did by direction of King James with the Venetian State, concerning the Bishop of Spalato’s return to the Church of Rome. But for the particulars of these, and many more that I meant to make known, I want a view of some papers that might inform me, his late Majesty’s letter-office having now suffered a strange alienation ; and indeed I want time too ; for the printer’s press stays for what is written : so that I must hasten to bring Sir Henry Wotton in an instant from Venice to London, leaving the reader to

make up what is defective in this place, by the small supplement of the inscription under his arms, which he left at all those houses where he rested or lodged, when he returned from his last embassy into England :—

“*Henricus Wottonius Anglo-Cantianus, Thomæ optimi viri filius natus minimus, a Serenissimo Jacobo I. Mag. Brit. Rege, in equestrem titulum adscitus, ejusdemque ter ad Rempublicam Venetam Legatus Ordinarius, semel ad Confœderatarum Provinciarum Ordines in Juliacensi negotio. Bis ad Carolum Emanuel, Sabaudia Ducem; semel ad Unitos Superioris Germaniæ Principes in Conventu Heilbrunensi, postremò ad Archiducem Leopoldum, Ducem Wittembergensem, Civitates Imperiales, Argentinam, Ulmamque, et ipsum Romanorum Imperatorem Ferdinandum Secundum, Legatus Extraordinarius, tandem hoc didicit,*

“*Animas fieri sapientiores quiescendo.*”

To London he came the year before King James died; who, having for the reward of his foreign service, promised him the reversion of an office which was fit to be turned into present money, which he wanted for a supply of his present necessities; and also granted him the reversion of the Master of the Rolls place if he out-lived charitable Sir Julius Cæsar, who then possessed it, and then grown so old that he was said to be kept alive beyond nature's course by the prayers of those many poor which he daily relieved.

But these were but in hope, and his condition required a present support, for in the beginning of these employments he sold to his elder brother, the Lord Wotton, the rent-charge left by his good father; and, which is worse, was now at his return indebted to several persons, whom he was not able to satisfy but by the king's payment of

his arrears due for his foreign employments. He had brought into England many servants, of which some were German and Italian artists ; this was part of his condition, who had many times hardly sufficient to supply the occasions of the day ; for it may by no means be said of his providence, as himself said of Sir Philip Sydney's wit, "That it was the very measure of congruity," he being always so careless of money, as though our Saviour's words, "Care not for to-morrow," were to be literally understood.

But it pleased the God of providence, that in this juncture of time, the provostship of his Majesty's College of Eton became void by the death of Mr. Thomas Murray, for which there were, as the place deserved, many earnest and powerful suitors to the king. And Sir Henry, who had for many years, like Sisyphus, rolled the restless stone of a State employment, knowing experimentally that the great blessing of sweet content was not to be found in multitudes of men or business, and that a college was the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts, and to afford rest both to his body and mind, which his age, being now almost threescore years, seemed to require, did therefore use his own and the interest of all his friends to procure that place. By which means, and quitting the king of his promised reversionary offices, and a piece of honest policy which I have not time to relate, he got a grant of it from his Majesty.

And this was a fair satisfaction to his mind, but money was wanting to furnish him with those necessaries which attend removes and a settlement in such a place ; and, to procure that, he wrote to his old friend Mr. Nicholas Pey for his assistance. Of which Nicholas Pey I shall here say a little for the clearing of some passages that I shall mention hereafter.

He was in his youth a clerk, or in some such way a

servant to the Lord Wotton, Sir Henry's brother, and by him, when he was Comptroller of the King's Household, was made a great officer in his Majesty's house. This and other favours being conferred upon Mr. Pey, in whom there was a radical honesty, were always thankfully acknowledged by him, and his gratitude expressed by a willing and unwearied serviceableness to that family even till his death. To him Sir Henry Wotton wrote to use all his interest at Court to procure five hundred pounds of his arrears, for less would not settle him in the college, and the want of such a sum "wrinkled his face with care;" 'twas his own expression, and that money being procured, he should the next day after find him in his college, and "*invidiæ remedium*" writ over his study door.

This money being part of his arrears, was by his own and the help of honest Nicholas Pey's interest in Court, quickly procured him and he as quickly in the college; the place where indeed his happiness then seemed to have its beginning, the college being to his mind as a quiet harbour to a seafaring man after a tempestuous voyage, where, by the bounty of the pious founder, his very food and raiment were plentifully provided for him in kind, and more money than enough, where he was freed from all corroding cares, and seated on such a rock as the waves of want could not probably shake, where he might sit in a calm, and, looking down, behold the busy multitude turmoiled and, tossed in a tempestuous sea of trouble and dangers; and, as Sir William Davenant has happily expressed the like of another person—

"Laugh at the graver business of the State,
Which speaks men rather wise than fortunate."

Being thus settled according to the desires of his heart,

his first study was the statutes of the college, by which he conceived himself bound to enter into Holy Orders, which he did, being made deacon with all convenient speed. Shortly after which time, as he came in his surplice from the church service, an old friend, a person of quality, met him so attired, and joyed him of his new habit. To whom Sir Henry Wotton replied, "I thank God and the king, by whose goodness I am now in this condition, a condition which that Emperor Charles the Fifth seemed to approve, who, after so many remarkable victories, when his glory was great in the eyes of all men, freely gave up his crown and the many cares that attended it, to Philip his son, making a holy retreat to a cloisteral life, where he might, by devout meditations, consult with God, which the rich or busy men seldom do, and have leisure both to examine the errors of his life past, and prepare for that great day wherein all flesh must make an account of their actions ; and after a kind of tempestuous life, I now have the like advantage from Him ' that makes the outgoings of the morning to praise Him,' even from my God, whom I daily magnify for this particular mercy of an exemption from business, a quiet mind and a liberal maintenance, even in this part of my life, when my age and infirmities seem to sound me a retreat from the pleasures of this world, and invite me to contemplation, in which I have ever taken the greatest felicity."

And now to speak a little of the employment of his time in the college. After his customary public devotions, his use was to retire into his study, and there to spend some hours in reading the Bible and authors in divinity, closing up his meditations with private prayer ; this was for the most part his employment in the forenoon. But when he was once set to dinner, then nothing

but cheerful thoughts possessed his mind, and those still increased by constant company at his table of such persons as brought thither additions both of learning and pleasure; but some part of most days was usually spent in philosophical conclusions. Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of angling, which he would usually call "his idle time not idly spent," saying often, "he would rather live five May months than forty Decembers."

He was a great lover of his neighbours, and a bountiful entertainer of them very often at his table, where his meat was choice, and his discourse better.

He was a constant cherisher of all those youths in that school in whom he found either a constant diligence or a genius that prompted them to learning; for whose encouragement he was, beside many other things of necessity and beauty, at the charge of setting up in it two rows of pillars, on which he caused to be choicely drawn the pictures of divers of the most famous Greek and Latin historians, poets and orators, persuading them not to neglect rhetoric, because, "Almighty God has left mankind affections to be wrought upon." And he would often say, "That none despised eloquence but such dull souls as were not capable of it." He would also often make choice of some observations out of those historians and poets; and would never leave the school without dropping some choice Greek or Latin apophthegm or sentence, that might be worthy of a room in the memory of a growing scholar.

He was pleased constantly to breed up one or more hopeful youths, which he picked out of the school, and took into his own domestic care, and to attend him at his meals; out of whose discourse and behaviour he gathered observations for the better completing of his intended work of education: of which, by his still striving

to make the whole better, he lived to leave but part to posterity.

He was a great enemy to wrangling disputes of religion ; concerning which I shall say a little, both to testify that, and to show the readiness of his wit.

Having at his being in Rome made acquaintance with a pleasant priest, who invited him one evening to hear their vesper music at church ; the priest seeing Sir Henry stand obscurely in a corner, sends to him by a boy of the choir this question, writ on a small piece of paper : “ Where was your religion to be found before Luther ? ” To which question Sir Henry presently underwrit, “ My religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now, in the written Word of God.”

The next vesper, Sir Henry went purposely to the same church, and sent one of the choir boys with this question to his honest, pleasant friend, the priest : “ Do you believe all those many thousands of poor Christians were damned that were excommunicated because the Pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power—even those poor Christians that knew not why they quarrelled ? Speak your conscience.” To which he underwrit in French, “ Monsieur, excusez-moi.”

To one that asked him, “ Whether a Papist may be saved ? ” he replied, “ You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself.”

To another, whose earnestness exceeded his knowledge, and was still railing against the Papists, he gave this advice : “ Pray, sir, forbear till you have studied the points better : for the wise Italians have this proverb : ‘ He that understands amiss concludes worse.’ And take heed of thinking, the farther you go from the Church of Rome the nearer you are to God.”

And to another that spake indiscreet and bitter words against Arminius, I heard him reply to this purpose :

“In my travel towards Venice, as I passed through Germany, I rested almost a year at Leyden, where I entered into an acquaintance with Arminius, then the Professor of Divinity in that University, a man much talked of in this age, which is made up of opposition and controversy. And indeed, if I mistake not Arminius in his expressions—as so weak a brain as mine is may easily do—then I know I differ from him in some points ; yet I profess my judgment of him to be, that he was a man of most rare learning, and I knew him to be of a most strict life, and of a most meek spirit. And that he was so mild appears by his proposals to our Master Perkins of Cambridge, from whose book ‘Of the Order and Causes of Salvation,’ which first was writ in Latin, Arminius took the occasion of writing some queries to him concerning the consequents of his doctrine ; intending them, ’tis said, to come privately to Mr. Perkins’ own hands, and to receive from him a like private and a like loving answer. But Mr. Perkins died before those queries came to him, and ’tis thought Arminius meant them to die with him ; for though he lived long after, I have heard he forbore to publish them : but since his death his sons did not. And ’tis pity, if God had been so pleased, that Mr. Perkins did not live to see, consider, and answer those proposals himself ; for he was also of a most meek spirit, and of great and sanctified learning. And though, since their deaths, many of high parts and piety have undertaken to clear the controversy, yet for the most part they have rather satisfied themselves than convinced the dissenting party. And, doubtless, many middle-witted men, which yet may mean well, many scholars that are in the highest form for learning, which

yet may preach well, men that are but preachers, and shall never know, till they come to heaven, where the questions stick betwixt Arminius and the Church of England—if there be any—will yet in this world be tampering with, and thereby perplexing the controversy, and do therefore justly fall under the rebuke of St. Jude, for being busybodies, and for meddling with things they understand not.”

And here it offers itself, I think not unfitly, to tell the reader, that a friend of Sir Henry Wotton's being designed for the employment of an ambassador, came to Eton, and requested from him some experimental rules for his prudent and safe carriage in his negotiations, to whom he smilingly gave this for an infallible aphorism: “That to be in safety himself and serviceable to his country, he should always and upon all occasions speak the truth”—it seems a State paradox—“for,” says Sir Henry Wotton, “you shall never be believed, and by this means your truth will secure yourself, if you shall ever be called to any account, and it will also put your adversaries, who will still hunt counter, to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings.”

Many more of this nature might be observed, but they must be laid aside ; for I shall here make a little stop and invite the reader to look back with me whilst, according to my promise, I shall say a little of Sir Albertus Morton and Mr. William Bedel, whom I formerly mentioned.

I have told you that are my reader, that at Sir Henry Wotton's first going ambassador into Italy, his cousin Sir Albertus Morton went his secretary ; and I am next to tell you that Sir Albertus died Secretary of State to our late king, but cannot, am not able to express the sorrow that possessed Sir Henry Wotton, at his first hearing the news that Sir Albertus was by death lost to him and this

world. And yet the reader may partly guess by these following expressions ; the first in a letter to his Nicholas Pey, of which this that followeth is a part :—

“ And, my dear Nich., when I had been here almost a fortnight in the midst of my great contentment, I received notice of Sir Albertus Morton his departure out of this world, who was dearer to me than mine own being in it ; what a wound it is to my heart, you that knew him and know me will easily believe ; but our Creator’s will must be done and unrepiningly received by His own creatures, who is the Lord of all Nature and of all fortune, when He taketh to Himself now one and then another, till that expected day wherein it shall please Him to dissolve the whole, and wrap up even the heaven itself as a scroll of parchment. This is the last philosophy that we must study upon earth, let us therefore, that yet remain here, as our days and friends waste, reinforce our love to each other, which of all virtues, both spiritual and moral, hath the highest privilege, because death itself cannot end it. And my good Nich.,” &c.

This is a part of his sorrow thus expressed to his Nich. Pey ; the other part is in this following Elegy, of which the reader may safely conclude it was too hearty to be dissembled :—

TEARS

WEPT AT THE GRAVE OF SIR ALBERTUS MORTON,
BY HENRY WOTTON.

“ Silence, in truth, would speak my sorrow best,
For deepest wounds can least their feeling tell :
Yet, let me borrow from mine own unrest
A time to bid him, whom I loved, farewell.

“ Oh, my unhappy lines ! you that before
Have served my youth to vent some wanton cries,
And now, congealed with grief, can scarce implore
Strength to accent, ‘ Here my Albertus lies.’

" This is that sable stone, this is the cave
 And womb of earth, that doth his corse embrace :
 While others sing his praise, let me engrave
 These bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

" Here will I paint the characters of woe ;
 Here will I pay my tribute to the dead ;
 And here my faithful tears in showers shall flow,
 To humanize the flints on which I tread.

" Where, though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
 And none between my weakness judge and me ;
 Yet even these pensive walls allow my moan,
 Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

" But is he gone ? and live I rhyming here,
 As if some Muse would listen to my lay ?
 When all distuned sit waiting for their dear,
 And bathe the banks where he was wont to play.

" Dwell then in endless bliss with happy souls,
 Discharged from Nature's and from Fortune's trust :
 Whilst on this fluid globe my hour-glass rolls,
 And runs the rest of my remaining dust.

" H. W."

This concerning his Sir Albertus Morton.

And for what I shall say concerning Mr. William Bedel, I must prepare the reader by telling him that, when King James sent Sir Henry Wotton ambassador to the State of Venice, he sent also an ambassador to the King of France, and another to the King of Spain. With the ambassador of France went Joseph Hall, late Bishop of Norwich, whose many and useful works speak his great merit ; with the ambassador to Spain went James Wadsworth, and with Sir Henry Wotton went William Bedel.

These three chaplains to these three ambassadors were all bred in one university, all of one college (Emmanuel College in Cambridge), all beneficed in one diocese, and

all most dear and entire friends. But in Spain Mr. Wadsworth met with temptations or reasons such as were so powerful as to persuade him—who of the three was formerly observed to be the most averse to that religion that calls itself Catholic—to disclaim himself a member of the Church of England, and to declare himself for the Church of Rome, discharging himself of his attendance on the ambassador and betaking himself to a monasterial life, in which he lived very regularly and so died.

When Dr. Hall, the late Bishop of Norwich, came into England, he wrote to Mr. Wadsworth—it is the first Epistle in his printed “Decades”—to persuade his return or to show the reason of his apostasy. The letter seemed to have in it many sweet expressions of love; and yet there was in it some expression that was so unpleasant to Mr. Wadsworth, that he chose rather to acquaint his old friend Mr. Bedel with his motives, by which means there passed betwixt Mr. Bedel and Mr. Wadsworth divers letters which be extant in print, and did well deserve it; for in them there seems to be a controversy, not of religion only, but who should answer each other with most love and meekness; which I mention the rather, because it too seldom falls out to be so in a book-war.

There is yet a little more to be said of Mr. Bedel, for the greater part of which the reader is referred to this following letter of Sir Henry Wotton’s, written to our late King Charles the First:—

“May it please your most Gracious Majesty,

“Having been informed that certain persons have, by the good wishes of the Archbishop of Armagh, been directed hither, with a most humble petition unto your Majesty that you will be pleased to make Mr. William

Bedel, now resident upon a small benefice in Suffolk, governor of your college at Dublin, for the good of that society; and myself being required to render unto your Majesty some testimony of the said William Bedel, who was long my chaplain at Venice, in the time of my first employment there, I am bound in all conscience and truth—so far as your Majesty will vouchsafe to accept my poor judgment—to affirm of him, that I think hardly a fitter man for that charge could have been propounded unto your Majesty in your whole kingdom, for singular erudition and piety, conformity to the rites of the Church, and zeal to advance the cause of God, wherein his travails abroad were not obscure in the time of the excommunication of the Venetians.

“For it may please your Majesty to know, that this is the man whom Padre Paulo took, I may say, into his very soul, with whom he did communicate the inwardest thoughts of his heart; from whom he professed to have received more knowledge in all divinity, both scholastical and positive, than from any that he had ever practised in his days; of which all the passages were well known to the king your father, of most blessed memory. And so, with your Majesty’s good favour, I will end this needless office; for the general fame of his learning, his life, and Christian temper, and those religious labours which himself hath dedicated to your Majesty, do better describe him than I am able.

“Your Majesty’s

“Most humble and faithful servant,

“H. WOTTON.”

To this letter I shall add this: that he was—to the great joy of Sir Henry Wotton—made governor of the said college (Aug. 1627); and that, after a fair discharge

of his duty and trust there, he was thence removed to be Bishop of Kilmore (Sept. 3, 1629). In both places his life was so holy, as seemed to equal the primitive Christians: for as they, so he kept all the Ember-weeks, observed—besides his private devotions—the canonical hours of prayer very strictly, and so he did all the feasts and fast-days of his mother, the Church of England. To which I may add, that his patience and charity were both such as showed his affections were set upon things that are above; for indeed his whole life brought forth the fruits of the spirit, there being in him such a remarkable meekness, that as St. Paul advised his Timothy in the election of a bishop, “That he have a good report of those that be without” (1 Tim. iii. 7), so had he; for those that were without, even those that in point of religion were of the Roman persuasion—of which there were very many in his diocese—did yet (such is the power of visible piety) ever look upon him with respect and reverence, and testified it by a concealing and safe protecting him from death in the late horrid rebellion in Ireland, when the fury of the wild Irish knew no distinction of persons; and yet, there and then he was protected and cherished by those of a contrary persuasion; and there and then he died, not by violence or misusage, but by grief in a quiet prison (1642). And with him was lost many of his learned writings which were thought worthy of preservation; and amongst the rest was lost the Bible, which, by many years’ labour and conference and study, he had translated into the Irish tongue, with an intent to have printed it for public use.

More might be said of Mr. Bedel, who, I told the reader, was Sir Henry Wotton’s first chaplain; and much of his second chaplain, Isaac Bargrave, Doctor in Divinity, and the late learned and hospitable Dean of

Canterbury ; as also of the merits of many others that had the happiness to attend Sir Henry in his foreign employments ; but the reader may think that in this digression I have already carried him too far from Eton College, and therefore I shall lead him back as gently and as orderly as I may to that place, for a further conference concerning Sir Henry Wotton.

Sir Henry Wotton had proposed to himself, before he entered into his collegiate life, to write the "Life of Martin Luther," and in it the "History of the Reformation," as it was carried on in Germany ; for the doing of which he had many advantages by his several embassies into those parts, and his interest in the several princes of the Empire ; by whose means he had access to the records of all the Hans Towns, and the knowledge of many secret passages that fell not under common view ; and in these he had made a happy progress, as was well known to his worthy friend, Dr. Duppa, the late reverend Bishop of Salisbury. But in the midst of this design, his late Majesty King Charles the First, that knew the value of Sir Henry Wotton's pen, did, by a persuasive loving violence, to which may be added a promise of £500 a year, force him to lay Luther aside, and betake himself to write the History of England ; in which he proceeded to write some short characters of a few kings, as a foundation upon which he meant to build, but, for the present, meant to be more large in the story of Henry the Sixth, the founder of that college, in which he then enjoyed all the worldly happiness of his present being. But Sir Henry died in the midst of this undertaking, and the footsteps of his labours are not recoverable by a more than common diligence.

This is some account both of his inclination and the employment of his time in the college, where he seemed

to have his youth renewed by a continual conversation with that learned society, and a daily recourse of other friends of choicest breeding and parts, by which that great blessing of a cheerful heart was still maintained, he being always free, even to the last of his days, from that peevishness which usually attends age.

And yet his mirth was sometimes damped by the remembrance of divers old debts, partly contracted in his foreign employments, for which his just arrears due from the king would have made satisfaction ; but being still delayed with Court promises, and finding some decays of health, he did, about two years before his death, out of a Christian desire that none should be a loser by him, make his last will ; concerning which a doubt still remains, namely, whether it discovered more holy wit or conscionable policy. But there is no doubt but that his chief design was a Christian endeavour that his debts might be satisfied.

And that it may remain as such a testimony, and a legacy to those that loved him, I shall here impart it to the reader, as it was found written with his own hand :—

“In the name of God Almighty and All-merciful, I, Henry Wotton, Provost of his Majesty’s College by Eton, being mindful of mine own mortality, which the sin of our first parents did bring upon all flesh, do by this last will and testament thus dispose of myself and the poor things I shall leave in this world. My soul I bequeath to the Immortal God my Maker, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, my Blessed Redeemer and Mediator, through His all sole-sufficient satisfaction for the sins of the whole world, and efficient for His elect, in the number of whom I am one by His mere grace, and thereof most unremovably assured by His Holy Spirit, the true eternal Comforter. My body I bequeath to the earth, if I should

end my transitory days at or near Eton, to be buried in the chapel of the said college, as the Fellows shall dispose thereof, with whom I have lived, my God knows, in all loving affection ; or if I shall die near Bocton Malherbe, in the county of Kent, then I wish to be laid in that parish church, as near as may be to the sepulchre of my good father, expecting a joyful resurrection with him in the day of Christ."

After this account of his faith, and this surrender of his soul to that God that inspired it, and this direction for the disposal of his body, he proceeded to appoint that his executors should lay over his grave a marble stone, plain, and not costly ; and considering that time moulders even marble to dust, for monuments themselves must die, therefore did he, waiving the common way, think fit rather to preserve his name, to which the son of Sirach adviseth all men, by a useful apophthegm, than by a large enumeration of his descent or merits, of both which he might justly have boasted ; but he was content to forget them, and did choose only this prudent, pious sentence to discover his disposition, and preserve his memory.

It was directed by him to be thus inscribed :—

Hic jacet hujus Sententiæ primus Author :

DISPUTANDI PRURITUS ECCLESiarUM SCABIES.

Nomen alias quære.

Which may be Englished thus :—

Here lies the first Author of this sentence :

THE ITCH OF DISPUTATION WILL PROVE THE SCAB
OF THE CHURCH.

Inquire his name elsewhere.

And if any shall object, as I think some have, that Sir Henry Wotton was not the first author of this sentence,

but that this or a sentence like it was long before his time ; to him I answer that Solomon says, “ Nothing can be spoken that hath not been spoken, for there is no new thing under the sun.” But grant that in his various reading he had met with this or a like sentence, yet reason mixed with charity should persuade all readers to believe that Sir Henry Wotton’s mind was then so fixed on that part of the Communion of Saints which is above, that a holy lethargy did surprise his memory. For doubtless, if he had not believed himself to be the first author of what he said, he was too prudent first to own and then expose it to public view and censure of every critic. And questionless it will be charity in all readers to think his mind was then so fixed on heaven, that a holy zeal did transport him, and that in this sacred ecstasy his thoughts were then only of the Church triumphant into which he daily expected his admission ; and that Almighty God was then pleased to make him a prophet, to tell the Church militant, and particularly that part of it in this nation where the weeds of controversy grow to be daily both more numerous and more destructive to humble piety, and where men have consciences that boggle at ceremonies, and yet scruple not to speak and act such sins as the ancient humble Christians believed to be a sin to think, and where our reverend Hooker says, “ former simplicity and softness of spirit is not now to be found, because zeal hath drowned charity, skill and meekness.” It will be good to think that these sad changes have proved this epitaph to be a useful caution unto us of this nation, and the sad effects thereof in Germany have proved it to be a mournful truth

This by way of observation concerning his epitaph ; the rest of his will follows in his own words :—

“ Further I, the said Henry Wotton, do constitute and

ordain to be joint executors of this my last will and testament my two grand-nephews, Albert Morton, second son to Sir Robert Morton, knight, late deceased, and Thomas Bargrave, eldest son to Dr. Bargrave, Dean of Canterbury, husband to my right virtuous and only niece. And I do pray the foresaid Dr. Bargrave and Mr. Nicholas Pey, my most faithful and chosen friends, together with Mr. John Harrison, one of the Fellows of Eton College, best acquainted with my books and pictures and other utensils, to be supervisors of this my last will and testament. And I do pray the foresaid Dr. Bargrave and Mr. Nicholas Pey to be solicitors for such arrearages as shall appear due unto me from his Majesty's exchequer at the time of my death, and to assist my fore-named executors in some reasonable and conscientious satisfaction of my creditors, and discharge of my legacies now specified, or that shall be hereafter added unto this my testament by any codicil or schedule, or left in the hands, or in any memorial with the aforesaid Mr. John Harrison. And first to my most dear sovereign and master, of incomparable goodness, in whose gracious opinion I have ever had some portion, as far as the interest of a plain honest man, I leave four pictures at large of those Dukes of Venice, in whose time I was there employed, with their names written on the back side, which hang in my great ordinary dining-room, done after the life by Edoardo Fialetto; likewise a table of the Venetian College, where ambassadors had their audience, hanging over the mantel of the chimney in the said room, done by the same hand, which containeth a draught in little, well resembling the famous Duke Leonardo Donato in a time which needed a wise and constant man. Item. The picture of a Duke of Venice, hanging over against the door, done either by Titiano or some other principal

hand long before my time. Most humbly beseeching his Majesty that the said pieces may remain in some corner of any of his houses for a poor memorial of his most humble vassal.

“Item. I leave his said Majesty all the papers and negotiations of Sir Nich. Throgmorton, knight, during his famous employment under Queen Elizabeth, in Scotland and in France, which contain divers secrets of State that perchance his Majesty will think fit to be preserved in his paper-office, after they have been perused and sorted by Mr. Secretary Windebank, with whom I have heretofore, as I remember, conferred about them. They were committed to my disposal by Sir Arthur Throgmorton, his son, to whose worthy memory I cannot better discharge my faith than by assigning them to the highest place of trust. Item. I leave to our most gracious and virtuous Queen Mary, ‘Dioscorides,’ with the plants naturally coloured, and the text translated by Matthiolo, in the best language of Tuscany, whence her said Majesty is lineally descended, for a poor token of my thankful devotion for the honour she was once pleased to do my private study with her presence. I leave to the most hopeful Prince the picture of the elected and crowned Queen of Bohemia, his aunt, of clear and resplendent virtues through the clouds of her fortune. To my Lord’s Grace of Canterbury now being, I leave my picture of ‘Divine Love,’ rarely copied from one in the king’s galleries, of my presentation to his Majesty, beseeching him to receive it as a pledge of my humble reverence to his great wisdom. And to the most worthy Lord Bishop of London, Lord High Treasurer of England, in true admiration of his Christian simplicity and contempt of earthly pomp, I leave a picture of Heraclitus bewailing and Democritus laughing

at the world, most humbly beseeching the said Lord Archbishop his Grace, and the Lord Bishop of London, of both whose favours I have tasted in my lifetime, to intercede with our most gracious sovereign after my death, in the bowels of Jesus Christ, that out of compassionate memory of my long services—wherein I more studied the public honour than mine own utility—some order may be taken out of my arrears due in the Exchequer for such satisfaction of my creditors as those whom I have ordained supervisors of this my last will and testament shall present unto their lordships, without their further trouble, hoping likewise, in his Majesty's most indubitable goodness, that he will keep me from all prejudice, which I may otherwise suffer by any defect of formality in the demand of my said arrears. To —, for a poor addition to his cabinet, I leave, as emblems of his attractive virtues and obliging nobleness, my great loadstone, and a piece of amber, of both kinds naturally united, and only differing in degree of concoction, which is thought somewhat rare. Item. A piece of crystal sexangular—as they grow all—grasping divers several things within it, which I bought among the Rhætian Alps, in the very place where it grew; recommending most humbly unto his lordship the reputation of my poor name in the point of my debts, as I have done to the fore-named spiritual lords, and am heartily sorry that I have no better token of my humble thankfulness to his honoured person. Item. I leave to Sir Francis Windebank, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State—whom I found my great friend in point of necessity—the 'Four Seasons' of old Bassano, to hang near the eye in his parlour—being in little form—which I bought at Venice, where I first entered into his most worthy acquaintance.

“To the above-named Dr. Bargrave, Dean of Canterbury, I leave all my Italian books not disposed in this will. I leave to him likewise my Viol de Gamba, which hath been twice with me in Italy, in which country I first contracted with him an unremovable affection. To my other supervisor, Mr. Nicholas Pey, I leave my chest or cabinet of instruments and engines of all kinds of uses, in the lower box whereof are some fit to be bequeathed to none but so entire an honest man as he is;”—in it were Italian locks, picklocks, screws to force open doors, and many things of worth and rarity that he had gathered in his foreign travel;—“I leave him likewise forty pounds for his pains in the solicitation of my arrears, and am sorry that my ragged estate can reach no further to one that hath taken such care for me in the same kind, during all my foreign employments. To the library of Eton College I leave all my manuscripts not before disposed, and to each of the Fellows a plain ring of gold, enamelled black, all save the verge, with this motto within, *Amor unit omnia*.

“This is my last will and testament, save what shall be added by a schedule thereunto annexed, written on the first of October, in the present year of our Redemption, 1637, and subscribed by myself, with the testimony of these witnesses,

“NICH. OUDERT,

“HENRY WOTTON.

“GEO. LASH.”

And now, because the mind of man is best satisfied by the knowledge of events, I think fit to declare that every one that was named in his will did gladly receive their legacies: by which, and his most just and passionate desires for the payment of his debts, they joined in

assisting the overseers of his will; and by their joint endeavours to the king—than whom none was more willing—conscionable satisfaction was given for his just debts.

The next thing wherewith I shall acquaint the reader is, that he went usually once a year, if not oftener, to the beloved Bocton Hall, where he would say, “He found a cure for all cares by the cheerful company, which he called the living furniture of that place, and a restoration of his strength by the connaturalness of that which he called his genial air.”

He yearly went also to Oxford. But the summer before his death he changed that for a journey to Winchester College, to which school he was first removed from Bocton. And as he returned from Winchester towards Eton College, said to a friend, his companion in that journey: “How useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there! And I find it thus far experimentally true, that at my now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me: sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixtures of cares, and those to be enjoyed, when time—which I therefore thought slow-paced—had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me that those were but empty hopes; for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, ‘sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.’ Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless, possessed with the same thoughts

that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death."

After his return from Winchester to Eton, which was about five months before his death, he became much more retired and contemplative, in which time he was often visited by Mr. John Hales—learned Mr. John Hales—then a Fellow of that College, to whom upon an occasion he spake to this purpose: "I have, in my passage to my grave, met with most of those joys of which a discursive soul is capable, and been entertained with more inferior pleasures than the sons of men are usually made partakers of; nevertheless, in this voyage I have not always floated on the calm sea of content, but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many troubles of mind and temptations to evil. And yet, though I have been and am a man compassed about with human frailties, Almighty God hath by His grace prevented me from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, the thought of which is now the joy of my heart, and I most humbly praise Him for it; and I humbly acknowledge that it was not myself, but He that hath kept me to this great age, and let Him take the glory of His great mercy. And, my dear friend, I now see that I draw near my harbour of death—that harbour that will secure me from all the future storms and waves of this restless world; and I praise God I am willing to leave it, and expect a better—that world wherein dwelleth righteousness; and I long for it!"

These and the like expressions were then uttered by him at the beginning of a feverish distemper, at which time he was also troubled with an asthma or short spitting; but after less than twenty fits, by the help of familiar physic and a spare diet, this fever abated,

yet so as to leave him much weaker than it found him ; and his asthma seemed also to be overcome in a good degree by his forbearing tobacco, which, as many thoughtful men do, he also had taken somewhat immoderately. This was his then present condition, and thus he continued till about the end of October, 1639, which was about a month before his death, at which time he again fell into a fever, which though he seemed to recover, yet these still left him so weak, that they, and those other common infirmities that accompany age, were wont to visit him like civil friends, and after some short time to leave him, came now both oftener and with more violence, and at last took up their constant habitation with him, still weakening his body and abating his cheerfulness ; of both which he grew more sensible, and did the oftener retire into his study, and there made many papers that had passed his pen, both in the days of his youth and in the busy part of his life, useless, by a fire made there to that purpose. These, and several unusual expressions to his servants and friends, seemed to foretell that the day of his death drew near ; for which he seemed, to those many friends that observed him, to be well prepared, and to be both patient and free from all fear, as several of his letters writ on this his last sick-bed may testify. And thus he continued till about the beginning of December following, at which time he was seized more violently with a quotidian fever, in the tenth fit of which fever, his better part, that part of Sir Henry Wotton which could not die, put off mortality with as much content and cheerfulness as human frailty is capable of, being then in great tranquillity of mind and in perfect peace with God and man.

And thus the circle of Sir Henry Wotton's life—that circle which began at Bocton, and in the circumference

thereof did first touch at Winchester School, then at Oxford, and after upon so many remarkable parts and passages in Christendom—that circle of his life was by death thus closed up and completed, in the seventy-and-second year of his age, at Eton College ; where, according to his will, he now lies buried, with his motto on a plain gravestone over him : dying worthy of his name and family, worthy of the love and favour of so many princes and persons of eminent wisdom and learning, worthy of the trust committed unto him for the service of his prince and country.

And all readers are requested to believe that he was worthy of a more worthy pen to have preserved his memory, and commended his merits to the imitation of posterity.

Iz. WA.

LIFE OF MR. RICHARD HOOKER.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE been persuaded, by a friend whom I reverence, and ought to obey, to write the Life of Richard Hooker, the happy author of five, if not more, of the eight learned books of "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity." And though I have undertaken it, yet it hath been with some unwillingness, because I foresee that it must prove to me, and especially at this time of my age, a work of much labour to inquire, consider, research, and determine what is needful to be known concerning him. For I knew him not in his life, and must therefore not only look back to his death—now sixty-four years past—but almost fifty years beyond that, even to his childhood and youth, and gather thence such observations and prognostics as may at least adorn, if not prove necessary, for the completing of what I have undertaken.

This trouble I foresee, and foresee also that it is impossible to escape censures, against which I will not hope my well-meaning and diligence can protect me; for I consider the age in which I live, and shall therefore but entreat of my reader a suspension of his censures till I have made known unto him some reasons, which I myself would now gladly believe do make me in some

measure fit for this undertaking ; and if these reasons shall not acquit me from all censures, they may at least abate of their severity, and this is all I can probably hope for. My reasons follow.

About forty years past—for I am now past the seventieth of my age—I began a happy affinity with William Cranmer, now with God, grand-nephew unto the great Archbishop of that name ; a family of noted prudence and resolution. With him and two of his sisters I had an entire and free friendship : one of them was the wife of Dr. Spencer, a bosom friend and sometime compupil with Mr. Hooker in Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and after President of the same. I name them here, for that I shall have occasion to mention them in the following discourse, as also George Cranmer, their brother, of whose useful abilities my reader may have a more authentic testimony than my pen can purchase for him, by that of our learned Camden and others.

This William Cranmer and his two fore-named sisters had some affinity, and a most familiar friendship, with Mr. Hooker, and had had some part of their education with him in his house, when he was parson of Bishop's Bourne, near Canterbury, in which city their good father then lived. They had, I say, a part of their education with him, as myself since that time, a happy cohabitation with them ; and having some years before read part of Mr. Hooker's works with great liking and satisfaction, my affection to them made me a diligent inquisitor into many things that concerned him ; as, namely, of his person, his nature, the management of his time, his wife, his family, and the fortune of him and his. Which inquiry hath given me much advantage in the knowledge of what is now under my consideration, and intended for the satisfaction of my reader.

I had also a friendship with the Reverend Dr. Usher, the late learned Archbishop of Armagh; and with Dr. Morton, the late learned and charitable Bishop of Durham; as also with the learned John Hales, of Eton College; and with them also—who loved the very name of Mr. Hooker—I have had many discourses concerning him; and from them and many others that have now put off mortality, I might have had more informations, if I could then have admitted a thought of any fitness for what by persuasion I have now undertaken. But though that full harvest be irrecoverably lost, yet my memory hath preserved some gleanings, and my diligence made such additions to them, as I hope will prove useful to the completing of what I intend; in the discovery of which I shall be faithful, and with this assurance put a period to my Introduction.

It is not to be doubted but that Richard Hooker was born at Heavy-tree, near or within the precincts or in the city of Exeter, a city which may justly boast that it was the birthplace of him and Sir Thomas Bodley; as indeed the county may, in which it stands, that it hath furnished this nation with Bishop Jewel, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many others, memorable for their valour and learning. He was born about the year of our Redemption 1553, and of parents that were not so remarkable for their extraction or riches as for their virtue and industry, and God's blessing upon both; by which they were enabled to educate their children in some degree of learning, of which our Richard Hooker may appear to be one fair testimony, and that Nature is not so partial as always to give the great blessings of wisdom and learning, and with them the greater blessings

of virtue and government, to those only that are of a more high and honourable birth.

His complexion, if we may guess by him at the age of forty, was sanguine, with a mixture of choler; and yet his motion was slow even in his youth, and so was his speech, never expressing an earnestness in either of them, but a humble gravity suitable to the aged. And it is observed, so far as inquiry is able to look back at this distance of time, that at his being a schoolboy he was an early questionist, quietly inquisitive, "why this was, and that was not, to be remembered? why this was granted and that denied?" This being mixed with a remarkable modesty, and a sweet serene quietness of nature, and with them a quick apprehension of many perplexed parts of learning, imposed then upon him as a scholar, made his master and others to believe him to have an inward blessed divine light, and therefore to consider him to be a little wonder. For in that children were less pregnant, less confident, and more malleable, than in this wiser but not better age.

This meekness and conjuncture of knowledge, with modesty in his conversation, being observed by his schoolmaster, caused him to persuade his parents, who intended him for an apprentice, to continue him at school till he could find out some means by persuading his rich uncle or some other charitable person to ease them of a part of their care and charge, assuring them that their son was so enriched with the blessings of nature and grace, that God seemed to single him out as a special instrument of His glory. And the good man told them also that he would double his diligence in instructing him, and would neither expect nor receive any other reward than the content of so hopeful and happy an employment.

This was not unwelcome news, and especially to his mother, to whom he was a dutiful and dear child, and all parties were so pleased with this proposal that it was resolved so it should be. And in the meantime his parents and master laid a foundation for his future happiness by instilling into his soul the seeds of piety, those conscientious principles of loving and fearing God, of an early belief that He knows the very secrets of our souls; that He punisheth our vices and rewards our innocence; that we should be free from hypocrisy, and appear to man what we are to God, because first or last the crafty man is caught in his own snare. These seeds of piety were so seasonably planted, and so continually watered with the daily dew of God's Blessed Spirit, that his infant virtues grew into such holy habits as did make him grow daily into more and more favour both with God and man; which, with the great learning that he did after attain to, hath made Richard Hooker honoured in this, and will continue him to be so to succeeding generations.

This good schoolmaster, whose name I am not able to recover, and am sorry, for that I would have given him a better memorial in this humble monument, dedicated to the memory of his scholar, was very solicitous with John Hooker, then chamberlain of Exeter, and uncle to our Richard, to take his nephew into his care, and to maintain him for one year in the University, and in the meantime to use his endeavours to procure an admission for him into some college, though it were but in a mean degree; still urging and assuring him that his charge would not continue long, for the lad's learning and manners were both so remarkable that they must of necessity be taken notice of, and that doubtless God would provide him some second patron that would free him and his parents from their future care and charge.

These reasons, with the affectionate rhetoric of his good master, and God's blessing upon both, procured from his uncle a faithful promise that he would take him into his care and charge before the expiration of the year following, which was performed by him, and with the assistance of the learned Mr. John Jewel; of whom this may be noted, that he left, or was about the first of Queen Mary's reign expelled out of Corpus Christi College in Oxford, of which he was a Fellow, for adhering to the truth of those principles of religion to which he had assented and given testimony in the days of her brother and predecessor, Edward the Sixth; and this John Jewel, having within a short time after a just cause to fear a more heavy punishment than expulsion, was forced, by forsaking this, to seek safety in another nation; and, with that safety, the enjoyment of that doctrine and worship for which he suffered.

But the cloud of that persecution and fear ending with the life of Queen Mary, the affairs of the Church and State did then look more clear and comfortable, so that he, and with him many others of the same judgment, made a happy return into England about the first of Queen Elizabeth, in which year this John Jewel was sent a commissioner or visitor of the churches of the western parts of this kingdom, and especially of those in Devonshire, in which county he was born; and then and there he contracted a friendship with John Hooker, the uncle of our Richard.

About the second or third year of her reign, this John Jewel was made Bishop of Salisbury, and there being always observed in him a willingness to do good and to oblige his friends, and now a power added to his willingness, this John Hooker gave him a visit in Salisbury and besought him for charity's sake to look favourably

upon a poor nephew of his, whom Nature had fitted for a scholar, but the estate of his parents was so narrow that they were unable to give him the advantage of learning, and that the bishop would therefore become his patron, and prevent him from being a tradesman, for he was a boy of remarkable hopes. And though the bishop knew men do not usually look with an indifferent eye upon their own children and relations, yet he assented so far to John Hooker, that he appointed the boy and his schoolmaster should attend him, about Easter next following, at that place; which was done accordingly, and then after some questions and observations of the boy's learning and gravity and behaviour, the bishop gave his schoolmaster a reward, and took order for an annual pension for the boy's parents, promising also to take him into his care for a future preferment, which he performed; for about the fifteenth year of his age, which was anno 1567, he was by the bishop appointed to remove to Oxford, and there to attend Dr. Cole, then President of Corpus Christi College. Which he did, and Dr. Cole had, according to a promise made to the bishop, provided for him both a tutor, which was said to be the learned Dr. John Reynolds, and a clerk's place in that college, which place, though it were not a full maintenance, yet with the contribution of his uncle, and the continued pension of his patron, the good bishop gave him a comfortable subsistence. And in this condition he continued unto the eighteenth year of his age, still increasing in learning and prudence, and so much in humility and piety, that he seemed to be filled with the Holy Ghost, and even like St. John Baptist, to be sanctified from his mother's womb, who did often bless the day in which she bare him.

About this time of his age, he fell into a dangerous

sickness, which lasted two months, all which time his mother, having notice of it, did in her hourly prayers as earnestly beg his life of God, as Monica the mother of St. Augustine did that he might become a true Christian, and their prayers were both so heard as to be granted. Which Mr. Hooker would often mention with much joy, and as often pray that "he might never live to occasion any sorrow to so good a mother, of whom he would often say, he loved her so dearly that he would endeavour to be good, even as much for hers as for his own sake."

As soon as he was perfectly recovered from this sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good mother, being accompanied with a countryman and companion of his own college, and both on foot, which was then either more in fashion, or want of money or their humility made it so ; but on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table, which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends ; and at the bishop's parting with him, the bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money, which when the bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him ; and at Richard's return the bishop said to him, " Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse, which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease ;" and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, " Richard, I do not give but lend you my horse ; be sure you be honest and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats, to bear your charges to Exeter, and here is ten

groats more which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard."

And this, you may believe, was performed by both parties. But, alas! the next news that followed Mr. Hooker to Oxford was, that his learned and charitable patron had changed this for a better life. Which happy change may be believed, for that as he lived, so he died, in devout meditation and prayer; and in both so zealously, that it became a religious question, "Whether his last ejaculations or his soul did first enter into heaven?"

And now Mr. Hooker became a man of sorrow and fear: of sorrow, for the loss of so dear and comfortable a patron; and of fear for his future subsistence. But Dr. Cole raised his spirits from this dejection by bidding him go cheerfully to his studies, and assuring him he should neither want food nor raiment—which was the utmost of his hopes—for he would become his patron.

And so he was for about nine months, and not longer; for about that time this following accident did befall Mr. Hooker.

Edwin Sandys, sometime Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of York, had also been, in the days of Queen Mary, forced, by forsaking this, to seek safety in another nation, where, for some years, Bishop Jewel and he were companions at bed and board in Germany, and where, in this their exile, they did often eat the bread of sorrow, and by that means they there began such a friendship as lasted till the death of Bishop Jewel, which was in September 1571. A little before which time the

two bishops meeting, Jewel had an occasion to begin a story of his Richard Hooker, and in it gave such a character of his learning and manners, that though Bishop Sandys was educated in Cambridge, where he had obliged and had many friends, yet his resolution was that his son Edwin should be sent to Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and by all means be pupil to Mr. Hooker, though his son Edwin was not much younger than Mr. Hooker then was ; for the bishop said, “ I will have a tutor for my son that shall teach him learning by instruction and virtue by example, and my greatest care shall be of the last ; and, God willing, this Richard Hooker shall be the man into whose hands I will commit my Edwin.” And the bishop did so about twelve months, or not much longer, after this resolution.

And doubtless, as to these two, a better choice could not be made ; for Mr. Hooker was now in the nineteenth year of his age, had spent five in the university, and had, by a constant unwearied diligence, attained unto a perfection in all the learned languages, by the help of which, an excellent tutor, and his unintermitted studies, he had made the subtilty of all the arts easy and familiar to him, and useful for the discovery of such learning as lay hid from common searchers. So that by these, added to his great reason, and his restless industry added to both, he did not only know more of causes and effects but what he knew, he knew better than other men. And, with this knowledge he had a most blessed and clear method of demonstrating what he knew, to the great advantage of all his pupils—which in time were many—but especially to his two first, his dear Edwin Sandys, and his dear George Cranmer ; of which there will be a fair testimony in the ensuing relation.

This for Mr. Hooker’s learning. And for his behaviour,

amongst other testimonies, this still remains of him, that in four years he was but twice absent from the chapel prayers, and that his behaviour there was such as showed an awful reverence of that God which he then worshipped and prayed to, giving all outward testimonies that his affections were set on heavenly things. This was his behaviour towards God ; and for that to man, it is observable that he was never known to be angry, or passionate, or extreme in any of his desires ; never heard to repine or dispute with Providence, but, by a quiet gentle submission and resignation of his will to the wisdom of his Creator, bore the burthen of the day with patience ; never heard to utter an uncomely word, and by this, and a great behaviour, which is a divine charm, he begot an early reverence unto his person, even from those that at other times, and in other companies, took a liberty to cast off that strictness of behaviour and discourse that is required in a collegiate life. And when he took any liberty to be pleasant, his wit was never blemished with scoffing, or the utterance of any conceit that bordered upon or might beget a thought of looseness in his hearers. Thus mild, thus innocent and exemplary, was his behaviour in his college ; and thus this good man continued till his death, still increasing in learning, in patience, and piety.

In this nineteenth year of his age, he was, December 24, 1573, admitted to be one of the twenty scholars of the foundation, being elected and so admitted as born in Devon or Hantshire, out of which counties a certain number are to be elected in vacancies by the founder's statutes. And now as he was much encouraged, so now he was perfectly incorporated into this beloved college, which was then noted for an eminent library, strict students, and remarkable scholars. And indeed it may

glory that it had Cardinal Poole, but more that it had Bishop Jewel, Dr. John Reynolds, and Dr. Thomas Jackson, of that foundation. The first famous for his learned "Apology for the Church of England," and his defence of it against Harding. The second, for the learned and wise manage of a public dispute with John Hart, of the Romish persuasion, about the Head and Faith of the Church, and after printed by consent of both parties. And the third, for his most excellent "Exposition of the Creed," and other treatises; all such as have given greatest satisfaction to men of the greatest learning. Nor was Dr. Jackson more noteworthy for his learning than for his strict and pious life, testified by his abundant love and meekness, and charity to all men.

And in the year 1576, February 23, Mr. Hooker's grace was given him for Inceptor of Arts, Dr. Herbert Westphaling, a man of note for learning, being then Vice-Chancellor: and the Act following he was completed Master, which was anno 1577, his patron, Dr. Cole, being Vice-Chancellor that year, and his dear friend, Henry Savile, of Merton College, being then one of the Proctors. 'Twas that Harry Savile, that after was Sir Henry Savile, Warden of Merton College and Provost of Eton; he which founded in Oxford two famous lectures and endowed them with liberal maintenance.

It was that Sir Henry Savile that translated and enlightened the History of Cornelius Tacitus with a most excellent Comment; and enriched the world by his laborious and chargeable collecting the scattered pieces of St. Chrysostom, and the publication of them in one entire body in Greek, in which language he was a most judicious critic. It was this Sir Henry Savile that had the happiness to be a contemporary and familiar friend to Mr. Hooker: and let posterity know it.

And in this year of 1577 he was so happy as to be admitted Fellow of the College ; happy also in being the contemporary and friend of that Dr. John Reynolds of whom I have lately spoken, and of Dr. Spencer, both which were after and successively made Presidents of Corpus Christi College, men of great learning and merit, and famous in their generations.

Nor was Mr. Hooker more happy in his contemporaries of his time and college than in the pupilage and friendship of his Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer ; of whom my reader may note, that this Edwin Sandys was after Sir Edwin Sandys, and as famous for his "*Speculum Europæ*," as his brother George for making posterity beholden to his pen by a learned relation and comment on his dangerous and remarkable travels ; and for his harmonious translation of the Psalms of David, the Book of Job, and other poetical parts of Holy Writ, into most high and elegant verse. And for Cranmer, his other pupil, I shall refer my reader to the printed testimonies of our learned Mr. Camden, of Fynes, Moryson, and others.

"This Cranmer," says Mr. Camden in his "*Annals of Queen Elizabeth*," "whose Christian name was George, was a gentleman of singular hopes, the eldest son of Thomas Cranmer, son of Edmund Cranmer, the Archbishop's brother ; he spent much of his youth in Corpus Christi College in Oxford, where he continued Master of Arts for some time before he removed, and then betook himself to travel, accompanying that worthy gentleman Sir Edwin Sandys into France, Germany, and Italy, for the space of three years ; and after their happy return, he betook himself to an employment under Secretary Davison, a Privy Councillor of note, who, for an unhappy undertaking, became clouded and pitied ; after whose

fall he went in place of secretary with Sir Henry Killegrew in his embassy into France, and after his death he was sought after by the most noble Lord Mountjoy, with whom he went into Ireland, where he remained, until in a battle against the rebels near Carlingford, an unfortunate wound put an end both to his life and the great hopes that were conceived of him, he being then but in the thirty-sixth year of his age."

Betwixt Mr. Hooker and these his two pupils there was a sacred friendship, a friendship made up of religious principles, which increased daily by a similitude of inclinations to the same recreations and studies, a friendship elemented in youth and in a university, free from self-ends, which the friendships of age usually are not. And in this sweet, this blessed, this spiritual amity, they went on for many years, and, as the holy Prophet saith, so "they took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends." By which means they improved this friendship to such a degree of holy amity as bordered upon heaven, a friendship so sacred that when it ended in this world it began in the next, where it shall have no end.

And though this world cannot give any degree of pleasure equal to such a friendship, yet obedience to parents, and a desire to know the affairs, manners, laws, and learning of other nations, that they might thereby become the more serviceable unto their own, made them put off their gowns and leave the college and Mr. Hooker to his studies, in which he was daily more assiduous, still enriching his quiet and capacious soul with the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists, and schoolmen, and with them the foundation and reason of all laws, both sacred and civil, and indeed with such other learning as lay most remote from the track of common studies. And

as he was diligent in these, so he seemed restless in searching the scope and intention of God's Spirit revealed to mankind in the Sacred Scripture, for the understanding of which he seemed to be assisted by the same Spirit with which they were written : He that regardeth truth in the inward parts, making him to understand wisdom secretly. And the good man would often say, that "God abhors confusion as contrary to His nature ;" and as often say, "That the Scripture was not writ to beget disputations and pride and opposition to government, but charity and humility, moderation, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind ;" of which virtues he would as often say, "no man did ever repent himself on his death-bed." And that this was really his judgment, did appear in his future writings, and in all the actions of his life. Nor was this excellent man a stranger to the more light and airy parts of learning, as music and poetry, all which he had digested and made useful, and of all which the reader will have a fair testimony in what will follow.

In the year 1579, the Chancellor of the University was given to understand that the public Hebrew lecture was not read according to the statutes, nor could be by reason of a distemper that had then seized the brain of Mr. Kingsmill, who was to read it, so that it lay long unread, to the great detriment of those that were studious of that language. Therefore the Chancellor writ to his Vice-Chancellor and the University that he had heard such commendations of the excellent knowledge of Mr. Richard Hooker in that tongue, that he desired he might be procured to read it ; and he did, and continued to do so till he left Oxford.

Within three months after his undertaking this lecture—namely, in October 1579—he was, with Dr. Reynolds and others, expelled his college ; and this letter, tran-

scribed from Dr. Reynolds his own hand, may give some account of it.

“TO SIR FRANCIS KNOLLES.

“I am sorry, Right Honourable, that I am enforced to make unto you such a suit, which I cannot move, but I must complain of the unrighteous dealing of one of our college, who hath taken upon him, against all law and reason, to expel out of our house both me and Mr. Hooker, and three other of our Fellows, for doing that which by oath we were bound to do. Our matter must be heard before the Bishop of Winchester, with whom I do not doubt but we shall find equity. Howbeit, foras-much as some of our adversaries have said that the Bishop is already forestalled, and will not give us such audience as we look for; therefore I am humbly to beseech your Honour, that you will desire the Bishop, by your letters, to let us have justice; though it be with rigour, so it be justice; our cause is so good, that I am sure we shall prevail by it. Thus much I am bold to request of your Honour for Corpus Christi College sake, or rather for Christ's sake, whom I beseech to bless you with daily increase of His manifold gifts, and the blessed graces of His Holy Spirit.

“Your Honour's in Christ to command,

“JOHN REYNOLDS.

“London, October 9, 1579.”

This expulsion was by Dr. John Barfoote, then vice-president of the college, and chaplain to Ambrose, Earl of Warwick. I cannot learn the pretended cause; but that they were restored the same month is most certain.

I return to Mr. Hooker in his college, where he continued his studies with all quietness for the space of three years; about which time he entered into sacred

Orders, being then made deacon and priest, and, not long after, was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross.

In order to which sermon, to London he came, and immediately to the Shunamite's House, which is a house so called, for that, besides the stipend paid the preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his sermon. This house was then kept by John Churchman, sometime a draper of good note in Watling Street, upon whom poverty had at last come like an armed man, and brought him into a necessitous condition, which, though it be a punishment, is not always an argument of God's disfavour; for he was a virtuous man. I shall not yet give the like testimony of his wife, but leave the reader to judge by what follows. But to this house Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion than against a friend that dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier a horse—supposing the horse trotted when he did not—and at this time also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon; but a warm bed and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581.

And in this first public appearance to the world, he was not so happy as to be free from exceptions against a point of doctrine delivered in his sermon, which was, "That in God there were two wills, an antecedent and a consequent will: His first will, That all mankind should be saved; but His second will was, That those

only should be saved, that did live answerable to that degree of grace which He had offered or afforded them." This seemed to cross a late opinion of Mr. Calvin's, and then taken for granted by many that had not a capacity to examine it, as it had been by him before, and hath been since by Master Henry Mason, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Hammond, and others of great learning, who believe that a contrary opinion intrenches upon the honour and justice of our merciful God. How he justified this, I will not undertake to declare, but it was not excepted against, as Mr. Hooker declares in his rational "Answer to Mr. Travers," by John Elmer, then Bishop of London, at this time one of his auditors, and at last one of his advocates too, when Mr. Hooker was accused for it.

But the justifying of this doctrine did not prove of so bad consequence as the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold, for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said; so that the good man came to be persuaded by her "that he was a man of a tender constitution, and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him, such a one as might both prolong his life and make it more comfortable, and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry." And he, not considering that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," but, like a true Nathaniel, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with—you may read it in the Book of Genesis—when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac, for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice, and he did so in that or about the year following. Now

the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion ; and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's which is by Solomon compared to a dripping-house ; so that the good man had no reason to "rejoice in the wife of his youth ;" but too just cause to say with the holy Prophet, "Woe is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar !"

This choice of Mr. Hooker's, if it were his choice, may be wondered at ; but let us consider that the Prophet Ezekiel says, "There is a wheel within a wheel," a secret sacred wheel of Providence, most visible in marriages, guided by His hand, that "allows not the race to the swift," nor "bread to the wise," nor good wives to good men ; and He that can bring good out of evil, for mortals are blind to this reason, only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker. But so it was ; and let the reader cease to wonder, for affliction is a divine diet, which though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good though bitter physic to those children whose souls are dearest to Him.

And by this marriage the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his college, from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world ; into those corroding cares that attend a married priest and a country parsonage, which was Drayton-Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire, not far from Aylesbury, and in the diocese of Lincoln, to which he was presented by John Cheney, Esq., then patron of it, the 9th of December 1584, where he behaved himself so as to give no occasion of evil, but as St. Paul adviseth a minister of God—"in much

patience, in afflictions, in anguishes, in necessities, in poverty, and no doubt in long-suffering," yet troubling no man with his discontents and wants.

And in this condition he continued about a year, in which time his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer took a journey to see their tutor, where they found him with a book in his hand—it was the Odes of Horace—he being then like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field, which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them, for Richard was called to rock the cradle; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, "Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground, as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies." To whom the good man replied, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for

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me; but labour—as indeed I do daily—to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.”

At their return to London, Edwin Sandys acquaints his father, who was then Archbishop of York, with his tutor's sad condition, and solicits for his removal to some benefice that might give him a more quiet and a more comfortable subsistence, which his father did most willingly grant him, when it should next fall into his power. And not long after this time, which was in the year 1585, Mr. Alvey, Master of the Temple, died, who was a man of a strict life, of great learning, and of so venerable behaviour, as to gain so high a degree of love and reverence from all men, that he was generally known by the name of Father Alvey. And at the Temple-reading, next after the death of this Father Alvey, he, the said Archbishop of York, being then at dinner with the judges, the reader, and the benchers of that society, met with a general condolment for the death of Father Alvey, and with a high commendation of his saint-like life, and of his great merit both towards God and man; and as they bewailed his death so they wished for a like pattern of virtue and learning to succeed him. And here came in a fair occasion for the bishop to commend Mr. Hooker to Father Alvey's place, which he did with so effectual an earnestness, and that seconded with so many other testimonies of his worth, that Mr. Hooker was sent for from Drayton-Beauchamp to London, and there the Mastership of the Temple proposed unto him by the bishop, as a greater freedom from his country cares, the advantages of a better society, and a more liberal pension than his country parsonage did afford him. But these reasons were not powerful enough to incline him to a willing acceptance of it; his

wish was rather to gain a better country living, where he might see God's blessings spring out of the earth, and be free from noise—so he expressed the desire of his heart—and eat that bread which he might more properly call his own in privacy and quietness. But, notwithstanding this averseness, he was at last persuaded to accept of the bishop's proposal, and was by patent for life—this you may find in the Temple records—made Master of the Temple, the 17th of March 1585, he being then in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

And here I shall make a stop; and, that the reader may the better judge of what follows, give him a character of the times and temper of the people of this nation when Mr. Hooker had his admission into this place, a place which he accepted rather than desired; and yet here he promised himself a virtuous quietness, that blessed tranquillity which he always prayed and laboured for, that so he might in peace bring forth the fruits of peace, and glorify God by uninterrupted prayers and praises. For this he always thirsted and prayed; but Almighty God did not grant it, for his admission into this place was the very beginning of those oppositions and anxieties which till then this good man was a stranger to, and of which the reader may guess by what follows.

In this character of the times, I shall, by the reader's favour, and for his information, look so far back as to the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a time in which the many pretended titles to the Crown, the frequent treasons, the doubts of her successor, the late civil war, and the sharp persecution for religion that raged to the effusion of so much blood in the reign of Queen Mary, were fresh in the memory of all men, and begot fears in the most pious and wisest of this nation,

lest the like days should return again to them or their present posterity. And the apprehension of these dangers begot a hearty desire of a settlement in the Church and State, believing there was no other probable way left to make them sit quietly under their own vines and fig-trees, and enjoy the desired fruit of their labours. But time and peace and plenty begot self-ends, and these begot animosities, envy, opposition, and unthankfulness for those very blessings for which they lately thirsted, being then the very utmost of their desires, and even beyond their hopes.

This was the temper of the times in the beginning of her reign, and thus it continued too long ; for those very people that had enjoyed the desires of their hearts in a Reformation from the Church of Rome, became at last so like the grave as never to be satisfied, but were still thirsting for more and more, neglecting to pay that obedience and perform those vows which they made in their days of adversities and fear ; so that in short time there appeared three several interests, each of them fearless and restless in the prosecution of their designs. They may for distinction be called the active Romanists, the restless Nonconformists—of which there were many sorts—and the passive peaceable Protestants. The counsels of the first considered and resolved on in Rome ; the second, both in Scotland, in Geneva, and in divers selected, secret, dangerous conventicles, both there and within the bosom of our own nation ; the third pleaded and defended their cause by established laws, both ecclesiastical and civil ; and if they were active, it was to prevent the other two from destroying what was by those known laws happily established to them and their posterity.

\ I shall forbear to mention the very many and dangerous

plots of the Romanists againsts the Church and State, because what is principally intended in this digression, is an account of the opinions and activity of the Non-conformists, against whose judgment and practice Mr. Hooker became at last, but most unwillingly, to be engaged in a book-war; a war which he maintained not as against an enemy, but with the spirit of meekness and reason.

In which number of Nonconformists, though some might be sincere, well-meaning men, whose indiscreet zeal might be so like charity as thereby to cover a multitude of their errors, yet of this party there were many that were possessed with a high degree of spiritual wickedness—I mean with an innate restless pride and malice; I do not mean the visible carnal sins of gluttony and drunkenness, and the like—from which, good Lord, deliver us!—but sins of a higher nature, because they are more unlike God, who is the God of love and mercy and order and peace; and more like the devil, who is not a glutton, nor can be drunk, and yet is a devil; but I mean those spiritual wickednesses of malice and revenge, and an opposition to government; men that joyed to be the authors of misery, which is properly his work that is the enemy and disturber of mankind; and thereby greater sinners than the glutton or drunkard, though some will not believe it. And of this party there were also many whom prejudice and a furious zeal had so blinded as to make them neither to hear reason nor adhere to the ways of peace; men that were the very dregs and pest of mankind; men whom pride and a self-conceit had made to over-value their own pitiful crooked wisdom so much, as not to be ashamed to hold foolish and unmannerly disputes against those men whom they ought to reverence, and those laws which they ought to

obey; men that laboured and joyed first to find out the faults, and then speak evil of government, and to be the authors of confusion; men whom company and conversation and custom had at last so blinded and made so insensible that these were sins, that like those that perished in the gainsaying of Korah, so these died without repenting of these spiritual wickednesses, of which the practices of Coppinger and Hacket in their lives, and the death of them and their adherents, are, God knows, too sad examples, and ought to be cautions to those men that are inclined to the like spiritual wickednesses.

And in these times which tended thus to confusion, there were also many of these scruple-mongers that pretended a tenderness of conscience, refusing to take an oath before a lawful magistrate, and yet these very men in their secret conventicles did covenant and swear to each other to be assiduous and faithful in using their best endeavours to set up the Presbyterian doctrine and discipline; and both in such a manner as they themselves had not yet agreed on, but up that government must. To which end there were many that wandered up and down, and were active in sowing discontents and sedition, by venomous and secret murmurings, and a dispersion of scurrilous pamphlets and libels against the Church and State, but especially against the bishops; by which means, together with venomous and indiscreet sermons, the common people became so fanatic as to believe the bishops to be Antichrist, and the only obstructers of God's discipline; and at last some of them were given over to so bloody a zeal, and such other desperate delusions, as to find out a text in the Revelation of St. John, that Antichrist was to be overcome by the sword. So that those very men that began with tender

and meek petitions proceeded to admonitions, then to satirical remonstrances, and at last—having, like Absalom, numbered who was not, and who was for their cause—they got a supposed certainty of so great a party that they durst threaten first the bishops, and then the Queen and Parliament, to all which they were secretly encouraged by the Earl of Leicester, then in great favour with her Majesty, and the reputed cherisher and patron-general of these pretenders to tenderness of conscience; his design being by their means to bring such an odium upon the bishops as to procure an alienation of their lands and a large proportion of them for himself, which avaricious desire had at last so blinded his reason, that his ambitious and greedy hopes seemed to put him into a present possession of Lambeth House.

And to these undertakings the Nonconformists of this nation were much encouraged and heightened by a correspondence and confederacy with that brotherhood in Scotland; so that here they became so bold, that one (Mr. Dering) told the Queen openly in a sermon, “She was like an untamed heifer, that would not be ruled by God’s people, but obstructed His discipline.” And in Scotland they were more confident, for there—*vide* Bishop Spotswood’s “History of the Church of Scotland”—they declared her an atheist, and grew to such a height as not to be accountable for anything spoken against her, nor for treason against their own king, if it were but spoken in the pulpit, showing at last such a disobedience to him, that his mother being in England, and then in distress and in prison, and in danger of death, the Church denied the king their prayers for her; and at another time, when he had appointed a day of feasting, the Church declared for a general fast, in opposition to his authority.

To this height they were grown in both nations, and by these means there was distilled into the minds of the common people such other venomous and turbulent principles, as were inconsistent with the safety of the Church and State ; and these opinions vented so daringly, that, beside the loss of life and limbs, the governors of the Church and State were forced to use such other severities as will not admit of an excuse, if it had not been to prevent the gangrene of confusion, and the perilous consequences of it ; which, without such prevention, would have been first confusion, and then ruin and misery to this numerous nation.

These errors and animosities were so remarkable, that they begot wonder in an ingenious Italian, who being about this time come newly into this nation, and considering them, writ scoffingly to a friend in his own country, to this purpose : "That the common people of England were wiser than the wisest of his nation ; for here the very women and shopkeepers were able to judge of predestination, and to determine what laws were fit to be made concerning church government ; and then what were fit to be obeyed or abolished. 'That they were more able—or at least thought so—to raise and determine perplexed cases of conscience than the wisest of the most learned colleges in Italy ! That men of the slightest learning, and the most ignorant of the common people, were mad for a new, or super, or re-reformation of religion ; and that in this they appeared like that man who would never cease to whet and whet his knife till there was no steel left to make it useful." And he concluded his letter with this observation : "That those very men that were most busy in oppositions, and disputations, and controversies, and finding out the faults of their governors, had usually the least of

humility and mortification, or of the power of godliness."

And to heighten all these discontents and dangers, there was also sprung up a generation of godless men ; men that had so long given way to their own lusts and delusions, and so highly opposed the blessed motions of His Spirit, and the inward light of their own consciences, that they became the very slaves of vice, and had thereby sinned themselves into a belief of that which they would but could not believe ; into a belief which is repugnant even to human nature ; for the heathens believe that there are many gods ; but these had sinned themselves into a belief that there was no God ! and so, finding nothing in themselves but what was worse than nothing, began to wish that they were not able to hope for, namely, " That they might be like the beasts that perish ! " and in wicked company—which is the atheist's sanctuary—were so bold as to say so : though the worst of mankind, when he is left alone at midnight, may wish, but is not then able to think it. Into this wretched, this reprobate condition, many had then sinned themselves.

And now, when the Church was pestered with them, and with all those other fore-named irregularities ; when her lands were in danger of alienation, her power at least neglected, and her peace torn to pieces by several schisms, and such heresies as do usually attend that sin ; for heresies do usually outlive their first authors ; when the common people seemed ambitious of doing those very things that were forbidden and attended with most dangers, that thereby they might be punished, and then applauded and pitied ; when they called the spirit of opposition a tender conscience, and complained of persecution, because they wanted power to persecute others ; when the giddy multitude raged, and became restless to

find out misery for themselves and others ; and the rabble would herd themselves together, and endeavour to govern and act in spite of authority. In this extremity of fear and danger of the Church and State, when, to suppress the growing evils of both, they needed a man of prudence and piety, and of a high and fearless fortitude, they were blest in all by John Whitgift, his being made Archbishop of Canterbury ; of whom Sir Henry Wotton—that knew him well in his youth, and had studied him in his age—gives this true character : “ That he was a man of reverend and sacred memory, and of the primitive temper ; such a temper, as when the Church by lowliness of spirit did flourish in highest examples of virtue.” And indeed this man proved so.

And though I dare not undertake to add to this excellent and true character of Sir Henry Wotton ; yet I shall neither do right in this discourse, nor to my reader, if I forbear to give him a further and short account of the life and manners of this excellent man ; and it shall be short, for I long to end this digression, that I may lead my reader back to Mr. Hooker where we left him at the Temple.

John Whitgift was born in the county of Lincoln, of a family that was ancient, and noted to be both prudent and affable, and gentle by nature. He was educated in Cambridge ; much of his learning was acquired in Pembroke Hall, where Mr. Bradford the martyr was his tutor ; from thence he was removed to Peter House ; from thence to be Master of Pembroke Hall ; and from thence to the Mastership of Trinity College. About which time the Queen made him her chaplain, and not long after Prebend of Ely, and then Dean of Lincoln ; and having for many years past looked upon him with much reverence and favour, gave him a fair testimony of

both, by giving him the Bishopric of Worcester, and—which was not with her a usual favour—forgiving him his first-fruits; then by constituting him Vice-President of the Principality of Wales. And having experimented his wisdom, his justice, and moderation in the manage of her affairs in both these places, she, in the twenty-sixth of her reign, 1583, made him Archbishop of Canterbury, and, not long after, of her Privy Council; and trusted him to manage all her ecclesiastical affairs and preferments. In all which removes he was like the ark, which left a blessing on the place where it rested; and in all his employments was like Jehoiada, that did good unto Israel.

These were the steps of this bishop's ascension to this place of dignity and cares: in which place—to speak Mr. Camden's very words in his "*Annals of Queen Elizabeth*"—"he devoutly consecrated both his own life to God, and his painful labours to the good of His Church."

And yet in this place he met with many oppositions in the regulation of Church affairs, which were much disordered at his entrance by reason of the age and remissness of Bishop Grindal, his immediate predecessor, the activity of the Nonconformists, and their chief assistant the Earl of Leicester; and indeed by too many others of the like sacrilegious principles. With these he was to encounter; and though he wanted neither courage, nor a good cause, yet he foresaw that without a great measure of the Queen's favour, it was impossible to stand in the breach that had been lately made into the lands and immunities of the Church, or indeed to maintain the remaining lands and rights of it. And therefore by justifiable sacred insinuations, such as St. Paul to Agrippa, "Agrippa, believest thou? I know thou believest," he wrought himself into so great a degree of favour with

her, as by his pious use of it, hath got both of them a great degree of fame in this world, and of glory in that into which they are now both entered.

His merits to the Queen, and her favours to him were such, that she called him "her little black husband," and called "his servants her servants:" and she saw so visible and blessed a sincerity shine in all his cares and endeavours for the Church's and for her good, that she was supposed to trust him with the very secrets of her soul, and to make him her confessor; of which she gave many fair testimonies, and of which one was, that "she would never eat flesh in Lent without obtaining a licence from her little black husband:" and would often say she pitied him because she trusted him, and had thereby eased herself by laying the burthen of all her clergy cares upon his shoulders, which he managed with prudence and piety."

I shall not keep myself within the promised rules of brevity in this account of his interest with her Majesty, and his care of the Church's rights, if in this digression I should enlarge to particulars; and therefore my desire is that one example may serve for a testimony of both. And, that the reader may the better understand it, he may take notice that not many years before his being made archbishop, there passed an Act or Acts of Parliament, intending the better preservation of the Church lands, by recalling a power which was vested in others to sell or lease them, by lodging and trusting the future care and protection of them only in the Crown; and amongst many that made a bad use of this power or trust of the Queen's, the Earl of Leicester was one; and the bishop having, by his interest with her Majesty, put a stop to the Earl's sacrilegious designs, they two fell to an open opposition before her; after which they both quitted the room, not

friends in appearance. But the bishop made a sudden and seasonable return to her Majesty—for he found her alone—and spake to her with great humility and reverence, to this purpose :—

“I beseech your Majesty to hear me with patience, and to believe that yours and the Church’s safety are dearer to me than my life, but my conscience dearer than both, and therefore give me leave to do my duty, and tell you that princes are deputed nursing fathers of the Church and owe it a protection ; and therefore God forbid that you should be so much as passive in her ruin, when you may prevent it ; or that I should behold it without horror and detestation, or should forbear to tell your Majesty of the sin and danger of sacrilege. And though you and myself are born in an age of frailties, when the primitive piety and care of the Church’s lands and immunities are much decayed, yet, Madam, let me beg that you would first consider that there are such sins as profaneness and sacrilege ; and that, if there were not, they could not have names in Holy Writ, and particularly in the New Testament. And I beseech you to consider, that though our Saviour said, ‘He judged no man ;’ and, to testify it, would not judge nor divide the inheritance betwixt the two brethren, nor would judge the woman taken in adultery, yet in this point of the Church’s rights He was so zealous that He made Himself both the accuser and the judge, and the executioner too, to punish these sins : witnessed in that He Himself made the whip to drive the profaners out of the Temple, overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and drove them out of it. And I beseech you to consider that it was St. Paul that said to those Christians of his time that were offended with idolatry, and yet committed sacrilege ‘Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?’ supposing, I

think, sacrilege the greater sin. This may occasion your Majesty to consider that there is such a sin as sacrilege ; and to incline you to prevent the curse that will follow it, I beseech you also to consider, that Constantine, the first Christian emperor, and Helena his mother, that King Edgar, and Edward the Confessor, and indeed many others of your predecessors, and many private Christians, have also given to God, and to His Church, much land, and many immunities, which they might have given to those of their own families, and did not ; but gave them for ever as an absolute right and sacrifice to God ; and with these immunities and lands they have entailed a curse upon the alienators of them. God prevent your Majesty and your successors from being liable to that curse, which will cleave unto Church lands as the leprosy to the Jews.

“ And to make you, that are trusted with their preservation, the better to understand the danger of it, I beseech you forget not, that, to prevent these curses, the Church’s land and power have been also endeavoured to be preserved, as far as human reason and the law of this nation have been able to preserve them, by an immediate and most sacred obligation on the consciences of the princes of this realm. For they that consult Magna Charta shall find, that as all your predecessors were at their coronation, so you also were sworn before all the nobility and bishops then present, and in the presence of God, and in His stead to him that anointed you, to maintain the Church lands and the rights belonging to it ; and this you yourself have testified openly to God at the holy altar, by laying your hands on the Bible then lying upon it. And not only Magna Charta, but many modern statutes have denounced a curse upon those that break Magna Charta ; a curse like the leprosy, that was entailed on the

Jews ; for as that, so these curses have and will cleave to the very stones of those buildings that have been consecrated to God ; and the father's sin of sacrilege hath and will prove to be entailed on his son and family. And now, Madam, what account can be given for the breach of this oath at the Last Great Day, either by your Majesty, or by me, if it be wilfully or but negligently violated, I know not.

“ And therefore, good Madam, let not the late lord's exceptions against the failings of some few clergymen prevail with you to punish posterity for the errors of the present age ; let particular men suffer for their particular errors ; but let God and His Church have their inheritance, and though I pretend not to prophecy, yet I beg posterity to take notice of what is already become visible in many families : that Church land added to an ancient and just inheritance, hath proved like a moth fretting a garment, and secretly consumed both ; or like the eagle that stole a coal from the altar, and thereby set her nest on fire, which consumed both her young eagles and herself that stole it. And though I shall forbear to speak reproachfully of your father, yet I beg you to take notice, that a part of the Church's rights, added to the vast treasures left him by his father, hath been conceived to bring an unavoidable consumption upon both, notwithstanding all his diligency to preserve them.

“ And consider, that after the violation of those laws, to which he had sworn in Magna Charta, God did so far deny him His restraining grace, that as King Saul, after he was forsaken of God, fell from one sin to another, so he, till at last he fell into greater sins than I am willing to mention. Madam, religion is the foundation and cement of human societies ; and when they that serve at God's altar shall be exposed to poverty, then religion

itself will be exposed to scorn and become contemptible ; as you may already observe it to be in too many poor vicarages in this nation. And therefore, as you are by a late Act or Acts of Parliament, entrusted with a great power to preserve or waste the Church lands, yet dispose of them, for Jesus' sake, as you have promised to men, and vowed to God, that is, as the donors intended : let neither falsehood nor flattery beguile you to do otherwise ; but put a stop to God's and the Levite's portion, I beseech you, and to the approaching ruins of His Church, as you expect comfort at the Last Great Day ; for kings must be judged. Pardon this affectionate plainness, my most dear sovereign, and let me beg to be still continued in your favour ; and the Lord still continue you in His."

The Queen's patient hearing this affectionate speech, and her future care to preserve the Church's rights, which till then had been neglected, may appear a fair testimony that he made hers and the Church's good the chiefest of his cares, and that she also thought so. And of this there were such daily testimonies given, as begot betwixt them so mutual a joy and confidence, that they seemed born to believe and do good to each other ; she not doubting his piety to be more than all his opposers, which were many ; nor doubting his prudence to be equal to the chiefest of her council, who were then as remarkable for active wisdom as those dangerous times did require, or this nation did ever enjoy. And in this condition he continued twenty years ; in which time he saw some flowings but many more ebbings of her favour towards all men that had opposed him, especially the Earl of Leicester ; so that God seemed still to keep him in her favour, that he might preserve the remaining Church lands and immunities from sacrilegious alienations. And this good man deserved all the honour and power with which

she gratified and trusted him ; for he was a pious man, and naturally of noble and grateful principles : he eased her of all her Church cares by his wise manage of them ; he gave her faithful and prudent counsels in all the extremities and dangers of her temporal affairs, which were very many ; he lived to be the chief comfort of her life in her declining age, and to be then most frequently with her, and her assistant at her private devotions ; he lived to be the greatest comfort of her soul upon her deathbed, to be present at the expiration of her last breath, and to behold the closing of those eyes that had long looked upon him with reverence and affection. And let this also be added, that he was the chief mourner at her sad funeral ; nor let this be forgotten, that, within a few hours after her death, he was the happy proclaimer that King James—her peaceful successor—was heir to the Crown.

Let me beg of my reader to allow me to say a little, and but a little, more of this good bishop, and I shall then presently lead him back to Mr. Hooker ; and because I would hasten, I will mention but one part of the bishop's charity and humility, but this of both. He built a large almshouse near to his own palace at Croydon in Surrey, and endowed it with maintenance for a master and twenty-eight poor men and women, which he visited so often that he knew their names and dispositions, and was so truly humble that he called them brothers and sisters ; and whensoever the Queen descended to that lowliness to dine with him at his palace in Lambeth, which was very often, he would usually the next day show the like lowliness to his poor brothers and sisters at Croydon, and dine with them at his hospital, at which time you may believe there was joy at the table. And at this place he built also a fair free-school, with a good

accommodation and maintenance for the master and scholars. Which gave just occasion for Boyse Sisi, then ambassador for the French king, and resident here at the bishop's death, to say: "The bishop had published many learned books, but a free-school to train up youth, and an hospital to lodge and maintain aged and poor people, were the best evidences of Christian learning that a bishop could leave to posterity." This good bishop lived to see King James settled in peace, and then fell into an extreme sickness at his palace in Lambeth, of which when the king had notice, he went presently to visit him, and found him in his bed in a declining condition and very weak; and after some short discourse betwixt them, the king at his departure assured him: "He had a great affection for him, and a very high value for his prudence and virtues, and would endeavour to beg his life of God for the good of His Church." To which the good bishop replied, "*Pro Ecclesia Dei! Pro Ecclesia Dei!*" which were the last words he ever spake; therein testifying that as in his life, so at his death, his chiefest care was of God's Church.

This John Whitgift was made archbishop in the year 1583. In which busy place he continued twenty years and some months, and in which time you may believe he had many trials of his courage and patience; but his motto was "*Vincit qui patitur;*" and he made it good.

Many of his trials were occasioned by the then powerful Earl of Leicester, who did still, but secretly, raise and cherish a faction of Nonconformists to oppose him, especially one Thomas Cartwright, a man of noted learning, sometime contemporary with the bishop in Cambridge, and of the same college of which the bishop had been master; in which place there began some emulations, the particulars I forbear, and at last open and high

oppositions betwixt them, and in which you may believe Mr. Cartwright was most faulty, if his expulsion out of the University can incline you to it.

And in this discontent after the Earl's death, which was 1588, Mr. Cartwright appeared a chief cherisher of a party that were for the Geneva church government, and, to effect it, he ran himself into many dangers both of liberty and life, appearing at the last to justify himself and his party in many remonstrances, which he caused to be printed, and to which the bishop made a first answer and Cartwright replied upon him; and then the bishop having rejoined to his first reply, Mr. Cartwright either was, or was persuaded to be satisfied, for he wrote no more, but left the reader to be judge which had maintained their cause with most charity and reason. After some silence, Mr. Cartwright received from the bishop many personal favours and betook himself to a more private living, which was at Warwick, where he was made master of an hospital and lived quietly, and grew rich, and where the bishop gave him a licence to preach upon promises not to meddle with controversies, but incline his hearers to piety and moderation; and this promise he kept during his life, which ended 1602, the bishop surviving him but some few months, each ending his days in perfect charity with the other.

And now after this long digression, made for the information of my reader concerning what follows, I bring him back to venerable Mr. Hooker, where we left him in the Temple, and where we shall find him as deeply engaged in a controversy with Walter Travers, a friend and favourite of Mr. Cartwright's, as the bishop had ever been with Mr. Cartwright himself, and of which I shall proceed to give this following account.

And first this, that though the pens of Mr. Cartwright

and the bishop were now at rest, yet there was sprung up a new generation of restless men, that by company and clamours became possessed of a faith which they ought to have kept to themselves, but could not ; men that were become positive in asserting, " That a Papist cannot be saved ;" insomuch, that about this time at the execution of the Queen of Scots, the bishop that preached her funeral sermon, which was Dr. Howland, then Bishop of Peterborough, was reviled for not being positive for her damnation. And besides this boldness of their becoming gods, so far as to set limits to His mercies, there was not only one Martin Mar-Prelate, but other venomous books daily printed and dispersed, books that were so absurd and scurrilous, that the graver divines disdained them an answer. And yet these were grown into high esteem with the common people, till Tom Nash appeared against them all, who was a man of sharp wit and the master of a scoffing, satirical merry pen, which he employed to discover the absurdities of those blind, malicious, senseless pamphlets and sermons as senseless as they, Nash's answers being like his books, which bore these or like titles: " An Almond for a Parrot," " A Fig for my Godson," " Come crack me this Nut," and the like ; so that this merry wit made some sport and such a discovery of their absurdities, as, which is strange, he put a greater stop to these malicious pamphlets than a much wiser man had been able.

And now the reader is to take notice, that at the death of Father Alvey, who was Master of the Temple, this Walter Travers was lecturer there for the evening sermons, which he preached with great approbation, especially of some citizens, and the younger gentlemen of that society ; and for the most part approved by Mr. Hooker himself, in the midst of their oppositions. For

he continued lecturer a part of his time, Mr. Travers being indeed a man of competent learning, of a winning behaviour, and of a blameless life. But he had taken orders by the Presbytery in Antwerp, and with them some opinions that could never be eradicated, and if in anything he was transported, it was in an extreme desire to set up that government in this nation, for the promoting of which he had a correspondence with Theodore Beza at Geneva, and others in Scotland ; and was one of the chiefest assistants to Mr. Cartwright in that design.

Mr. Travers had also a particular hope to set up this government in the Temple, and to that end used his most zealous endeavours to be Master of it ; and his being disappointed by Mr. Hooker's admittance, proved the occasion of a public opposition betwixt them in their sermons : many of which were concerning the doctrine and ceremonies of this Church, insomuch that, as St. Paul withstood St. Peter to his face, so did they withstand each other in their sermons : for, as one hath pleasantly expressed it, " The forenoon sermon spake Canterbury ; and the afternoon Geneva."

In these sermons there was little of bitterness, but each party brought all the reasons he was able to prove his adversary's opinion erroneous. And thus it continued a long time, till the oppositions became so visible, and the consequences so dangerous, especially in that place, that the prudent archbishop put a stop to Mr. Travers his preaching by a positive prohibition. Against which Mr. Travers appealed, and petitioned her Majesty's Privy Council to have it recalled ; where, besides his patron, the Earl of Leicester, he met also with many assisting friends ; but they were not able to prevail with or against the archbishop, whom the Queen had entrusted with all Church power ; and he had received so

fair a testimony of Mr. Hooker's principles, and of his learning and moderation, that he withstood all solicitations. But the denying this petition of Mr. Travers was unpleasant to divers of his party; and the reasonableness of it became at last to be so publicly magnified by them, and many others of that party, as never to be answered; so that, intending the Bishop's and Mr. Hooker's disgrace, they procured it to be privately printed and scattered abroad; and then Mr. Hooker was forced to appear, and make as public an answer; which he did, and dedicated it to the Archbishop; and it proved so full an answer, an answer that had in it so much of clear reason, and writ with so much meekness and majesty of style, that the bishop began to have him in admiration, and to rejoice that he had appeared in his cause, and disdained not earnestly to beg his friendship; even a familiar friendship with a man of so much quiet learning and humility.

To enumerate the many particular points in which Mr. Hooker and Mr. Travers dissented—all or most of which I have seen written—would prove at least tedious; and therefore I shall impose upon my reader no more than two, which shall immediately follow, and by which he may judge of the rest.

Mr. Travers excepted against Mr. Hooker, for that in one of his sermons he declared, "That the assurance of what we believe by the Word of God is not to us so certain as that which we perceive by sense." And Mr. Hooker confesseth he said so, and endeavours to justify it by the reasons following:—

"First. I taught that the things which God promises in His Word are surer than what we touch, handle, or see; but are we so sure and certain of them? If we be, why doth God so often prove His promises to us as

He doth, by arguments drawn from our sensible experience? For we must be surer of the proof than of the things proved; otherwise it is no proof. For example, how is it that many men looking on the moon at the same time, every one knoweth it to be the moon as certainly as the other doth? but many believing one and the same promise, have not all one and the same fulness of persuasion? For how falleth it out, that men being assured of anything by sense, can be no surer of it than they are; when as the strongest in faith that liveth upon the earth hath always need to labour, strive, and pray, that his assurance concerning heavenly and spiritual things may grow, increase, and be augmented?"

The sermon that gave him the cause of this his justification, makes the case more plain, by declaring "That there is, besides this certainty of evidence, a certainty of adherence." In which having most excellently demonstrated what the certainty of adherence is, he makes this comfortable use of it: "Comfortable," he says, "as to weak believers, who suppose themselves to be faithless, not to believe, when notwithstanding they have their adherence; the Holy Spirit hath His private operations, and worketh secretly in them, and effectually too, though they want the inward testimony of it."

Tell this, saith he, to a man that hath a mind too much dejected by a sad sense of his sin; to one that, by a too severe judging of himself, concludes that he wants faith, because he wants the comfortable assurance of it; and his answer will be, do not persuade me against my knowledge, against what I find and feel in myself; I do not, I know I do not believe. Mr. Hooker's own words follow:—"Well, then, to favour such men a little in their weakness, let that be granted which they do imagine; be

it, that they adhere not to God's promises, but are faithless, and without belief; but are they not grieved for their unbelief? They confess they are; do they not wish it might, and also strive that it may be otherwise? we know they do. Whence cometh this, but from a secret love and liking, that they have of those things believed? For no man can love those things which in his own opinion are not; and if they think those things to be, which they show they love, when they desire to believe them, then must it be, that by desiring to believe, they prove themselves true believers; for without faith no man thinketh that things believed are, which argument all the subtleties of infernal powers will never be able to dissolve." This is an abridgment of part of the reasons Mr. Hooker gives for his justification of this his opinion, for which he was excepted against by Mr. Travers.

Mr. Hooker was also accused by Mr. Travers, for that he in one of his sermons had declared, "That he doubted not but that God was merciful to many of our forefathers living in Popish superstition, forasmuch as they sinned ignorantly;" and Mr. Hooker in his answer professeth it to be his judgment, and declares his reasons for this charitable opinion to be as followeth.

But first, he states the question about justification and works, and how the foundation of faith without works is overthrown; and then he proceeds to discover that way, which natural men and some others have mistaken to be the way, by which they hope to attain true and everlasting happiness; and having discovered the mistake, he proceeds to direct to that true way, by which, and no other, everlasting life and blessedness is attainable. And these two ways he demonstrates thus—they be his own words that follow:—"That, the way of

Nature ; this, the way of Grace ; the end of that way, Salvation merited, presupposing the righteousness of men's works ; their righteousness, a natural ability to do them ; that ability, the goodness of God, which created them in such perfection. But the end of this way, salvation bestowed upon men as a gift, presupposing not their righteousness, but the forgiveness of their unrighteousness, justification ; their justification, not their natural ability to do good, but their hearty sorrow for not doing, and unfeigned belief in Him, for whose sake not-doers are accepted, which is their vocation ; their vocation, the election of God, taking them out of the number of lost children ; their election, a mediator in whom to be elected ; this mediation, inexplicable mercy ; this mercy, supposing their misery for whom He vouchsafed to die, and make Himself a Mediator."

And he also declareth, "There is no meritorious cause for our justification but Christ ; no effectual but His mercy ;" and says also, "We deny the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we abuse, disannul and annihilate the benefit of His Passion, if by a proud imagination we believe we can merit everlasting life, or can be worthy of it." This belief, he declareth, is to destroy the very essence of our justification ; and he makes all opinions that border upon this to be very dangerous. "Yet nevertheless"—and for this he was accused—"considering how many virtuous and just men, how many saints and martyrs have had their dangerous opinions, amongst which this was one, that they hoped to make God some part of amends, by voluntary punishments which they laid upon themselves : because by this, or the like erroneous opinions, which do by consequence overthrow the merits of Christ, shall man be so bold as to write on their graves, 'Such men are damned ; there is for

them no salvation?' St. Austin says, *Errare possum hæreticus esse nolo*. And except we put a difference betwixt them that err ignorantly, and them that obstinately persist in it, how is it possible that any man should hope to be saved? Give me a Pope or Cardinal, whom great afflictions have made to know himself, whose heart God hath touched with true sorrow for all his sins, and filled with a love of Christ and His Gospel; whose eyes are willingly opened to see the truth, and his mouth ready to renounce all error—this one opinion of merit excepted, which he thinketh God will require at his hands—and because he wanteth, trembleth, and is discouraged, and yet can say, Lord, cleanse me from all my secret sins! shall I think because of this, or a like error, such men touch not so much as the hem of Christ's garment? If they do, wherefore should I doubt but that virtue may proceed from Christ to save them? No, I will not be afraid to say to such a one, You err in your opinion; but be of good comfort; you have to do with a merciful God, who will make the best of that little which you hold well; and not with a captious sophister, who gathereth the worst out of everything in which you are mistaken."

But it will be said, says Mr. Hooker, the admittance of merit in any degree overthroweth the foundation, excludeth from the hope of mercy, from all possibility of salvation. (And now Mr. Hooker's own words follow.)

"What, though they hold the truth sincerely in all other parts of Christian faith? although they have in some measure all the virtues and graces of the Spirit, although they have all other tokens of God's children in them? although they be far from having any proud opinion, that they shall be saved by the worthiness of their deeds? although the only thing that troubleth and molesteth them be a little too much dejection, somewhat too great a fear

arising from an erroneous conceit, that God will require a worthiness in them, which they are grieved to find wanting in themselves? although they be not obstinate in this opinion? although they be willing, and would be glad to forsake it, if any one reason were brought sufficient to disprove it? although the only cause why they do not forsake it ere they die, be their ignorance of that means by which it might be disproved? although the cause why the ignorance in this point is not removed, be the want of knowledge in such as should be able, and are not to remove it? Let me die," says Mr. Hooker, "if it be ever proved that simply an error doth exclude a Pope or Cardinal in such a case utterly from hope of life. Surely I must confess, that if it be an error to think that God may be merciful to save men even when they err, my greatest comfort is my error; were it not for the love I bear to this error, I would never wish to speak or to live."

I was willing to take notice of these two points, as supposing them to be very material, and that as they are thus contracted, they may prove useful to my reader; as also for that the answers be arguments of Mr. Hooker's great and clear reason and equal charity. Other exceptions were also made against him by Mr. Travers, as "That he prayed before and not after his sermons, that in his prayers he named bishops, that he kneeled both when he prayed and when he received the Sacrament;" and, says Mr. Hooker, in his Defence, "other exceptions so like these, as but to name I should have thought a greater fault than to commit them."

And it is not unworthy the noting, that, in the manage of so great a controversy, a sharper reproof than this, and one like it, did never fall from the happy pen of this humble man. That like it was upon a like occasion of

exceptions, to which his answer was, "your next argument consists of railing and of reasons : to your railing I say nothing, to your reasons I say what follows." And I am glad of this fair occasion to testify the dove-like temper of this meek, this matchless man. And doubtless, if Almighty God had blest the dissenters from the ceremonies and discipline of this Church with a like measure of wisdom and humility, instead of their pertinacious zeal, then obedience and truth had kissed each other, then peace and piety had flourished in our nation, and this Church and State had been blessed like Jerusalem, that is at unity with itself; but this can never be expected till God shall bless the common people of this nation with a belief that schism is a sin, and they not fit to judge what is schism ; and bless them also with a belief that there may be offences taken which are not given, and that laws are not made for private men to dispute, but to obey.

And this also may be worthy of noting, that these exceptions of Mr. Travers against Mr. Hooker proved to be *felix error*, for they were the cause of his transcribing those few of his sermons which we now see printed with his books ; and of his "Answer to Mr. Travers his Supplication ;" and of his most learned and useful "Discourse of Justification, of Faith, and Works ;" and by their transcription they fell into such hands as have preserved them from being lost, as too many of his other matchless writings were ; and from these I have gathered many observations in this discourse of his life.

After the publication of his "Answer to the Petition of Mr. Travers," Mr. Hooker grew daily into greater repute with the most learned and wise of the nation ; but it had a contrary effect in very many of the Temple that

were zealous for Mr. Travers, and for his Church discipline ; insomuch that though Mr. Travers left the place, yet the seeds of discontent could not be rooted out of that society, by the great reason, and as great meekness, of this humble man ; for though the chief Benchers gave him much reverence and encouragement, yet he there met with many neglects and oppositions by those of Master Travers' judgment, insomuch that it turned to his extreme grief ; and, that he might unbeguile and win them, he designed to write a deliberate, sober treatise of the Church's power to make canons for the use of ceremonies, and by law to impose an obedience to them, as upon her children ; and this he proposed to do in " Eight Books of the Law of Ecclesiastical Polity ;" intending therein to show such arguments as should force an assent from all men, if reason, delivered in sweet language, and void of any provocation, were able to do it ; and, that he might prevent all prejudice, he wrote before it a large preface or epistle to the dissenting brethren, wherein there were such bowels of love, and such a commixture of that love with reason, as was never exceeded but in Holy Writ, and particularly by that of St. Paul to his dear brother and fellow-labourer Philemon, than which none ever was more like this epistle of Mr. Hooker's. So that his dear friend and companion in his studies, Dr. Spencer, might, after his death, justly say, " What admirable height of learning and depth of judgment dwelt in the lowly mind of this truly humble man, great in all wise men's eyes, except his own ; with what gravity and majesty of speech his tongue and pen uttered heavenly mysteries ; whose eyes, in the humility of his heart, were always cast down to the ground ; how all things that proceeded from him were breathed as from the spirit of love, as if he, like the bird of the Holy Ghost, the dove, had wanted

gall : let those that knew him not in his person, judge by these living images of his soul, his writings."

The foundation of these books was laid in the Temple ; but he found it no fit place to finish what he had there designed ; he therefore earnestly solicited the archbishop for a remove from that place ; to whom he spake to this purpose :—" My Lord, when I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage ; but I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place ; and indeed God and Nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. My Lord, my particular contests with Mr. Travers here have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man ; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions ; and to satisfy that, I have consulted the Scripture, and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him, and others of his judgment, ought to be so far complied with, as to alter our frame of Church government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to Him, and our established ceremonies, as often as his and other tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination, I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise, in which I intend a justification of the laws of our ecclesiastical polity ; in which design God and His holy angels shall at the last great day bear me that witness which my conscience now does, that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences ; and I shall never be able to do this but where I may study, and pray for God's blessing upon my endeavours, and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions ; and

therefore, if your Grace can judge me worthy of such a favour, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun."

About this time, the parsonage or rectory of Boscum, in the diocese of Sarum, and six miles from that city, became void. The Bishop of Sarum is patron of it; but in the vacancy of that See—which was three years betwixt the translation of Bishop Pierce to the See of York, and Bishop Caldwell's admission into it—the disposal of that, and all benefices belonging to that See, during this said vacancy, came to be disposed of by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and he presented Richard Hooker to it in the year 1591. And Richard Hooker was also in this said year instituted, July 17, to be a minor prebend of Salisbury, the corps to it being Nether-Haven, about ten miles from that city; which prebend was of no great value, but intended chiefly to make him capable of a better preferment in that church. In this Boscum he continued till he had finished four of his eight proposed books of "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," and these were entered into the Register-Book in Stationers' Hall, the 9th of March 1592, but not published till the year 1594, and then were, with the before-mentioned large and affectionate preface, which he directs to them that seek, as they term it, the reformation of the Laws and Orders Ecclesiastical in the Church of England; of which books I shall yet say nothing more, but that he continued his laborious diligence to finish the remaining four during his life—of all which more properly hereafter; but at Boscum he finished and published but only the first four, being then in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

He left Boscum in the year 1595, by a surrender of it into the hands of Bishop Caldwell: and he presented

Benjamin Russell, who was instituted into it the 23rd of June in the same year.

The parsonage of Bishop's Bourne in Kent, three miles from Canterbury, is in that Archbishop's gift; but in that latter end of the year 1594, Dr. William Redman, the rector of it, was made Bishop of Norwich, by which means the power of presenting to it was *pro eâ vice* in the Queen, and she presented Richard Hooker, whom she loved well, to this good living of Bourne, the 7th July 1595, in which living he continued till his death, without any addition of dignity or profit.

And now having brought our Richard Hooker from his birthplace to this where he found a grave, I shall only give some account of his books and of his behaviour in this parsonage of Bourne, and then give a rest both to myself and my reader.

His first four books and large epistle have been declared to be printed at his being at Boscum, anno 1594. Next I am to tell, that at the end of these four books there was, when he first printed them, this advertisement to the reader: "I have for some causes thought it at this time more fit to let go these first four books by themselves, than to stay both them and the rest, till the whole might together be published. Such generalities of the cause in question as are here handled, it will be perhaps not amiss to consider apart, by way of introduction unto the books that are to follow concerning particulars; in the meantime the reader is requested to mend the printer's errors, as noted underneath."

And I am next to declare, that his fifth book, which is larger than his first four, was first also printed by itself, anno 1597, and dedicated to his patron, for till then he chose none, the Archbishop.

These books were read with an admiration of their

excellency in this, and their just fame spread itself also into foreign nations. And I have been told, more than forty years past, that either Cardinal Allen, or learned Dr. Stapleton—both Englishmen, and in Italy about the time when Mr. Hooker's four books were first printed—meeting with this general fame of them, were desirous to read an author that both the reformed and the learned of their own Romish Church did so much magnify, and therefore caused them to be sent for to Rome, and after reading them, boasted to the Pope, which then was Clement the Eighth—"That though he had lately said he never met with an English book whose writer deserved the name of author, yet there now appeared a wonder to them, and it would be so to his Holiness, if it were in Latin ; for a poor obscure English priest had writ four such books of Laws and Church polity, and in a style that expressed such a grave and so humble a majesty, with such clear demonstration of reason, that in all their readings they had not met with any that exceeded him ;" and this begot in the Pope an earnest desire that Dr. Stapleton should bring the said four books, and looking on the English, read a part of them to him in Latin, which Dr. Stapleton did, to the end of the first book, at the conclusion of which, the Pope spake to this purpose : " There is no learning that this man hath not searched into, nothing too hard for his understanding ; this man indeed deserves the name of an author, his books will get reverence by age ; for there is in them such seeds of eternity, that if the rest be like this, they shall last till the last fire shall consume all learning."

Nor was this high, the only testimony and commendations given to his books, for at the first coming of King James into this kingdom, he inquired of the Archbishop Whitgift for his friend Mr. Hooker, that writ the books of

Church polity, to which the answer was, that he died a year before Queen Elizabeth, who received the sad news of his death with very much sorrow ; to which the king replied, " And I receive it with no less, that I shall want the desired happiness of seeing and discoursing with that man, from whose books I have received such satisfaction ; indeed, my Lord, I have received more satisfaction in reading a leaf or paragraph in Mr. Hooker, though it were but about the fashion of churches, or church music, or the like, but especially of the Sacraments, than I have had in the reading particular large treatises written but of one of those subjects by others, though very learned men ; and I observe there is in Mr. Hooker no affected language, but a grave comprehensive, clear manifestation of reason, and that backed with the authority of the Scripture, the Fathers, and schoolmen, and with all law both sacred and civil. And though many others write well, yet in the next age they will be forgotten, but doubtless there is in every page of Mr. Hooker's book the picture of a divine soul, such pictures of truth and reason, and drawn in so sacred colours, that they shall never fade, but give an immortal memory to the author." And it is so truly true that the king thought what he spake, that, as the most learned of the nation have, and still do mention Mr. Hooker with reverence, so he also did never mention him but with the epithet of learned, or judicious, or reverend, or venerable Mr. Hooker.

Nor did his son, our late King Charles the First, ever mention him but with the same reverence, enjoining his son, our now gracious king, to be studious in Mr. Hooker's books. And our learned antiquary, Mr. Camden, in his *Annals*, 1599, mentioning the death, the modesty, and other vlrtnes of Mr. Hooker, and magnifying his books, wished " that for the honour of this, and benefit of other

nations, they were turned into the universal language." Which work, though undertaken by many, yet they have been weary and forsaken it; but the reader may now expect it, having been long since begun, and lately finished, by the happy pen of Dr. Earle, now Lord Bishop of Salisbury, of whom I may justly say—and let it not offend him, because it is such a truth as ought not to be concealed from posterity, or those that now live, and yet know him not—that since Mr. Hooker died, none have lived whom God hath blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper : so that this excellent person seems to be only like himself and our venerable Richard Hooker, and only fit to make the learned of all nations happy, in knowing what hath been too long confined to the language of our little island.

There might be many more and just occasions taken to speak of his books, which none ever did or can commend too much ; but I decline them, and hasten to an account of his Christian behaviour and death at Bourne, in which place he continued his customary rules of mortification and self-denial ; was much in fasting, frequent in meditation and prayers, enjoying those blessed returns which only men of strict lives feel and know, and of which men of loose and godless lives cannot be made sensible ; for spiritual things are spiritually discerned.

At his entrance into this place, his friendship was much sought for by Dr. Hadrian Saravia, then, or about that time, made one of the prebends of Canterbury ; a German by birth, and sometime a pastor both in Flanders and Holland, where he had studied and well considered the controverted points concerning episcopacy and sacrilege ; and in England had a just occasion to declare his judgment concerning both, unto his brethren ministers of

the Low Countries, which was excepted against by Theodore Beza and others; against whose exceptions he rejoined, and thereby became the happy author of many learned tracts writ in Latin, especially of three; one, of the "Degrees of Ministers," and of the "Bishops' Superiority above the Presbytery;" a second, "Against Sacrilege;" and a third of "Christian Obedience to Princes," the last being occasioned by Gretzerus the Jesuit. And it is observable, that when, in a time of Church tumults, Beza gave his reasons to the Chancellor of Scotland for the abrogation of episcopacy in that nation, partly by letters, and more fully in a treatise of a threefold episcopacy, which he calls divine, human, and satanical, this Dr. Saravia had, by the help of Bishop Whitgift, made such an early discovery of their intentions, that he had almost as soon answered that treatise as it became public; and he therein discovered how Beza's opinion did contradict that of Calvin's and his adherents, leaving them to interfere with themselves in point of episcopacy. But of these tracts it will not concern me to say more than that they were most of them dedicated to his and the Church of England's watchful patron, John Whitgift, the Archbishop, and printed about the time in which Mr. Hooker also appeared first to the world, in the publication of his first four books of "Ecclesiastical Polity."

This friendship being sought for by this learned doctor you may believe was not denied by Mr. Hooker, who was by fortune so like him as to be engaged against Mr. Travers, Mr. Cartwright, and others of their judgment, in a controversy too like Dr. Saravia's; so that in this year of 1595 and in this place of Bourne, these two excellent persons began a holy friendship, increasing daily to so high and mutual affections that their two wills seemed to

be but one and the same, and their designs both for the glory of God and peace of the Church, still assisting and improving each other's virtues and the desired comforts of a peacable piety, which I have willingly mentioned, because it gives a foundation to some things that follow.

This parsonage of Bourne is from Canterbury three miles, and near to the common road that leads from that city to Dover, in which parsonage Mr. Hooker had not been twelve months, but his books and the innocency and sanctity of his life became so remarkable, that many turned out of the road, and others, scholars especially, went purposely to see the man whose life and learning were so much admired ; and alas ! as our Saviour said of St. John Baptist, "What went they out to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen?" No indeed, but an obscure, harmless man, a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown, or canonical coat ; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul ; his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications ; his face full of heat pimples, begot by his inactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour : God and Nature blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness that as in his younger days his pupils might easily look him out of countenance, so neither then nor in his age did he ever willingly look any man in the face, and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time ; and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak sighted, and where he fixed his eyes at the beginning of his sermon there they continued till it was ended ; and the reader has a liberty

to believe that his modesty and dim sight were some of the reasons why he trusted Mrs. Churchman to choose his wife.

This parish clerk lived till the third or fourth year of the late Long Parliament ; betwixt which time and Mr. Hooker's death there had come many to see the place of his burial, and the monument dedicated to his memory of Sir William Cowper, who still lives ; and the poor clerk had many rewards for showing Mr. Hooker's grave place and his said monument, and did always hear Mr. Hooker mentioned with commendations and reverence ; to all which he added his own knowledge and observations of his humility and holiness, and in all which discourses the poor man was still more confirmed in his opinion of Mr. Hooker's virtues and learning. But it so fell out that about the said third or fourth year of the Long Parliament, the then present parson of Bourne was sequestered—you may guess why—and a Genevan minister put into his good living. This and other like sequestrations, made the clerk express himself in a wonder, and say, “ They had sequestered so many good men, that he doubted, if his good master Mr. Hooker had lived till now, they would have sequestered him too ! ”

It was not long before this intruding minister had made a party in and about the said parish that were desirous to receive the Sacrament as in Geneva, to which end, the day was appointed for a select company, and forms and stools set about the altar, or communion-table, for them to sit and eat and drink ; but when they went about this work, there was a want of some joint-stools, which the minister sent the clerk to fetch, and then to fetch cushions—but not to kneel upon. When the clerk saw them begin to sit down, he began to wonder, but the minister bade him “ cease wondering and lock the church door ; ”

to whom he replied, "Pray take you the keys, and lock me out; I will never come more into this church, for all men will say my master Hooker was a good man, and a good scholar, and I am sure it was not used to be thus in his days;" and report says the old man went presently home and died, I do not say died immediately, but within a few days after.

But let us leave this grateful clerk in his quiet grave and return to Mr. Hooker himself, continuing our observations of his Christian behaviour in this place, where he gave a holy valediction to all the pleasures and allurements of earth, possessing his soul in a virtuous quietness, which he maintained by constant study, prayers, and meditations. His use was to preach once every Sunday, and he or his curate to catechize after the second lesson in the evening prayer. His sermons were neither long nor earnest, but uttered with a grave zeal and a humble voice; his eyes always fixed on one place, to prevent his imagination from wandering, inso-much that he seemed to study as he spake. The design of his sermons, as indeed of all his discourses, was to show reasons for what he spake, and with these reasons such a kind of rhetoric as did rather convince and persuade than frighten men into piety, studying not so much for matter, which he never wanted, as for apt illustrations, to inform and teach his unlearned hearers by familiar examples, and then make them better by convincing applications, never labouring by hard words, and then by heedless distinctions and subdistinctions, to amuse his hearers and get glory to himself, but glory only to God. Which intention he would often say was as discernible in a preacher "as a natural from an artificial beauty."

He never failed the Sunday before every Ember-week

to give notice of it to his parishioners, persuading them both to fast, and then to double their devotions for a learned and a pious clergy, but especially the last, saying often, "That the life of a pious clergyman was visible rhetoric, and so convincing that the most godless men, though they would not deny themselves the enjoyment of their present lusts, did yet secretly wish themselves like those of the strictest lives." And to what he persuaded others, he added his own example of fasting and prayer, and did usually every Ember-week take from the parish-clerk the key of the church door, into which place he retired every day, and locked himself up for many hours, and did the like most Fridays and other days of fasting.

He would by no means omit the customary time of procession, persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love, and their parish rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation; and most did so, in which perambulation he would usually express more pleasant discourse than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations to be remembered against the next year, especially by the boys and young people, still inclining them and all his present parishioners to meekness, and mutual kindness and love, because "Love thinks not evil, but covers a multitude of infirmities."

He was diligent to inquire who of his parish were sick, or any ways distressed, and would often visit them, unsent for; supposing that the fittest time to discover to them those errors to which health and prosperity had blinded them. And having by pious reasons and prayers moulded them into holy resolutions for the time to come, he would incline them to confession and bewailing their sins, with purpose to forsake them, and then to receive the Communion, both as a strengthening of those holy

resolutions, and as a seal betwixt God and them of His mercies to their souls, in case that present sickness did put a period to their lives.

And as he was thus watchful and charitable to the sick, so he was as diligent to prevent lawsuits; still urging his parishioners and neighbours to bear with each other's infirmities, and live in love, because, as St. John says, "He that lives in love, lives in God; for God is love." And to maintain this holy fire of love constantly burning on the altar of a pure heart, his advice was to watch and pray, and always keep themselves fit to receive the Communion, and then to receive it often; for it was both a confirming and strengthening of their graces. This was his advice; and at his entrance or departure out of any house, he would usually speak to the whole family, and bless them by name; insomuch, that as he seemed in his youth to be taught of God, so he seemed in this place to teach His precepts as Enoch did, by walking with Him in all holiness and humility, making each day a step towards a blessed eternity. And though, in this weak and declining age of the world, such examples are become barren and almost incredible, yet let his memory be blest by this true recordation, because he that praises Richard Hooker, praises God who hath given such gifts to men; and let this humble and affectionate relation of him become such a pattern, as may invite posterity to imitate these his virtues.

This was his constant behaviour both at Bourne, and in all the places in which he lived; thus did he walk with God, and tread in the footsteps of primitive piety; and yet, as that Great Example of meekness and purity, even our Blessed Jesus, was not free from false accusations, no more was this disciple of His, this most humble, most innocent, holy man. His was a slander parallel to

that of chaste Susannah's by the wicked Elders, or that against St. Athanasius, as it is recorded in his Life—for this holy man had heretical enemies—a slander which this age calls *trepanning*. The particulars need not a repetition; and that it was false, needs no other testimony than the public punishment of his accusers, and their open confession of his innocence. It was said that the accusation was contrived by a dissenting brother, one that endured not church ceremonies, hating him for his book's sake, which he was not able to answer, and his name hath been told me; but I have not so much confidence in the relation as to make my pen fix a scandal on him to posterity; I shall rather leave it doubtful till the Great Day of Revelation. But this is certain, that he lay under the great charge, and the anxiety of this accusation, and kept it secret to himself for many months, and, being a helpless man, had lain longer under this heavy burthen, but that the Protector of the innocent gave such an accidental occasion as forced him to make it known to his two dearest friends, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, who were so sensible of their tutor's sufferings that they gave themselves no rest, till by their disquisitions and diligence they had found out the fraud, and brought him the welcome news that his accusers did confess they had wronged him and begged his pardon. To which the good man's reply was to this purpose: "The Lord forgive them, and the Lord bless you for this comfortable news. Now have I a just occasion to say with Solomon, 'friends are born for the days of adversity;' and such you have proved to me. And to my God I say, as did the mother of St. John Baptist, 'Thus hath the Lord dealt with me, in the day wherein He looked upon me, to take away my reproach among men.' And, O my God!

neither my life, nor my reputation, are safe in my own keeping, but in Thine, who didst take care of me when I yet hanged upon my mother's breast. Blessed are they that put their trust in Thee, O Lord! for when false witnesses were risen up against me, when shame was ready to cover my face, when my nights were restless; when my soul thirsted for a deliverance, as the hart panteth after the rivers of water; then Thou, Lord, didst hear my complaints, pity my condition, and art now become my Deliverer, and as long as I live I will hold up my hands in this manner, and magnify Thy mercies, who didst not give me over as a prey to mine enemies; the net is broken, and they are taken in it. Oh! blessed are they that put their trust in Thee! and no prosperity shall make me forget those days of sorrow, or to perform those vows that I have made to thee in the days of my affliction, for with such sacrifices Thou, O God! art well pleased, and I will pay them."

Thus did the joy and gratitude of this good man's heart break forth; and it is observable, that as the invitation to this slander was his meek behaviour and dove-like simplicity, for which he was remarkable, so his Christian charity ought to be imitated. For though the spirit of revenge is so pleasing to mankind that it is never conquered but by a supernatural grace, revenge being indeed so deeply rooted in human nature, that, to prevent the excesses of it—for men would not know moderation—Almighty God allows not any degree of it to any man, but says, "Vengeance is Mine;" and though this be said positively by God Himself, yet this revenge is so pleasing, that man is hardly persuaded to submit the manage of it to the time and justice and wisdom of his Creator, but would hasten to be his own executioner of it. And yet, nevertheless, if any man ever did wholly

decline, and leave this pleasing passion to the time and measure of God alone, it was this Richard Hooker of whom I write; for when his slanderers were to suffer, he laboured to procure their pardon, and when that was denied him, his reply was, "That, however, he would fast and pray that God would give them repentance, and patience to undergo their punishment." And his prayers were so far returned into his own bosom, that the first was granted, if we may believe a penitent behaviour and an open confession. And 'tis observable, that after this time he would often say to Dr. Saravia, "Oh! with what quietness did I enjoy my soul, after I was free from the fears of my slander! And how much more after a conflict and victory over my desires of revenge!"

About the year 1600, and of his age forty-six, he fell into a long and sharp sickness, occasioned by a cold taken in his passage by water betwixt London and Gravesend, from the malignity of which he was never recovered; for after that time, till his death, he was not free from thoughtful days and restless nights; but a submission to His will that makes the sick man's bed easy by giving rest to his soul, made his very languishment comfortable; and yet all this time he was solicitous in his study, and said often to Dr. Saravia—who saw him daily, and was the chief comfort of his life—"That he did not beg a long life of God for any other reason but to live to finish his three remaining books of Polity, and then, 'Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace;'" which was his usual expression. And God heard his prayers, though He denied the Church the benefit of them, as completed by himself; and 'tis thought he hastened his own death by hastening to give life to his books. But this is certain, that the nearer he was to his death, the more he grew in humility, in holy thoughts and resolutions.

About a month before his death, this good man, that never knew, or at least never considered, the pleasures of the palate, became first to lose his appetite, and then to have an averseness to all food, insomuch that he seemed to live some intermitted weeks by the smell of meat only, and yet still studied and writ. And now his guardian angel seemed to foretell him that the day of his dissolution drew near ; for which his vigorous soul appeared to thirst.

In this time of his sickness, and not many days before his death, his house was robbed, of which he having notice, his question was, "Are my books and written papers safe?" And being answered that they were, his reply was, "Then it matters not ; for no other loss can trouble me."

About one day before his death, Dr. Saravia, who knew the very secrets of his soul—for they were supposed to be confessors to each other—came to him, and, after a conference of the benefit, the necessity, and safety of the Church's absolution, it was resolved the Doctor should give him both that and the Sacrament the day following. To which end the Doctor came, and after a short retirement and privacy, they two returned to the company ; and then the Doctor gave him and some of those friends which were with him the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Jesus. Which being performed, the Doctor thought he saw a reverend gaiety and joy in his face ; but it lasted not long ; for his bodily infirmities did return suddenly, and became more visible, insomuch that the Doctor apprehended death ready to seize him ; yet, after some amendment, left him at night, with a promise to return early the day following ; which he did, and then found him better in appearance, deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse, which gave the

Doctor occasion to require his present thoughts. To which he replied, "That he was meditating the number and nature of Angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in Heaven; and oh! that it might be so on earth!" After which words, he said, "I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near; and though I have by His grace loved Him in my youth, and feared Him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to Him, and to all men, yet if Thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits, who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe Thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take Thine own time: I submit to it; let not mine, O Lord, but let Thy will be done." With which expression he fell into a dangerous slumber; dangerous as to his recovery, yet recover he did, but it was to speak only these few words: "Good Doctor, God hath heard my daily petitions, for I am at peace with all men, and He is at peace with me; and from that blessed assurance I feel that inward joy which this world can neither give nor take from me: my conscience beareth me this witness, and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to live to do the Church more service; but cannot hope it, for my days are past as a shadow that returns not." More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him; and, after a short conflict betwixt Nature and Death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep.

And now he seems to rest like Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Let me here draw his curtain, till with the most glorious company of the patriarchs and apostles, the most noble army of martyrs and confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man, shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory than common Christians shall be made partakers of.

In the meantime, bless, O Lord! Lord bless his brethren, the clergy of this nation, with effectual endeavours to attain, if not to his great learning, yet to his remarkable meekness, his godly simplicity, and his Christian moderation; for these will bring peace at the last. And, Lord, let his most excellent writings be blest with what he designed when he undertook them: which was, glory to Thee, O God, on high, peace in Thy Church, and goodwill to mankind. Amen, Amen.

IZAACK WALTON.

THIS following epitaph was long since presented to the world, in memory of Mr. Hooker, by Sir William Cowper, who also built him a fair monument in Bourne Church, and acknowledges him to have been his spiritual father:—

“ Though nothing can be spoke worthy his fame,
Or the remembrance of that precious name,
Judicious Hooker; though this cost be spent,
On him, that hath a lasting monument
In his own books; yet ought we to express,
I' not his worth, yet our respectfulness.
Church ceremonies he maintained; then why
Without all ceremony should he die?
Was it because his life and death should be
Both equal patterns of humility?

Or that perhaps this only glorious one
Was above all, to ask, why had he none?
Yet he, that lay so long obscurely low,
Doth now preferred to greater honours go.
Ambitious men, learn hence to be more wise,
Humility is the true way to rise :
And God in me this lesson did inspire,
To bid this humble man, 'Friend, sit up higher.' ”

APPENDIX.

AND now, having by a long and laborious search satisfied myself, and I hope my reader, by imparting to him the true relation of Mr. Hooker's life, I am desirous also to acquaint him with some observations that relate to it, and which could not properly fall to be spoken till after his death, of which my reader may expect a brief and true account in the following Appendix.

And first, it is not to be doubted but that he died in the forty-seventh if not in the forty-sixth year of his age ; which I mention because many have believed him to be more aged, but I have so examined it as to be confident I mistake not, and for the year of his death Mr. Camden, who in his “ Annals of Queen Elizabeth,” 1599, mentions him with a high commendation of his life and learning, declares him to die in the year 1599 ; and yet in that inscription of his mounment, set up at the charge of Sir William Cowper in Bourne Church, where Mr. Hooker was buried, his death is there said to be in anno 1603 ; but doubtless both are mistaken, for I have it attested under the hand of William Somner, the archbishop's registrar for the province of Canterbury, that Richard Hooker's will bears date October 26th in anno 1600, and that it was proved the 3rd of December following.

And that at his death he left four daughters, Alice, Cicely, Jane and Margaret; that he gave to each of them a hundred pounds; that he left Joan, his wife, his sole executrix; and that by his inventory his estate, a great part of it being in books, came to £1092 9s. 2d., which was much more than he thought himself worth, and which was not got by his care, much less by the good housewifery of his wife, but saved by his trusty servant, Thomas Lane, that was wiser than his master in getting money for him, and more frugal than his mistress in keeping of it. Of which will of Mr. Hooker's I shall say no more but that his dear friend Thomas, the father of George Cranmer—of whom I have spoken, and shall have occasion to say more—was one of the witnesses to it.

One of his elder daughters was married to one Chalinor, sometime a schoolmaster in Chichester, and are both dead long since. Margaret, his youngest daughter, was married unto Ezekiel Charke, Bachelor in Divinity, and rector of St. Nicholas in Harbledown near Canterbury, who died about sixteen years past, and had a son Ezekiel, now living and in sacred Orders, being at this time rector of Waldron in Sussex. She left also a daughter, with both whom I have spoken not many months past, and find her to be a widow in a condition that wants not, but very far from abounding. And these two attested unto me that Richard Hooker, their grandfather, had a sister, by name Elizabeth Harvey, that lived to the age of 121 years, and died in the month of September 1663.

For his other two daughters I can learn little certainty, but have heard they both died before they were marriageable. And for his wife, she was so unlike Jephtha's daughter that she stayed not a comely time

to bewail her widowhood, nor lived long enough to repent her second marriage, for which, doubtless, she would have found cause, if there had been but four months betwixt Mr. Hooker's and her death. But she is dead, and let her other infirmities be buried with her.

Thus much briefly for his age, the year of his death, his estate, his wife, and his children. I am next to speak of his books, concerning which I shall have a necessity of being longer, or shall neither do right to myself or my reader, which is chiefly intended in this Appendix.

I have declared in his Life that he proposed eight books, and that his first four were printed anno 1594, and his fifth book first printed, and alone, anno 1597, and that he lived to finish the remaining three of the proposed eight; but whether we have the last three as finished by himself, is a just and material question, concerning which I do declare that I have been told almost forty years past, by one that very well knew Mr. Hooker and the affairs of his family, that, about a month after the death of Mr. Hooker, Bishop Whitgift, then Archbishop of Canterbury, sent one of his chaplains to inquire of Mrs. Hooker for the three remaining books of Polity writ by her husband, of which she would not, or could not, give any account; and that about three months after that time the bishop procured her to be sent for to London, and then by his procurement she was to be examined by some of her Majesty's Council concerning the disposal of those books, but, by way of preparation for the next day's examination, the bishop invited her to Lambeth, and after some friendly questions she confessed to him that one Mr. Charke, and another minister that dwelt near Canterbury, came to her, and

desired that they might go into her husband's study, and look upon some of his writings : and that there they two burnt and tore many of them, assuring her that they were writings not fit to be seen ; and that she knew nothing more concerning them. Her lodging was then in King Street in Westminster, where she was found next morning dead in her bed, and her new husband suspected and questioned for it ; but he was declared innocent of her death.

And I declare also that Dr. John Spencer—mentioned in the Life of Mr. Hooker—who was of Mr. Hooker's college, and of his time there, and betwixt whom there was so friendly a friendship that they continually advised together in all their studies, and particularly in what concerned these books of Polity—this Dr. Spencer, the three perfect books being lost, had delivered into his hands (I think by Bishop Whitgift) the imperfect books, or first rough draughts of them, to be made as perfect as they might be by him, who both knew Mr. Hooker's handwriting and was best acquainted with his intentions. And a fair testimony of this may appear by an Epistle, first, and usually printed before Mr. Hooker's five books—but omitted, I know not why, in the last impression of the eight printed together in anno 1662, in which the publishers seem to impose the three doubtful books, to be the undoubted books of Mr. Hooker—with these two letters, J. S., at the end of the said Epistle, which was meant for this John Spencer : in which Epistle the reader may find these words, which may give some authority to what I have here written of his last three books.

“ And though Mr. Hooker hastened his own death by hastening to give life to his books, yet he held out with his eyes to behold these Benjamins, these sons of his

right hand, though to him they proved Benonies, sons of pain and sorrow. But some evil-disposed minds, whether of malice or of covetousness, or wicked blind zeal, it is uncertain, as soon as they were born, and their father dead, smothered them, and by conveying the perfect copies, left unto us nothing but the old, imperfect mangled draughts, dismembered into pieces; no favour, no grace, not the shadow of themselves remaining in them. Had the father lived to behold them thus defaced, he might rightly have named them Benonies, the sons of sorrow; but being the learned will not suffer them to die and be buried, it is intended the world shall see them as they are; the learned will find in them some shadows and resemblances of their father's face. God grant that as they were with their brethren dedicated to the Church for messengers of peace, so, in the strength of that little breath of life that remaineth in them, they may prosper in their work, and, by satisfying the doubts of such as are willing to learn, they may help to give an end to the calamities of these our civil wars.

“J. S.”

And next the reader may note, that this Epistle of Dr. Spencer's was writ and first printed within four years after the death of Mr. Hooker, in which time all diligent search had been made for the perfect copies; and then granted not recoverable, and therefore endeavoured to be completed out of Mr. Hooker's rough draughts, as is expressed by the said Dr. Spencer in the said Epistle, since whose death it is now fifty years.

And I do profess by the faith of a Christian, that Dr. Spencer's wife—who was my aunt, and sister to George Cranmer, of whom I have spoken—told me forty years since, in these, or in words to this purpose: “That her husband had made up, or finished, Mr. Hooker's last

three books ; and that upon her husband's deathbed, or in his last sickness, he gave them into her hand, with a charge that they should not be seen by any man, but be by her delivered into the hands of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, which was Dr. Abbot, or unto Dr. King, then Bishop of London, and that she did as he enjoined her."

I do conceive, that from Dr. Spencer's, and no other copy, there have been divers transcripts, and I know that these were to be found in several places ; as, namely, in Sir Thomas Bodley's Library, in that of Dr. Andrews, late Bishop of Winton, in the late Lord Conway's in the Archbishop of Canterbury's, and in the Bishop of Armagh's, and in many others ; and most of these pretended to be the author's own hand, but much disagreeing, being indeed altered and diminished, as men have thought fittest to make Mr. Hooker's judgment suit with their fancies, or give authority to their corrupt designs ; and for proof of a part of this, take these following testimonies.

Dr. Barnard, sometime chaplain to Dr. Usher, late Lord Archbishop of Armagh, hath declared in a late book, called "*Clavi Trabales*," printed by Richard Hodgkinson anno 1661, that, in his search and examination of the said bishop's manuscripts, he found the three written books which were supposed the sixth, seventh, and eighth of Mr. Hooker's books of Ecclesiastical Polity ; and that in the said three books, now printed as Mr. Hooker's, there are so many omissions that they amount to many paragraphs and which cause many incoherencies ; the omissions are by him set down at large in the said printed book, to which I refer the reader for the whole ; but think fit in this place to insert this following short part of some of the said omissions.

First, as there could be in natural bodies no motion of

anything, unless there were some first which moved all things, and continued unmovable, even so in politic societies there must be some unpunishable, or else no man shall suffer punishment; for sith punishments proceed always from superiors, to whom the administration of justice belongeth, which administration must have necessarily a fountain, that deriveth it to all others and receiveth not from any, because otherwise the course of justice should go infinitely in a circle, every superior having his superior without end, which cannot be: therefore a well-spring, it followeth, there is: a supreme head of justice, whereunto all are subject, but itself in subjection to none. Which kind of pre-eminency if some ought to have in a kingdom, who but a king shall have it? Kings, therefore, or no man, can have lawful power to judge.

If private men offend, there is the magistrate over them, which judgeth; if magistrates, they have their prince; if princes, there is Heaven, a tribunal before which they shall appear; on earth they are not accountable to any. Here, says the Doctor, it breaks off abruptly.

And I have these words also attested under the hand of Mr. Fabian Philips, a man of note for his useful books:

“I will make oath, if I shall be required, that Dr. Sanderson, the late Bishop of Lincoln, did a little before his death affirm to me, he had seen a manuscript affirmed to him to be the handwriting of Mr. Richard Hooker, in which there was no mention made of the king or supreme governors being accountable to the people. This I will make oath, that that good man attested to me.

“FABIAN PHILIPS.”

So that there appears to be both omissions and additions in the said last three printed books, and this may probably be one reason why Dr. Sanderson, the

said learned bishop—whose writings are so highly and justly valued—gave a strict charge near the time of his death, or in his last will, “That nothing of his that was not already printed, should be printed after his death.”

It is well known how high a value our learned King James put upon the books writ by Mr. Hooker; and known also that our late King Charles, the Martyr for the Church, valued them the second of all books, testified by his commending them to the reading of his son Charles, that now is our gracious king; and you may suppose that this Charles the First was not a stranger to the three pretended books, because, in a discourse with the Lord Say, in the time of the Long Parliament, when the said lord required the king to grant the truth of his argument, because it was the judgment of Mr. Hooker, quoting him in one of the three written books, the king replied, “They were not allowed to be Mr. Hooker’s books; but, however, he would allow them to be Mr. Hooker’s, and consent to what his lordship proposed to prove out of those doubtful books, if he would but consent to the judgment of Mr. Hooker in the other five, that were the undoubted books of Mr. Hooker.”

In this relation concerning these three doubtful books of Mr. Hooker’s, my purpose was to inquire, then set down what I observed and know; which I have done, not as an engaged person, but indifferently, and now leave my reader to give sentence, for their legitimation, as to himself, but so as to leave others the same liberty of believing or disbelieving them to be Mr. Hooker’s; and ’tis observable, that as Mr. Hooker advised with Dr. Spencer, in the design and manage of these books, so also, and chiefly with his dear pupil, George Cranmer, whose sister was the wife of Dr. Spencer, of which this following

letter may be a testimony, and doth also give authority to some things mentioned both in this Appendix and in the Life of Mr. Hooker, and is therefore added.

I. W.

GEORGE CRANMER'S LETTER UNTO
MR. RICHARD HOOKER.

February 1598.

WHAT posterity is likely to judge of these matters concerning Church discipline, we may the better conjecture, if we call to mind what our own age, within few years, upon better experience, hath already judged concerning the same. It may be remembered, that at first the greatest part of the learned in the land were either eagerly affected or favourably inclined that way. The books then written for the most part savoured of the disciplinary style, it sounded everywhere in pulpits, and in common phrase of men's speech. The contrary part began to fear they had taken a wrong course, many which impugned the discipline, yet so impugned it, not as not being the better form of government, but as not being so convenient for our state, in regard of dangerous innovations thereby likely to grow; one man (John Whitgift the Archbishop) alone there was to speak of, whom let no suspicion of flattery deprive of his deserved commendation, who, in the defiance of the one part and courage of the other, stood in the gap and gave others respite to prepare themselves to the defence, which, by the sudden eagerness and violence of their adversaries, had otherwise been prevented, wherein God hath made good unto him his own impress, *Vincit qui patitur*; for what contumelious indignities he hath at their hands sus-

tained the world is witness, and what reward of honour above his adversaries God hath bestowed upon him, themselves, though nothing glad thereof, must needs confess. Now of late years the heat of men towards the discipline is greatly decayed, their judgments begin to sway on the other side, the learned have weighed it and found it light, wise men conceive some fear, lest it prove not only not the best kind of government, but the very bane and destruction of all government. The cause of this change in men's opinions may be drawn from the general nature of error, disguised and clothed with the name of truth, which did mightily and violently possess men at first ; but afterwards, the weakness thereof being by time discovered, it lost that reputation which before it had gained. As by the outside of a house the passers-by are oftentimes deceived, till they see the conveniency of the rooms within, so, by the very name of discipline and reformation, men were drawn at first to cast a fancy towards it, but now they have not contented themselves only to pass by and behold afar off the fore-front of this reformed house, they have entered in, even at the special request of the master-workmen and chief-builders thereof ; they have perused the rooms, the lights, the conveniences, and they find them not answerable to that report which was made of them, nor to that opinion which upon report they had conceived ; so as now the discipline, which at first triumphed over all, being unmasked, beginneth to droop and hang down her head.

This cause of change in opinion concerning the discipline is proper to the learned, or to such as by them have been instructed. Another cause there is more open, and more apparent to the view of all, namely, the course of practice, which the Reformers have had with us from the beginning. The first degree was only some small difference about

the cap and surplice, but not such as either bred division in the Church, or tended to the ruin of the government established. This was peaceable ; the next degree more stirring. Admonitions were directed to the Parliament in peremptory sort against our whole form of regiment. In defence of them, volumes were published in English and in Latin, yet this was no more than writing. Devices were set on foot to erect the practice of the discipline without authority ; yet herein some regard of modesty, some moderation was used. Behold at length it brake forth into open outrage, first in writing by Martin, in whose kind of dealing these things may be observed :

1. That whereas Thomas Cartwright and others his great masters had always before set out the discipline as a queen, and as the daughter of God ; he contrariwise, to make her more acceptable to the people, brought her forth as a vice upon the stage.
2. This conceit of his was grounded, as may be supposed, upon this rare policy, that seeing the discipline was by writing refuted, in Parliament rejected, in secret corners hunted out and decried, it was imagined that by open railing, which to the vulgar is commonly most plausible, the state ecclesiastical might have been drawn into such contempt and hatred, as the overthrow thereof should have been most grateful to all men, and in a manner desired by all the common people.
3. It may be noted—and this I know myself to be true—how some of them, although they could not for shame approve so lewd an action, yet were content to lay hold on it to the advancement of their cause by acknowledging therein the secret judgments of God against the bishops, and hoping that some good might be wrought thereby for His Church, as indeed there was, though not according to their construction.

For, fourthly, contrary to their expectation, that railing

spirit did not only not further, but extremely disgrace and prejudice their cause, when it was once perceived from how low degrees of contradiction, at first, to what outrage of contumely and slander they were at length proceeded, and were also likely to proceed further.

A further degree of outrage was also in fact ; certain prophets did arise [Hacket and Coppinger], who deeming it not possible that God should suffer that to be undone which they did so fiercely desire to have done, namely, that His holy saints, the favourers and fathers of the discipline, should be enlarged, and delivered from persecution ; and seeing no means of deliverance ordinary, were fain to persuade themselves that God must needs raise some extraordinary means, and being persuaded of none so well as of themselves, they forthwith must needs be the instruments of this great work. Hereupon they framed unto themselves an assured hope, that, upon their preaching out of a peas-cart in Cheapside, all the multitude would have presently joined unto them, and in amazement of mind have asked them, *Viri fratres, quid agimus ?* whereunto it is likely they would have returned an answer far unlike to that of St. Peter ; “ Such and such are men unworthy to govern, pluck them down ; such and such are the dear children of God, let them be advanced.”

Of two of these men it is meet to speak with all commiseration ; yet so that others by their example may receive instruction, and withal some light may appear, what stirring affections the discipline is like to inspire, if it light upon apt and prepared minds.

Now if any man doubt of what society they were ; or if the Reformers disclaim them, pretending that by them they were condemned, let these points be considered.

1. Whose associates were they before they entered into

this frantic passion? Whose sermons did they frequent? Whom did they admire? 2. Even when they were entering into it, Whose advice did they require? and when they were in, Whose approbation? Whom advertised they of their purpose? Whose assistance by prayer did they request? But we deal injuriously with them to lay this to their charge; for they reprov'd and condemned it. How? Did they disclose it to the magistrate, that it might be suppressed? or were they not rather content to stand aloof off, and see the end of it, as being loth to quench that spirit? No doubt these mad practitioners were of their society, with whom before, and in the practice of their madness, they had most affinity. Hereof read Dr. Bancroft's book.

A third inducement may be to dislike of the discipline, if we consider not only how far the Reformers themselves have proceeded, but what others upon their foundations have built. Here come the Brownists in the first rank, their lineal descendants, who have seized upon a number of strange opinions; whereof, although their ancestors the Reformers were never actually possessed, yet by right and interest from them derived, the Brownists and Barrowists have taken possession of them; for if the positions of the Reformers be true, I cannot see how the main and general conclusions of Brownism should be false; for upon these two points, as I conceive, they stand.

1. That, because we have no Church, they are to sever themselves from us. 2. That without civil authority they are to erect a Church of their own. And if the former of these be true, the latter, I suppose, will follow; for if above all things men be to regard their salvation, and if out of the Church there be no salvation, it followeth that, if we have no Church, we have no means of salvation; and therefore separation from us in that respect is both

lawful and necessary; as also, that men, so separated from the false and counterfeit Church, are to associate themselves unto some Church; not to ours; to the Popish much less; therefore to one of their own making. Now the ground of all these inferences being this: That in our Church there is no means of salvation is out of the Reformers' principles most clearly to be proved. For where-soever any matter of faith unto salvation necessary is denied, there can be no means of salvation; but in the Church of England, the discipline, by them accounted a matter of faith and necessary to salvation, is not only denied, but impugned, and the professors thereof oppressed. *Ergo*.

Again—but this reason perhaps is weak—every true Church of Christ acknowledgeth the whole Gospel of Christ; the discipline, in their opinion, is a part of the Gospel, and yet by our Church resisted. *Ergo*.

Again, the discipline is essentially united to the Church, by which term essentially they must mean either an essential part, or an essential property. Both which ways it must needs be, that where that essential discipline is not, neither is there any Church. If therefore between them and the Brownists there should be appointed a solemn disputation, whereof with us they have been oftentimes so earnest challengers, it doth not yet appear what other answer they could possibly frame to these and the like arguments, wherewith they may be pressed, but fairly to deny the conclusion—for all the premises are their own—or rather ingeniously to reverse their own principles before laid, whereon so foul absurdities have been so firmly built. What further proofs you can bring out of their high words, magnifying the discipline, I leave to your better remembrance; but, above all points, I am desirous this one should be strongly enforced against them, because it wringeth them most of all, and is of all

others, for aught I see, the most unanswerable. You may, notwithstanding, say that you would be heartily glad these their positions might be salved, as the Brownists might not appear to have issued out of their loins ; but until that be done, they must give us leave to think that they have cast the seed whereout these tares are grown.

Another sort of men there are, which have been content to run on with the Reformers for a time, and to make them poor instruments of their own designs. These are a sort of godless politics, who, perceiving the plot of discipline to consist of these two parts, the overthrow of Episcopal and erection of Presbyterial authority, and that this latter can take no place till the former be removed, are content to join with them in the destructive part of discipline, bearing them in hand, that in the other also they shall find them as ready. But when time shall come, it may be they would be as loth to be yoked with that kind of regiment, as now they are willing to be released from this. These men's ends in all their actions is distraction ; their pretence and colour, reformation. Those things which under this colour they have effected to their own good are—1. By maintaining a contrary faction, they have kept the clergy always in awe, and thereby made them more pliable and willing to buy their peace. 2. By maintaining an opinion of equality among ministers, they have made way to their own purposes for devouring cathedral churches and bishops' livings. 3. By exclaiming against abuses in the Church, they have carried their own corrupt dealings in the civil state more covertly. For such is the nature of the multitude, that they are not able to apprehend many things at once ; so as being possessed with a dislike or liking of any one thing, many other in the meantime may escape them without being perceived. 4. They have sought to dis-

grace the clergy in entertaining a conceit in men's minds, and confirming it by continual practice. That men of learning, and especially of the clergy, which are employed in the chiefest kind of learning, are not to be admitted to matters of State, contrary to the practice of all well-governed commonwealths, and of our own till these late years.

A third sort of men there are, though not descended from the Reformers, yet in part raised and greatly strengthened by them—namely, the cursed crew of atheists. This also is one of those points which I am desirous you should handle most effectually, and strain yourself therein to all points of motion and affection, as in that of the Brownists, to all strength and sinews of reason. This is a sort most damnable, and yet by the general suspicion of the world at this day most common. The causes of it, which are in the parties themselves, although you handle in the beginning of the fifth book, yet here again they may be touched; but the occasions of help and furtherance, which by the Reformers have been yielded unto them, are, as I conceive, two—namely, senseless preaching, and disgracing of the ministry; for how should not men dare to impugn that which neither by force of reason, nor by authority of persons, is maintained? But in the parties themselves these two causes I conceive of atheism:—1. More abundance of wit than judgment, and of witty than judicious learning, whereby they are more inclined to contradict anything than willing to be informed of the truth. They are not therefore men of sound learning for the most part, but smatterers, neither is their kind of dispute so much by force of argument as by scoffing, which humour of scoffing and turning matters most serious into merriment, is now become so common, as we are not to marvel what the Prophet

means by the seat of scorers, nor what the Apostles, by foretelling of scorers to come, for our own age hath verified their speech unto us; which also may be an argument against these scoffers and atheists themselves, seeing it hath been so many ages ago foretold that such men the latter days of the world should afford: which could not be done by any other Spirit, save that whereunto things future and present are alike. And even for the main question of the Resurrection, whereat they stick so mightily, was it not plainly foretold that men should in the latter times say, "Where is the promise of His coming?" Against the creation, the ark, and divers other points, exceptions are said to be taken, the ground whereof is superfluity of wit, without ground of learning and judgment. A second cause of atheism is sensuality, which maketh men desirous to remove all stops and impediments of their wicked life, among which, because religion is the chiefest, so as neither in this life without shame they can persist therein, nor, if that be true, without torment in the life to come, they therefore whet their wits to annihilate the joys of Heaven, wherein they see, if any such be, they can have no part, and likewise the pains of hell, wherefore, not that they may not deserve those pains, but that, deserving them, there may be no such pains to seize upon them. But what conceit can be imagined more base than that man should strive to persuade himself even against the secret instinct, no doubt of his own mind, that his soul is as the soul of a beast, mortal, and corruptible with the body? Against which barbarous opinion their own atheism is a very strong argument. For were not the soul a nature separable from the body, how could it enter into discourse of things merely spiritual, and nothing at all pertaining to the body? Surely the soul were not able to conceive anything of

Heaven, no, not so much as to dispute against Heaven and against God, if there were not in it somewhat heavenly, and derived from God.

The last which have received strength and encouragement from the Reformers are Papists; against whom, although they are most bitter enemies, yet unwittingly they have given them great advantage. For what can any enemy rather desire than the breach and dissension of those which are confederates against him? Wherein they are to remember that if our communion with Papists in some few ceremonies do so much strengthen them, as is pretended, how much more doth this division and rent among ourselves, especially seeing it is maintained to be, not in light matters only, but even in matters of faith and salvation? Which overreaching speech of theirs, because it is so open an advantage for the Barrowist and the Papist, we are to wish and hope for, that they will acknowledge it to have been spoken rather in heat of affection than with soundness of judgment; and that through their exceeding love to that creature of discipline which themselves have bred, nourished, and maintained, their mouth in commendation of her did so often overflow.

From hence you may proceed—but the means of connection I leave to yourself—to another discourse, which I think very meet to be handled either here or elsewhere at large; the parts whereof may be these:—1. That in this cause between them and us, men are to sever the proper and essential points and controversy from those which are accidental. The most essential and proper are these two: overthrow of the Episcopal, and erection of Presbyterial authority. But in these two points whosoever joineth with them, is accounted of their number; whosoever in all other points agreeth with them, yet thinketh the authority of bishops not unlawful,

and of elders not necessary, may justly be severed from their retinue. Those things, therefore, which either in the persons, or in the laws and orders themselves are faulty, may be complained on, acknowledged, and amended, yet they no whit the nearer their main purpose; for what if all errors by them supposed in our Liturgy were amended, even according to their own heart's desire; if non-residence, pluralities, and the like, were utterly taken away; are their lay elders therefore presently authorized? or their sovereign ecclesiastical jurisdiction established?

But even in their complaining against the outward and accidental matters in Church government, they are many ways faulty. 1. In their end, which they propose to themselves. For in declaiming against abuses, their meaning is not to have them redressed, but, by disgracing the present state, to make way for their own discipline. As therefore in Venice, if any senator should discourse against the power of their senate, as being either too sovereign or too weak in government, with purpose to draw their authority to a moderation, it might well be suffered; but not so, if it should appear he spake with purpose to induce another state by depriving the present. So in all causes belonging either to Church or Commonwealth, we are to have regard what mind the complaining part doth bear, whether of amendment or innovation; and accordingly either to suffer or suppress it. Their objection therefore is frivolous, "Why, may not men speak against abuses?" Yes; but with desire to cure the part affected, not to destroy the whole. 2. A second fault is in their manner of complaining, not only because it is for the most part in bitter and reproachful terms, but also it is to the common people, who are judges incompetent and insufficient, both to

determine anything amiss, and for want of skill and authority to amend it. Which also discovereth their intent and purpose to be rather destructive than corrective. 3. Those very exceptions which they take are frivolous and impertinent. Some things indeed they accuse as impious; which if they may appear to be such, God forbid they should be maintained.

Against the rest it is only alleged that they are idle ceremonies without use, and that better and more profitable might be devised. Wherein they are doubly deceived; for neither is it a sufficient plea to say, this must give place, because a better may be devised; because in our judgments of better and worse, we oftentimes conceive amiss, when we compare those things which are in devise with those which are in practice; for the imperfections of the one are hid, till by time and trial they be discovered: the others are already manifest and open to all. But last of all—which is a point in my opinion of great regard, and which I am desirous to have enlarged—they do not see that for the most part when they strike at the state ecclesiastical, they secretly wound the civil state, for personal faults; “What can be said against the Church, which may not also agree to the Commonwealth?” In both, statesmen have always been, and will be always, men; sometimes blinded with error, most commonly perverted by passions; many unworthy have been and are advanced in both: many worthy not regarded. And as for abuses, which they pretend to be in the law themselves; when they inveigh against non-residence, do they take it a matter lawful or expedient in the civil state, for a man to have a great and gainful office in the North, himself continually remaining in the South? “He that hath an office let him attend his office.” When they condemn plurality of

livings spiritual to the pit of hell, what think they of the infinity of temporal promotions? By the great Philosopher, "*Pol.*," lib. ii. cap. 9, it is forbidden as a thing most dangerous to Commonwealths that by the same man many great offices should be exercised. When they deride our ceremonies as vain and frivolous, were it hard to apply their exceptions even to those civil ceremonies, which at the Coronation, in Parliament, and all courts of justice, are used? Were it hard to argue even against circumcision, the ordinance of God, as being a cruel ceremony? against the Passover, as being ridiculous—shod, girt, a staff in their hand, to eat a lamb?

To conclude: you may exhort the clergy—or what if you direct your conclusion not to the clergy in general, but only to the learned in or of both Universities?—you may exhort them to a due consideration of all things, and to a right esteem and valuing of each thing in that degree wherein it ought to stand. For it oftentimes falleth out, that what men have either devised themselves, or greatly delighted in, the price and the excellency thereof they do admire above desert. The chiefest labour of a Christian should be to know, of a minister to preach, Christ crucified; in regard whereof, not only worldly things, but things otherwise precious, even the discipline itself is vile and base. Whereas now, by the heat of contention and violence of affection, the zeal of men towards the one hath greatly decayed their love to the other. Hereunto therefore they are to be exhorted to preach Christ crucified, the mortification of the flesh, the renewing of the Spirit; not those things which in time of strife seem precious, but—passions being allayed—are vain and childish.

G. C.

LIFE OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT.



INTRODUCTION.

IN a late retreat from the business of this world and those many little cares with which I have too often cumbered myself, I fell into a contemplation of some of those historical passages that are recorded in sacred story, and more particularly of what had passed betwixt our blessed Saviour and that wonder of women, and sinners, and mourners, Saint Mary Magdalen. I call her saint, because I did not then nor do now consider her as when she was possessed with seven devils, not as when her wanton eyes and dishevelled hair were designed and managed to charm and ensnare amorous beholders. But I did then and do now consider her as after she had expressed a visible and sacred sorrow for her sensualities ; as after those eyes had wept such a flood of penitential tears as did wash, and that hair had wiped, and she most passionately kissed the feet of hers and our blessed Jesus. And I do now consider that because she loved much, not only much was forgiven her, but that beside that blessed blessing of having her sins pardoned and the joy of knowing her happy condition, she also had from Him a testimony that her alabaster box of precious ointment poured on His head and feet, and that

spikenard and those spices that were by her dedicated to embalm and preserve His sacred body from putrefaction, should so far preserve her own memory, that these demonstrations of her sanctified love, and of her officious and generous gratitude, should be recorded and mentioned wheresoever His Gospel should be read; intending thereby, that as His so her name should also live to succeeding generations, even till time itself shall be no more.

Upon occasion of which fair example, I did lately look back, and not without some content, at least to myself, that I have endeavoured to deserve the love and preserve the memory of my two deceased friends, Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton, by declaring the several employments and various accidents of their lives. And though Mr. George Herbert, whose life I now intend to write, were to me a stranger as to his person, for I have only seen him, yet since he was, and was worthy to be, their friend, and very many of his have been mine, I judge it may not be unacceptable to those that knew any of them in their lives, or do now know them by mine or their own writings, to see this conjunction of them after their deaths, without which, many things that concerned them, and some things that concerned the age in which they lived, would be less perfect, and lost to posterity.

For these reasons I have undertaken it, and if I have prevented any abler person, I beg pardon of him and my reader.

GEORGE HERBERT was born the third day of April, in the year of our Redemption 1593. The place of his birth was near to the town of Montgomery, and in that castle that did then bear the name of that town and county;

that castle was then a place of state and strength, and had been successively happy in the family of the Herberts, who had long possessed it, and, with it, a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours. A family that had been blessed with men of remarkable wisdom, and a willingness to serve their country, and indeed to do good to all mankind, for which they were eminent. But, alas! this family did in the late rebellion suffer extremely in their estates, and the heirs of that castle saw it laid level with that earth that was too good to bury those wretches that were the cause of it.

The father of our George was Richard Herbert, the son of Edward Herbert, Knight, the son of Richard Herbert, Knight, the son of the famous Sir Richard Herbert of Colebrook, in the county of Monmouth, Bannaret, who was the youngest brother of the memorable William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, that lived in the reign of our King Edward the Fourth.

His mother was Magdalen Newport, the youngest daughter of Sir Richard, and sister to Sir Francis Newport, of High Arkall, in the county of Salop, Knight, and grandfather of Francis Lord Newport, now Comptroller of his Majesty's Household. A family that for their loyalty have suffered much in their estates, and seen the ruin of that excellent structure where their ancestors have long lived and been memorable for their hospitality.

This mother of George Herbert (of whose person, wisdom, and virtue I intend to give a true account in a seasonable place) was the happy mother of seven sons and three daughters, which she would often say was Job's number, and Job's distribution, and as often bless God that they were neither defective in their shapes or in

their reason, and very often reprove them that did not praise God for so great a blessing. I shall give the reader a short account of their names, and not say much of their fortunes.

Edward, the eldest, was first made Knight of the Bath, at that glorious time of our late Prince Henry's being installed Knight of the Garter, and after many years' useful travel, and the attainment of many languages, he was by King James sent ambassador resident to the then French king, Lewis XIII. There he continued about two years, but he could not subject himself to a compliance with the humours of the Duke de Luines, who was then the great and powerful favourite at Court, so that, upon a complaint to our king, he was called back into England in some displeasure ; but at his return he gave such an honourable account of his employment, and so justified his comportment to the duke and all the Court, that he was suddenly sent back upon the same embassy, from which he returned in the beginning of the reign of our good King Charles I., who made him first Baron of Castle-Island, and not long after of Cherbury, in the county of Salop. He was a man of great learning and reason, as appears by his printed book "*De Veritate*," and by his "*History of the Reign of King Henry VIII.*," and by several other tracts.

The second and third brothers were Richard and William, who ventured their lives to purchase honour in the wars of the Low Countries, and died officers in that employment. Charles was the fourth, and died Fellow of New College in Oxford. Henry was the sixth, who became a menial servant to the Crown, in the days of King James, and hath continued to be so for fifty years, during all of which time he hath been Master of the Revels ; a place that requires a diligent wisdom, with which God

has blessed him. The seventh son was Thomas, who being made captain of a ship in that fleet with which Sir Robert Mansell was sent against Algiers, did there show a fortunate and true English valour. Of the three sisters I need not say more than that they were all married to persons of worth and plentiful fortunes, and lived to be examples of virtue, and to do good in their generations.

I now come to give my intended account of George, who was the fifth of those seven brothers.

George Herbert spent much of his childhood in a sweet content under the eye and care of his prudent mother, and the tuition of a chaplain or tutor to him and two of his brothers, in her own family (for she was then a widow), where he continued till about the age of twelve years ; and being at that time well instructed in the rules of grammar, he was not long after commended to the care of Dr. Neale, who was then Dean of Westminster, and by him to the care of Mr. Ireland, who was then chief master of that school, where the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of Heaven, and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that school till he came to be perfect in the learned languages, and especially in the Greek tongue, in which he after proved an excellent critic.

About the age of fifteen (he being then a King's scholar) he was elected out of that school for Trinity College in Cambridge, to which place he was transplanted about the year 1608 ; and his prudent mother, well knowing that he might easily lose or lessen that virtue and innocence which her advice and example had planted in his mind, did therefore procure the generous

and liberal Dr. Nevil, who was then Dean of Canterbury, and master of that college, to take him into his particular care, and provide him a tutor, which he did most gladly undertake; for he knew the excellences of his mother, and how to value such a friendship.

This was the method of his education till he was settled in Cambridge, where we will leave him in his study till I have paid my promised account of his excellent mother, and I will endeavour to make it short.

I have told her birth, her marriage, and the number of her children, and have given some short account of them. I shall next tell the reader that her husband died when our George was about the age of four years. I am next to tell that she continued twelve years a widow; that she then married happily to a noble gentleman, the brother and heir of the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who did highly value both her person and the most excellent endowments of her mind.

In this time of her widowhood, she being desirous to give Edward, her eldest son, such advantages of learning and other education as might suit his birth and fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the service of his country, did at his being of a fit age remove from Montgomery Castle with him, and some of her younger sons, to Oxford; and having entered Edward into Queen's College, and provided him a fit tutor, she commended him to his care; yet she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye, as to see and converse with him daily; but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make her company a torment to her child, but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline him willingly to spend much of

his time in the company of his dear and careful mother ; which was to her great content, for she would often say, " That as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company ;" and would therefore as often say, " That ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue ; and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin, and to keep it burning." For these reasons she endeared him to her own company, and continued with him in Oxford four years ; in which time her great and harmless wit, her cheerful gravity, and her obliging behaviour, gained her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning that were at that time in or near that university, and particularly with Mr. John Donne, who then came accidentally to that place in this time of her being there. It was that John Donne, who was after Dr. Donne, and Dean of St. Paul's, London, and he, at his leaving Oxford, writ and left there, in verse, a character of the beauties of her body and mind ; of the first he says,

" No Spring nor Summer beauty has such grace
As I have seen in an Autumnal face."

Of the latter he says,

" In all her words to every hearer fit,
You may at revels or at councils sit."

The rest of her character may be read in his printed poems, in that elegy which bears the name of the " Autumnal Beauty." For both he and she were then past the meridian of man's life.

This amity, begun at this time and place, was not an amity that polluted their souls ; but an amity made up of

a chain of suitable inclinations and virtues, an amity like that of St. Chrysostom's to his dear and virtuous Olympias ; whom, in his letters, he calls his saint ; or an amity indeed more like that of St. Hierom to his Paula, whose affection to her was such that he turned poet in his old age, and then made her epitaph, "wishing all his body were turned into tongues, that he might declare her just praises to posterity." And this amity betwixt her and Mr. Donne was begun in a happy time for him, he being then near to the fortieth year of his age (which was some years before he entered into sacred Orders): a time when his necessities needed a daily supply for the support of his wife, seven children, and a family, and in this time she proved one of his most bountiful benefactors, and he as grateful an acknowledger of it. You may take one testimony for what I have said of these two worthy persons from this following letter and sonnet :—

"MADAM,

"Your favours to me are everywhere ; I use them, and have them. I enjoy them at London, and leave them there, and yet find them at Micham. Such riddles as these become things unexpressible ; and such is your goodness. I was almost sorry to find your servant here this day, because I was loth to have any witness of my not coming home last night, and indeed of my coming this morning : but my not coming was excusable, because earnest business detained me, and my coming this day is by the example of your St. Mary Magdalen, who rose early upon Sunday to seek that which she loved most, and so did I. And, from her and myself, I return such thanks as are due to one to whom we owe all the good opinion that they whom we need most have of us. By this messenger, and on this good day, I commit the

enclosed holy hymns and sonnets (which for the matter, not the workmanship, have yet escaped the fire) to your judgment, and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it, and I have appointed this enclosed sonnet to usher them to your happy hand.

“ Your unworthiest servant,

“ Unless your accepting him to be so

“ Have mended him,

“ JO. DONNE.

“ MICHAM, July 11, 1607.”

TO THE LADY MAGDALEN HERBERT, OF
ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

Her of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo ;
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew more than the Church did know,
The Resurrection ; so much good there is
Delivered of her, that some fathers be
Loth to believe one woman could do this ;
But think these Magdalens were two or three.
Increase their number, lady, and their fame ;
To their devotion add your innocence ;
Take so much of th' example as of the name ;
The latter half ; and in some recompense
That they did harbour Christ Himself a guest,
Harbour these hymns, to His dear Name address.

“ J. D.”

These hymns are now lost to us, but doubtless they were such as they two now sing in heaven.

There might be more demonstrations of the friendship, and the many sacred endearments betwixt these two excellent persons (for I have many of their letters in my hand), and much more might be said of her great prudence and piety ; but my design was not to write hers, but the

Life of her son ; and therefore I shall only tell my reader that about that very day twenty years that this letter was dated and sent her, I saw and heard this Mr. John Donne (who was then Dean of St. Paul's) weep and preach her funeral sermon in the parish church of Chelsea, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave, and where we must now leave her, and return to her son George, whom we left in his study in Cambridge.

And in Cambridge we may find our George Herbert's behaviour to be such, that we may conclude he consecrated the first-fruits of his early age to virtue and a serious study of learning. And that he did so, this following letter and sonnet, which were in the first year of his going to Cambridge sent his dear mother for a New-year's gift, may appear to be some testimony :—

“ . . . But I fear the heat of my late ague hath dried up those springs, by which scholars say the Muses used to take up their habitations. However, I need not their help to reprove the vanity of those many love-poems that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus, nor to bewail that so few are writ that look towards God and Heaven. For my own part, my meaning, dear mother, is in these sonnets to declare my resolution to be, that my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory, and I beg you to receive this as one testimony.

“ My God, where is that ancient heat towards Thee,
 Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
 Besides their other flames? Doth poetry
 Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
 Why are not sonnets made of Thee? and lays
 Upon Thine altar burnt? Cannot Thy love
 Heighten a spirit to sound out Thy praise
 As well as any she? Cannot Thy Dove

Outstript their Cupid easily in flight ?
Or, since Thy ways are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears Thy Name !
Why doth that fire, which by Thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
Than that which one day worms may chance refuse ?

“ Sure, Lord, there is enough in Thee to dry
Oceans of ink ; for, as the deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth Thy majesty :
Each cloud distils Thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.
Roses and lilies speak Thee ; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them is Thy abuse.
Why should I women’s eyes for crystal take ?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise, and on Thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
In the best face but filth ; when, Lord, in Thee
The beauty lies in the discovery.

“ G. H.”

This was his resolution at the sending this letter to his dear mother ; about which time he was in the seventeenth year of his age ; and as he grew older, so he grew in learning, and more and more in favour both with God and man ; insomuch, that in this morning of that short day of his life, he seemed to be marked out for virtue, and to become the care of Heaven ; for God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may and ought to be a pattern of virtue to all posterity, and especially to his brethren of the clergy, of which the reader may expect a more exact account in what will follow.

I need not declare that he was a strict student, because that he was so there will be many testimonies in the future part of his life. I shall therefore only tell that he was made Bachelor of Arts in the year 1611 ; Major Fellow of the College, March 15, 1615 ; and that in that year he was also made Master of Arts, he being then in

the twenty-second year of his age ; during all which time, all, or the greatest diversion from his study, was the practice of music, in which he became a great master, and of which he would say, "That it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above the earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven before he possessed them." And it may be noted, that from his first entrance into the college, the generous Dr. Nevil was a cherisher of his studies, and such a lover of his person, his behaviour, and the excellent endowments of his mind, that he took him often into his own company, by which he confirmed his native gentleness ; and if during this time he expressed any error, it was that he kept himself too much retired, and at too great a distance with all his inferiors ; and his clothes seemed to prove that he put too great a value on his parts and parentage.

This may be some account of his disposition, and of the employment of his time till he was Master of Arts, which was anno 1615 ; and in the year 1619 he was chosen orator for the university. His two precedent orators were Sir Robert Naunton and Sir Francis Nethersole ; the first was not long after made Secretary of State ; and Sir Francis, not very long after his being orator, was made Secretary to the Lady Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. In this place of orator, our George Herbert continued eight years, and managed it with as becoming and grave a gaiety as any had ever before or since his time. For he had acquired great learning, and was blest with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with a natural elegance, both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen. Of all which there might be very many particular evidences, but I will limit myself to the mention of but three.

And the first notable occasion of showing his fitness for this employment of orator was manifested in a letter to King James upon the occasion of his sending that university his book, called "Basilicon Doron;" and their orator was to acknowledge this great honour, and return their gratitude to his Majesty for such a condescension, at the close of which letter he writ—

Quid Vaticanam Bodleianamque objicis hospes!

Unicus est nobis Bibliotheca Liber.

This letter was writ in such excellent Latin, was so full of conceits, and all the expressions so suited to the genius of the king, that he inquired the orator's name, and then asked William, Earl of Pembroke, if he knew him; whose answer was, "That he knew him very well and that he was his kinsman; but he loved him more for his learning and virtue than for that he was of his name and family." At which answer the king smiled, and asked the earl leave "That he might love him too; for he took him to be the jewel of that university."

The next occasion he had and took to show his great abilities was with them, to show also his great affection to that Church in which he received his baptism, and of which he professed himself a member; and the occasion was this: there was one Andrew Melvin, a minister of the Scotch Church, and rector of St. Andrews, who, by a long and constant converse with a discontented part of that clergy which opposed episcopacy, became at last to be a chief leader of that faction; and had proudly appeared to be so to King James, when he was but king of that nation; who the second year after his coronation in England, convened a part of the bishops and other learned divines of his Church, to attend him at Hampton Court, in order to a friendly conference with some dis-

senting brethren, both of this and the Church of Scotland, of which Scotch party Andrew Melvin was one ; and he being a man of learning, and inclined to satirical poetry, had scattered many malicious bitter verses against our Liturgy, our ceremonies, and our Church government ; which were by some of that party so magnified for the wit, that they were therefore brought into Westminster School, where Mr. George Herbert then, and often after, made such answers to them, and such reflections on him and his kirk, as might unbeguile any man that was not too deeply pre-engaged in such a quarrel.

But to return to Mr. Melvin at Hampton Court conference ; he there appeared to be a man of an unruly wit, of a strange confidence, of so furious a zeal and of so ungoverned passions, that his insolence to the king and others at this conference lost him both his rectorship of St. Andrews and his liberty too ; for his former verses and his present reproaches there used against the Church and State caused him to be committed prisoner to the Tower of London, where he remained very angry for three years. At which time of his commitment, he found the Lady Arabella Stuart an innocent prisoner there ; and he pleased himself much in sending the next day after his commitment these two verses to the good lady, which I will underwrite, because they may give the reader a taste of his others, which were like these—

*Causa tibi mecum est communis carceris ; Ara-
Bella tibi causa est, Araque sacra mihi.*

I shall not trouble my reader with an account of his enlargement from that prison, or his death ; but tell him Mr. Herbert's verses were thought so worthy to be preserved, that Dr. Duport, the learned Dean of Peterborough, hath lately collected and caused many of them

to be printed, as an honourable memorial of his friend, Mr. George Herbert, and the cause he undertook.

And, in order to my third and last observation of his great abilities, it will be needful to declare that about this time King James came very often to hunt at Newmarket and Royston, and was almost as often invited to Cambridge, where his entertainment was comedies suited to his pleasant humour, and where Mr. George Herbert was to welcome him with gratulations and the applauses of an orator, which he always performed so well that he still grew more into the king's favour, insomuch that he had a particular appointment to attend his Majesty at Royston; where, after a discourse with him, his Majesty declared to his kinsman, the Earl of Pembroke, "That he found the orator's learning and wisdom much above his age or wit." The year following, the king appointed to end his progress at Cambridge, and to stay there certain days; at which time he was attended by the great secretary of nature and all learning, Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam), and by the ever memorable and learned Doctor Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, both which did at that time begin a desired friendship with our orator. Upon whom the first put such a value on his judgment, that he usually desired his approbation before he would expose any of his books to be printed, and thought him so worthy of his friendship, that having translated many of the prophet David's psalms into English verse, he made George Herbert his patron, by a public dedication of them to him, as the best judge of divine poetry. And for the learned bishop, it is observable, that at that time there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them two about predestination and sanctity of life; of both which the orator did, not long after, send the bishop some safe and useful aphorisms in a long

letter written in Greek, which letter was so remarkable for the language and reason of it, that after the reading it the bishop put it into his bosom, and did often show it to many scholars both of this and foreign nations, but did always return it back to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life.

To these I might add the long and entire friendship betwixt him and Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Donne, but I have promised to contract myself, and shall therefore only add one testimony to what is also mentioned in the Life of Dr. Donne—namely, that a little before his death he caused many seals to be made, and in them to be engraven the figure of Christ crucified on an anchor—the emblem of hope—and of which Dr. Donne would often say, “*Crux mihi anchora.*” These seals he gave or sent to most of those friends on which he put a value; and at Mr. Herbert’s death these verses were found wrapt up with that seal which was by the Doctor given to him:

“When my dear friend could write no more,
He gave this seal, and so gave o’er.

“When winds and waves rise highest, I am sure;
This anchor keeps my faith, that me secure.”

At this time of being orator he had learnt to understand the Italian, Spanish, and French tongues very perfectly, hoping that as his predecessors so he might in time attain the place of a Secretary of State, he being at that time very high in the king’s favour, and not meanly valued and loved by the most eminent and most powerful of the Court nobility. This, and the love of a Court conversation, mixed with a laudable ambition to be something more than he then was, drew him often from Cambridge to attend the king wheresoever the Court

was, who then gave him a sinecure which fell into his Majesty's disposal, I think, by the death of the Bishop of St. Asaph. It was the same that Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to her favourite, Sir Philip Sydney, and valued to be worth £120 per annum. With this, and his annuity, and the advantage of his college, and of his oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes and Court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge unless the king were there, but then he never failed, and at other times left the manage of his orator's place to his learned friend Mr. Herbert Thorndike, who is now prebendary of Westminster.

I may not omit to tell that he had often designed to leave the university and decline all study, which he thought did impair his health; for he had a body apt to a consumption, and to fevers, and other infirmities, which he judged were increased by his studies, for he would often say, "He had too thoughtful a wit; a wit like a penknife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body." But his mother would by no means allow him to leave the university or to travel, and though he inclined very much to both, yet he would by no means satisfy his own desires at so dear a rate as to prove an undutiful son to so affectionate a mother, but did always submit to her wisdom. And what I have now said may partly appear in a copy of verses in his printed poems; it is one of those that bear the title of "Affliction;" and it appears to be a pious reflection on God's providence, and some passages of his life, in which he says—

“Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

ment he had many conflicts with himself whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court life or betake himself to a study of divinity, and enter into sacred Orders, to which his dear mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts as they only can know that have endured them, for ambitious desires and the outward glory of this world are not easily laid aside ; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar.

He did at his return to London acquaint a Court friend with his resolution to enter into sacred Orders, who persuaded him to alter it, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth, and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind. To whom he replied, "It hath been formerly adjudged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth ; and though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities, to advance the glory of that God that gave them ; knowing that I can never do too much for Him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

This was then his resolution, and the God of constancy, Who intended him for a great example of virtue, continued him in it ; for within that year he was made deacon, but the day when or by whom I cannot learn ; but that he was about that time made deacon is most certain ; for I find by the records of Lincoln that he was made prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of

Lincoln, July 15, 1626 ; and that this prebend was given him by John, then Lord Bishop of that See. And now he had a fit occasion to show that piety and bounty that was derived from his generous mother, and his other memorable ancestors, and the occasion was this.

This Layton Ecclesia is a village near to Spalden, in the county of Huntingdon, and the greatest part of the parish church was fallen down, and that of it which stood was so decayed, so little, and so useless, that the parishioners could not meet to perform their duty to God in public prayer and praises ; and thus it had been for almost twenty years, in which time there had been some faint endeavours for a public collection to enable the parishioners to rebuild it, but with no success till Mr. Herbert undertook it ; and he by his own and the contribution of many of his kindred and other noble friends, undertook the re-edification of it, and made it so much his whole business, that he became restless till he saw it finished as it now stands : being for the workmanship a costly mosaic, for the form an exact cross, and for the decency and beauty, I am assured, it is the most remarkable parish church that this nation affords. He lived to see it so wainscoted as to be exceeded by none ; and, by his order, the reading pew and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height ; for he would often say, "They should neither have a precedency or priority of the other ; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation."

Before I proceed farther, I must look back to the time of Mr. Herbert's being made prebendary, and tell the reader, that not long after, his mother being informed of his intentions to rebuild that church, and appre-

hending the great trouble and charge that he was likely to draw upon himself, his relations and friends, before it could be finished, sent for him from London to Chelsea (where she then dwelt), and at his coming said, "George, I sent for you to persuade you to commit simony, by giving your patron as good a gift as he has given you; namely, that you give him back his prebend; for, George, it is not for your weak body and empty purse to undertake to build churches." Of which he desired he might have a day's time to consider, and then make her an answer; and at his return to her the next day, when he had first desired her blessing, and she given it him, his next request was, "That she would, at the age of thirty-three years, allow him to become an undutiful son; for he had made a vow to God, that if he were able, he would rebuild that church;" and then showed her such reasons for his resolution that she presently subscribed to be one of his benefactors, and undertook to solicit William Earl of Pembroke to become another, who subscribed for fifty pounds; and not long after, by a witty and persuasive letter from Mr. Herbert, made it fifty pounds more. And in this nomination of some of his benefactors, James Duke of Lennox, and his brother Sir Henry Herbert, ought to be remembered; as also the bounty of Mr. Nicholas Farrar, and Mr. Arthur Woodnot; the one a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Layton, and the other a goldsmith in Foster Lane, London, ought not to be forgotten, for the memory of such men ought to outlive their lives. Of Mr. Farrar I shall hereafter give an account in a more seasonable place; but before I proceed farther, I will give this short account of Mr. Arthur Woodnot:

He was a man that had considered overgrown estates do often require more care and watchfulness to preserve

than get them, and considered that there be many discontents that riches cure not; and did therefore set limits to himself as to the desire of wealth. And having attained so much as to be able to show some mercy to the poor, and preserve a competence for himself, he dedicated the remaining part of his life to the service of God, and to be useful for his friends; and he proved to be so to Mr. Herbert, for beside his own bounty, he collected and returned most of the money that was paid for the rebuilding of that church, he kept all the account of the charges, and would often go down to state them, and see all the workmen paid. When I have said that this good man was a useful friend to Mr. Herbert's father, and to his mother, and continued to be so to him, till he closed his eyes on his deathbed, I will forbear to say more, till I have the next fair occasion to mention the holy friendship that was betwixt him and Mr. Herbert. From whom Mr. Woodnot carried to his mother this following letter, and delivered it to her in a sickness, which was not long before that which proved to be her last.

A LETTER OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER
IN HER SICKNESS.

"MADAM,

"At my last parting from you, I was the better content because I was in hope I should myself carry all sickness out of our family; but since I know I did not, and that your share continues, or rather increaseth, I wish earnestly that I were again with you, and would quickly make good my wish, but that my employment does fix me here, it being now but a month to our commencement, wherein my absence by how much it naturally augmenteth suspicion, by so much shall it

make my prayers the more constant and the more earnest for you to the God of all consolation. In the meantime I beseech you to be cheerful, and comfort yourself in the God of all comfort, Who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin. What hath affliction grievous in it more than for a moment? or why should our afflictions here have so much power or boldness as to oppose the hope of our joys hereafter? Madam, as the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys: therefore, if either age or sickness lead you to those joys, consider what advantage you have over youth and health, who are now so near those true comforts. Your last letter gave me earthly preferment, and I hope kept heavenly for yourself; but would you divide and choose too? our college customs allow not that, and I should account myself most happy if I might change with you, for I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarls and incumbrances. Happy is he whose bottom is wound up and laid ready for work in the New Jerusalem. For myself, dear mother, I always feared sickness more than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family, and so brought up your children that they have attained to the years of discretion and competent maintenance. So that now if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience; insomuch, that whether you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come, you have strong preservatives against all disquiet.

And for temporal afflictions, I beseech you consider all that can happen to you are either afflictions of estate, or body, or mind. For those of estate, of what poor regard ought they to be, since if we had riches, we are commanded to give them away? So that the best use of them is having not to have them. But perhaps being above the common people, our credit and estimation calls on us to live in a more splendid fashion; but, O God, how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the Holy Scripture are never given to the rich, but to the poor. I never find blessed be the rich, or blessed be the noble; but 'Blessed be the meek,' and 'Blessed be the poor,' and 'Blessed be the mourners, for they shall be comforted.' And yet, O God, most carry themselves so, as if they not only not desired, but even feared to be blessed. And for afflictions of the body, dear Madam, remember the holy martyrs of God, how they have been burnt by thousands, and have endured such other tortures as the very mention of them might beget amazement, but their fiery trials have had an end, and yours—which praised be God are less—are not like to continue long. I beseech you let such thoughts as these moderate your present fear and sorrow, and know that if any of yours should prove a Goliath-like trouble, yet you may say with David, 'That God, who delivered me out of the paws of the lion and bear, will also deliver me out of the hands of this uncircumcised Philistine.' Lastly, for those afflictions of the soul, consider that God intends that to be as a sacred temple for Himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for such an inmate as grief, or allow that any sadness shall be His competitor. And, above all, if any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the Psalmist, 'Cast thy care on the

Lord, and he shall nourish thee.' (Ps. lv. 22.) To which join that of St. Peter, 'Casting all your care on the Lord, for He careth for you.' (1 Pet. v. 7.) What an admirable thing is this that God puts His shoulder to our burden, and entertains our care for us that we may the more quietly intend His service. To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you—Philip. iv. 4. St. Paul saith there, 'Rejoice in the Lord always; and again, I say, rejoice.' He doubles it to take away the scruple of those that might say, 'What, shall we rejoice in affliction?' Yes, I say again, rejoice; so that it is not left to us to rejoice or not rejoice; but whatsoever befalls us we must always, at all times, rejoice in the Lord, who taketh care of us. And it follows in the next verse, 'Let your moderation appear unto all men: the Lord is at hand: be careful for nothing.' What can be said more comfortably? Trouble not yourselves, God is at hand to deliver us from all or in all. Dear Madam, pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of

"Your most obedient son,

"GEORGE HERBERT.

"TRIN. COL., May 25, 1622."

About the year 1629, and the thirty-fourth of his age, Mr. Herbert was seized with a sharp quotidian ague, and thought to remove it by the change of air; to which end he went to Woodford in Essex, but thither more chiefly, to enjoy the company of his beloved brother, Sir Henry Herbert, and other friends then of that family. In his house he remained about twelve months, and there became his own physician, and cured himself of his ague by forbearing drink and not eating any meat—no, not mutton, nor a hen or pigeon, unless they were salted; and

by such a constant diet he removed his ague, but with inconveniences that were worse, for he brought upon himself a disposition to rheums and other weaknesses, and a supposed consumption. And it is to be noted that in the sharpest of his extreme fits he would often say, "Lord, abate my great affliction, or increase my patience, but, Lord, I repine not; I am dumb, Lord, before Thee, because Thou doest it." By which, and a sanctified submission to the will of God, he showed he was inclinable to bear the sweet yoke of Christian discipline, both then and in the latter part of his life, of which there will be many true testimonies.

And now his care was to recover from his consumption by a change from Woodford into such an air as was most proper to that end: and his remove was to Dauntsey in Wiltshire, a noble house which stands in a choice air; the owner of it then was the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who loved Mr. Herbert so very much that he allowed him such an apartment in it as might best suit with his accommodation and liking. And in this place, by a spare diet, declining all perplexing studies, moderate exercise and a cheerful conversation, his health was apparently improved to a good degree of strength and cheerfulness. And then he declared his resolution both to marry and to enter into the sacred Orders of priesthood. These had long been the desire of his mother and his other relations; but she lived not to see either, for she died in the year 1627. And though he was disobedient to her about Layton Church, yet in conformity to her will he kept his orator's place till after her death, and then presently declined it: and the more willingly that he might be succeeded by his friend Robert Creighton, who now is Dr. Creighton, and the worthy Bishop of Wells.

I shall now proceed to his marriage, in order to which it will be convenient that I first give the reader a short view of his person, and then an account of his wife, and of some circumstances concerning both.

He was for his person of a stature inclining towards tallness, his body was very straight, and so far from being encumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman ; for they were all so meek and obliging that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him.

These, and his other visible virtues, begot him much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby—namely, from Mr. Charles Danvers of Bainton, in the county of Wilts, Esq. ; this Mr. Danvers having known him long and familiarly, did so much affect him that he often and publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters (for he had so many), but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself, and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing ; and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonick as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen.

This was a fair preparation for a marriage, but alas ! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dauntsey ; yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting, at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city ; and love having got such possession, governed and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able

to resist, insomuch that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview.

This haste might in others be thought a love-frenzy, or worse; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes, as to have select proxies, such as were true friends to both parties, such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, and also their estates, so well before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence; and the more because it proved so happy to both parties; for the eternal Lover of Mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love and joy and content as was no way defective; yet this mutual content and love and joy did receive a daily augmentation by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls as was only improvable in Heaven, where they now enjoy it.

About three months after this marriage, Dr. Curle, who was then rector of Bemerton in Wiltshire, was made Bishop of Bath and Wells, and not long after translated to Winchester, and by that means the presentation of a clerk to Bemerton did not fall to the Earl of Pembroke (who was the undoubted patron of it), but to the king, by reason of Dr. Curle's advancement; but Philip, then Earl of Pembroke (for William was lately dead), requested the king to bestow it upon his kinsman George Herbert; and the king said, "Most willingly to Mr. Herbert, if it be worth his acceptance." And the earl as willingly and suddenly sent it to him without

seeking ; but though Mr. Herbert had formerly put on a resolution for the clergy, yet at receiving this presentation, the apprehension of the last great account that he was to make for the cure of so many souls made him fast and pray often, and consider for not less than a month : in which time he had some resolutions to decline both the priesthood and that living. And in this time of considering, "he endured," as he would often say, "such spiritual conflicts as none can think but only those that have endured them."

In the midst of these conflicts, his old and dear friend Mr. Arthur Woodnot took a journey to salute him at Bainton (where he then was with his wife's friends and relations), and was joyful to be an eye-witness of his health and happy marriage. And after they had rejoiced together some few days they took a journey to Wilton, the famous seat of the Earls of Pembroke, at which time the king, the earl, and the whole Court were there or at Salisbury, which is near to it. And at this time Mr. Herbert presented his thanks to the earl for his presentation to Bemerton, but had not yet resolved to accept it, and told him the reason why ; but that night the earl acquainted Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of Canterbury, with his kinsman's irresolution. And the bishop did the next day so convince Mr. Herbert that the refusal of it was a sin, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton to take measure and make him canonical clothes against next day ; which the tailor did : and Mr. Herbert being so habited, went with his presentation to the learned Dr. Davenant, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately (for Mr. Herbert had been made deacon some years before) ; and he was also the same day (which was April 26, 1630) inducted into the

good, and more pleasant than healthful, parsonage of Bemerton, which is a mile from Salisbury.

I have now brought him to the parsonage of Bemerton, and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here and bespeak the reader to prepare for an almost incredible story of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it; a life, that if it were related by a pen like his, there would then be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety; for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert. But now, alas! who is fit to undertake it? I confess I am not; and am not pleased with myself that I must; and profess myself amazed when I consider how few of the clergy lived like him then, and how many live so unlike him now; but it becomes not me to censure: my design is rather to assure the reader that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity.

When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton Church, being left there alone to toll the bell (as the law requires him), he stayed so much longer than an ordinary time before he returned to those friends that stayed expecting him at the church door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar; at which time and place (as he after told Mr. Woodnot) he set some rules to himself for the future manage of his life, and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them.

And the same night that he had his induction, he said to Mr. Woodnot: "I now look back upon my aspiring

thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for; and I can now behold the Court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud and titles and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures; pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed. But in God and His service is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavours to bring my relations and dependents to a love and reliance on Him, who never fails those that trust Him. But above all I will be sure to live well, because the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts. And I beseech that God, who hath honoured me so much as to call me to serve Him at His altar, that as by His special grace He hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions; so He will, by His assisting grace, give me ghostly strength to bring the same to good effect. And I beseech Him that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others, as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my Master and Governor; and I am so proud of His service, that I will always observe, and obey, and do His will, and always call Him Jesus my Master, and I will always condemn my birth or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me, when I shall compare them with my title of being a priest, and serving at the altar of Jesus my Master."

And that he did so may appear in many parts of his book of Sacred Poems; especially in that which he calls "The Odour." In which he seems to rejoice in the thoughts of that word Jesus, and say, that the adding

these words, my Master, to it, and the often repetition of them seemed to perfume his mind, and leave an Oriental fragraney in his very breath. And for his unforced choice to serve at God's altar, he seems in another place of his poems ("The Pearl," Matt. xiii.) to rejoice and say—He knew the ways of learning, knew what Nature does willingly, and what, when it is forced by fire, knew the ways of honour, and when glory inclines the soul to noble expressions ; knew the Court, knew the ways of pleasure, of love, of wit, of music, and upon what terms he declined all these for the service of his Master Jesus, and then concludes, saying :

" That through these labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But Thy silk twist, let down from Heaven to me,
Did both conduct, and teach me, how by it
To climb to Thee."

The third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton ; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her : " You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners, for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility ; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, that I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness. And, indeed, her unforced humility, that humility that was in her so original as to be born with her, made her so happy

as to do so, and her doing so begot her an unfeigned love and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her; and this love followed her in all places as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine.

It was not many days before he returned back to Bemerton to view the church and repair the chancel, and indeed to rebuild almost three parts of his house, which was fallen down or decayed by reason of his predecessors living at a better parsonage-house—namely, at Minal, sixteen or twenty miles from this place. At which time of Mr. Herbert's coming alone to Bemerton, there came to him a poor old woman with an intent to acquaint him with her necessitous condition, as also with some troubles of her mind; but after she had spoken some few words to him she was surprised with a fear, and that begot a shortness of breath, so that her spirits and speech failed her; which he perceiving, did so compassionate her, and was so humble that he took her by the hand, and said, "Speak, good mother, be not afraid to speak to me, for I am a man that will hear you with patience, and will relieve your necessities too if I be able, and this I will do willingly; and therefore, mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire." After which comfortable speech he again took her by the hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her, "He would be acquainted with her, and take her into his care." And having with patience heard and understood her wants—and it is some relief for a poor body to be but heard with patience—he, like a Christian clergyman, comforted her by his meek behaviour and counsel; but because that cost him nothing he relieved her with money too, and so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God and praying for him. Thus worthy, and (like David's

blessed man) thus lowly was Mr. George Herbert in his own eyes, and thus lovely in the eyes of others.

At his return that night to his wife at Bainton, he gave her an account of the passages betwixt him and the poor woman, with which she was so affected that she went next day to Salisbury, and there bought a pair of blankets, and sent them as a token of her love to the poor woman, and with them a message, "That she would see and be acquainted with her when her house was built at Bemerton."

There be many such passages both of him and his wife, of which some few will be related; but I shall first tell that he hasted to get the parish church repaired; then to beautify the chapel (which stands near his house), and that at his own great charge. He then proceeded to rebuild the greatest part of the parsonage-house, which he did also very completely and at his own charge; and having done this good work, he caused these verses to be writ upon or engraven in the mantel of the chimney in his hall:

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

"If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost:
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labour's not lost."

We will now, by the reader's favour, suppose him fixed at Bemerton, and grant him to have seen the church repaired, and the chapel belonging to it very decently adorned at his own great charge (which is a real truth); and having now fixed him there, I shall proceed to give an account of the rest of his behaviour both to his

parishioners, and those many others that knew and conversed with him.

Doubtless Mr. Herbert had considered and given rules to himself for his Christian carriage both to God and man before he entered into Holy Orders. And it is not unlike but that he renewed those resolutions at his prostration before the holy altar, at his induction into the church of Bemerton ; but as yet he was but a deacon, and therefore longed for the next Ember-week, that he might be ordained priest, and made capable of administering both the Sacraments. At which time the Rev. Dr. Humphrey Henchman, now Lord Bishop of London (who does not mention him but with some veneration for his life and excellent learning), tells me, "He laid his hand on Mr. Herbert's head, and alas ! within less than three years, lent his shoulder to carry his dear friend to his grave."

And that Mr. Herbert might the better preserve those holy rules which such a priest as he intended to be ought to observe, and that time might not insensibly blot them out of his memory, but that the next year might show him his variations from this year's resolutions ; he, therefore, did set down his rules, then resolved upon, in that order as the world now sees them printed in a little book called "The Country Parson," in which some of his rules are :

The Parson's Knowledge.

The Parson on Sundays.

The Parson Praying.

The Parson Preaching.

The Parson's Charity.

The Parson Comforting the Sick.

The Parson Arguing.

The Parson Condescending.

The Parson in his Journey.

The Parson in his Mirth.

The Parson with his Churchwardens.

The Parson Blessing the People.

And his behaviour towards God and man may be said to be a practical comment on these and the other holy rules set down in that useful book: a book so full of plain, prudent, and useful rules, that that country parson that can spare twelve pence, and yet wants it, is scarce excusable, because it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it.

At the death of Mr. Herbert, this book fell into the hands of his friend Mr. Woodnot, and he commended it into the trusty hands of Mr. Barnabas Oley, who published it with a most conscientious and excellent preface, from which I have had some of those truths that are related in this Life of Mr. Herbert. The text for his first sermon was taken out of Solomon's Proverbs, and the words were, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." In which first sermon he gave his parishioners many necessary, holy, safe rules for the discharge of a good conscience both to God and man; and delivered his sermon after a most florid manner, both with great learning and eloquence. But at the close of this sermon told them "that should not be his constant way of preaching, for since Almighty God does not intend to lead men to heaven by hard questions, he would not therefore fill their heads with unnecessary notions; but that for their sakes, his language and his expressions should be more plain and practical in his future sermons." And he then made it his humble request, "that they would be constant to the afternoon's service and catechizing," and showed them convincing reasons why he desired it; and his obliging example and persuasions brought them to a willing conformity with his desires.

The texts for all his future sermons, which God knows were not many, were constantly taken out of the Gospel for the day; and he did as constantly declare why the Church did appoint that portion of Scripture to be that day read, and in what manner the Collect for every Sunday does refer to the Gospel or to the Epistle then read to them; and that they might pray with understanding, he did usually take occasion to explain, not only the Collect for every particular Sunday, but the reasons of all the other Collects and responses in our Church service, and made it appear to them that the whole service of the Church was a reasonable and therefore an acceptable sacrifice to God; as, namely, that we begin with confession of ourselves to be vile, miserable sinners, and that we begin so, because till we have confessed ourselves to be such, we are not capable of that mercy which we acknowledge we need and pray for; but having in the prayer of our Lord begged pardon for those sins which we have confessed, and hoping, that as the priest hath declared our absolution, so by our public confession and real repentance we have obtained that pardon; then we dare and do proceed to beg of the Lord to open our lips that our mouths may show forth His praise, for till then we are neither able nor worthy to praise Him. But this being supposed, we are then fit to say, Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; and fit to proceed to a further service of our God in the Collects, and psalms, and lauds, that follow in the service.

And as to these psalms and lauds, he proceeded to inform them why they were so often, and some of them daily, repeated in our Church service; namely, the psalms every month, because they be an historical and thankful repetition of mercies past, and such a composi-

tion of prayers and praises as ought to be repeated often and publicly, for with such sacrifices God is honoured and well pleased. This for the psalms.

And for the hymns and lauds appointed to be daily repeated or sung after the first and second lessons are read to the congregation, he proceeded to inform them that it was most reasonable, after they have heard the will and goodness of God declared or preached by the priest in his reading the two chapters, that it was then a seasonable duty to rise up and express their gratitude to Almighty God for those His mercies to them, and to all mankind; and then to say with the blessed Virgin, "That their souls do magnify the Lord, and that their spirits do all rejoice in God their Saviour." And that it was their duty also to rejoice with Simeon in his song, and say with him, "That their eyes have also seen their salvation;" for they have seen that salvation which was but prophesied till his time: and he then broke out into those expressions of joy that he did see it; but they live to see it daily in the history of it, and therefore ought daily to rejoice, and daily to offer up their sacrifices of praise to their God for that particular mercy. A service which is now the constant employment of that blessed Virgin, and Simeon, and all those blessed saints that are possessed of heaven; and where they are at this time interchangeably and constantly singing, "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God, glory be to God on high, and on earth peace." And he taught them that to do this was an acceptable service to God, because the prophet David says in his Psalms, "He that praiseth the Lord honoureth Him."

He made them to understand how happy they be that are freed from the incumbrances of that law which our forefathers groaned under; namely, from the legal sacrifices, and from the many ceremonies of

the Levitical law ; freed from circumcision, and from the strict observation of the Jewish sabbath, and the like. And he made them know, that having received so many and so great blessings, by being born since the days of our Saviour, it must be an acceptable sacrifice to Almighty God for them to acknowledge those blessings daily, and stand up and worship, and say as Zacharias did, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath (in our days) visited and redeemed His people ; and (He hath in our days) remembered and showed that mercy which, by the mouth of the prophets, He promised to our forefathers ; and this He hath done according to His holy covenant made with them." And he made them to understand that we live to see and enjoy the benefit of it in His birth, in His life, His passion, His resurrection, and ascension into heaven, where He now sits sensible of all our temptations and infirmities ; and where He is at this present time making intercession for us, to His and our Father ; and therefore they ought daily to express their public gratulations, and say daily with Zacharias, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, that hath thus visited and thus redeemed His people." These were some of the reasons by which Mr. Herbert instructed his congregation for the use of the psalms and the hymns appointed to be daily sung or said in the Church service.

He informed them, also, when the priest did pray only for the congregation and not for himself, and when they did only pray for him—as, namely, after the repetition of the Creed, before he proceeds to pray the Lord's Prayer, or any of the appointed Collects—the priest is directed to kneel down, and pray for them, saying, "The Lord be with you ;" and when they pray for him, saying, "And with thy spirit ;" and then they join together in the following Collects ; and he assured them, that when there

is such mutual love, and such joint prayers offered for each other, then the holy angels look down from heaven, and are ready to carry such charitable desires to God Almighty, and He as ready to receive them ; and that a Christian congregation calling thus upon God, with one heart and one voice, and in one reverent and humble posture, look as beautifully as Jerusalem, that is at peace with itself.

He instructed them also why the prayer of our Lord was prayed often in every full service of the Church ; namely, at the conclusion of the several parts of that service ; and prayed then, not only because it was composed and commanded by our Jesus that made it, but as a perfect pattern for our less perfect forms of prayer, and therefore fittest to sum up and conclude all our imperfect petitions.

He instructed them, also, that as by the second commandment we are required not to bow down or worship an idol or false god ; so, by the contrary rule, we are to bow down and kneel, or stand up and worship the true God. And he instructed them why the Church required the congregation to stand up at the repetition of the Creeds ; namely, because they did thereby declare both their obedience to the Church, and an assent to that faith into which they had been baptized. And he taught them, that in that shorter Creed or Doxology so often repeated daily, they also stood up to testify their belief to be that the God that they trusted in was one God and three Persons ; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, to whom they and the priest gave glory. And because there had been heretics that had denied some of these three Persons to be God, therefore the congregation stood up and honoured Him, by confessing and saying, “ It was so in the beginning, is now so, and shall

ever be so world without end." And all gave their assent to this belief, by standing up and saying, Amen.

He instructed them, also, what benefit they had by the Church's appointing the celebration of holy-days, and the excellent use of them ; namely, that they were set apart for particular commemorations of particular mercies received from Almighty God, and (as Reverend Mr. Hooker says) to be the landmarks to distinguish times ; for by them we are taught to take notice how time passes by us, and that we ought not to let the years pass without a celebration of praise for those mercies which those days give us occasion to remember ; and therefore they were to note, that the year is appointed to begin the 25th day of March, a day in which we commemorate the angel's appearing to the blessed Virgin, with the joyful tidings that " she should conceive and bear a Son, that should be the Redeemer of mankind." And she did so forty weeks after this joyful salutation ; namely, at our Christmas, a day in which we commemorate His birth with joy and praise ; and that eight days after this happy birth we celebrate His circumcision ; namely, in that which we call New-year's day. And that upon that day which we call Twelfth-day, we commemorate the manifestation of the unsearchable riches of Jesus to the Gentiles ; and that that day we also celebrate the memory of His goodness in sending a star to guide the three wise men from the East to Bethlehem, that they might there worship and present Him with their oblations of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And he (Mr. Herbert) instructed them that Jesus was forty days after His birth presented by His blessed mother in the Temple ; namely, on that day which we call the Purification of the blessed Virgin, St. Mary. And he instructed them that by the Lent fast we imitate and commemorate our Saviour's humiliation in

fasting forty days ; and that we ought to endeavour to be like Him in purity. And that on Good Friday we commemorate and condole His crucifixion, and at Easter commemorate His glorious resurrection. And he taught them that after Jesus had manifested Himself to His disciples to be that Christ that was crucified, dead, and buried, and by His appearing and conversing with His disciples for the space of forty days after His resurrection, He then, and not till then, ascended into heaven in the sight of those disciples ; namely, on that day which we call the Ascension, or Holy Thursday. And that we then celebrate the performance of the promise which He made to His disciples at or before His ascension ; namely, that though He left them, yet He would send them the Holy Ghost to be their Comforter ; and that He did so on that day which the Church calls Whit Sunday. Thus the Church keeps an historical and circular commemoration of times as they pass by us ; of such times as ought to incline us to occasional praises for the particular blessings which we do or might receive by those holy commemorations.

He made them know also why the Church hath appointed Ember-weeks, and to know the reason why the Commandments and the Epistles and Gospels were to be read at the altar or communion table ; why the priest was to pray the Litany kneeling, and why to pray some Collects standing ; and he gave them many other observations fit for his plain congregation, but not fit for me now to mention ; for I must set limits to my pen, and not make that a treatise which I intended to be a much shorter account than I have made it. But I have done, when I have told the reader that he was constant in catechizing every Sunday in the afternoon, and that his catechizing was after his second lesson, and in the pulpit ;

and that he never exceeded his half-hour, and was always so happy as to have an obedient and a full congregation.

And to this I must add, that if he were at any time too zealous in his sermons, it was in reproofing the indecencies of the people's behaviour in the time of divine service; and of those ministers that huddled up the Church prayers without a visible reverence and affection; namely, such as seemed to say the Lord's Prayer or Collect in a breath; but for himself, his custom was to stop betwixt every Collect and give the people time to consider what they had prayed, and to force their desires affectionately to God before he engaged them into new petitions.

And by this account of his diligence to make his parishioners understand what they prayed, and why they praised and adored their Creator, I hope I shall the more easily obtain the reader's belief to the following account of Mr. Herbert's own practice, which was to appear constantly with his wife and three nieces (the daughters of a deceased sister) and his whole family twice every day at the Church prayers, in the chapel which does almost join to his parsonage-house. And for the time of his appearing, it was strictly at the canonical hours of ten and four; and then and there he lifted up pure and charitable hands to God in the midst of the congregation. And he would joy to have spent that time in that place where the honour of his Master Jesus dwelleth; and there, by that inward devotion which he testified constantly by a humble behaviour and visible adoration, he, like Joshua, brought not only his own household thus to serve the Lord, but brought most of his parishioners and many gentlemen in the neighbourhood constantly to make a part of his congregation twice a day; and some of the meaner sort of

his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when Mr. Herbert's saint's-bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him, and would then return back to their plough. And his most holy life was such, that it begot such reverence to God and to him, that they thought themselves the happier when they carried Mr. Herbert's blessing back with them to their labour. Thus powerful was his reason and example to persuade others to a practical piety and devotion.

And his constant public prayers did never make him to neglect his own private devotions, nor those prayers that he thought himself bound to perform with his family, which always were a set form and not long; and he did always conclude them with that Collect which the Church hath appointed for the day or week. Thus he made every day's sanctity a step towards that kingdom where impurity cannot enter.

His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol; and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such, that he went usually twice every week on certain appointed days to the cathedral church in Salisbury; and at his return would say, "That his time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth." But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music-meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, "Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it."

And as his desire to enjoy his heaven upon earth drew him twice every week to Salisbury, so his walks thither

were the occasion of many happy accidents to others, of which I will mention some few.

In one of his walks to Salisbury, he overtook a gentleman that is still living in that city, and in their walk together Mr. Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused if he asked him some account of his faith, and said, "I do this, the rather because though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tithe from you by the hand of your tenant; and, sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know there be some sermon-hearers that be like those fishes that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh." After which expression Mr. Herbert asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner, that the gentleman did so fall in love with him and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton, and still mentions the name of Mr. George Herbert with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him.

In another of his Salisbury walks, he met with a neighbour minister, and after some friendly discourse betwixt them, and some condolment for the decay of piety, and too general contempt of the clergy, Mr. Herbert took occasion to say, "One cure for these distempers would be for the clergy themselves to keep the Ember-weeks strictly, and beg of their parishioners to join with them in fasting and prayers for a more religious clergy.

"And another cure would be for themselves to restore the great and neglected duty of catechizing, on which the salvation of so many of the poor and ignorant lay people does depend, but principally that the clergy them-

selves would be sure to live unblamably ; and that the dignified clergy especially, which preach temperance, would avoid surfeiting and take all occasions to express a visible humility and charity in their lives, for this would force a love and an imitation, and an unfeigned reverence from all that knew them to be such." (And for proof of this, we need no other testimony than the life and death of Dr. Lake, late Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.) "This," said Mr. Herbert, "would be a cure for the wickedness and growing atheism of our age. And, my dear brother, till this be done by us, and done in earnest, let no man expect a reformation of the manners of the laity ; for it is not learning, but this, this only, that must do it, and till then the fault must lie at our own doors."

In another walk to Salisbury he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load ; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after, to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man, and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him, "That if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast." Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed ; but he told them the occasion ; and when one of the company told him "he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment," his answer was, "That the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience

whensoever he should pass by that place ; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy, and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments."

Thus as our blessed Saviour, after His resurrection, did take occasion to interpret the Scriptures to Cleopas and that other disciple which He met with, and accompanied, in their journey to Emmaus ; so Mr. Herbert, in his path towards heaven, did daily take any fair occasion to instruct the ignorant, or comfort any that were in affliction ; and did always confirm his precepts, by showing humility and mercy, and ministering grace to the hearers.

And he was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth penny of what money he received for tithe, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of his parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn ; which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship, and as often beg an enlargement of his bounty ; for she rejoiced in the employment ; and this was usually laid out by her in blankets and shoes for some such poor people as she knew to stand in most need of them. This as to her charity. And for his own, he set no limits to it, nor did ever turn his face from any that he saw in want, but would relieve them, especially his poor neighbours ; to the meanest of whose houses he would go and inform himself of their wants, and relieve

them cheerfully if they were in distress, and would always praise God, as much for being willing, as for being able to do it. And when he was advised by a friend to be more frugal, because he might have children, his answer was, "He would not see the danger of want so far off; but being the Scripture does so commend charity as to tell us that charity is the top of Christian virtues, the covering of sins, the fulfilling of the law, the life of faith; and that charity hath a promise of the blessings of this life, and of a reward in that life which is to come; being these and more excellent things are in Scripture spoken of thee, O Charity! and that being all my tithes and Church-dues are a deodate from thee, O my God, make me, O my God, so far to trust Thy promise, as to return them back to Thee! and by Thy grace I will do so, in distributing them to any of Thy poor members that are in distress, or do but bear the image of Jesus my Master. Sir," said he to his friend, "my wife hath a competent maintenance secured her after my death, and therefore as this is my prayer, so this my resolution shall, by God's grace, be unalterable."

This may be some account of the excellences of the active part of his life; and thus he continued till a consumption so weakened him as to confine him to his house, or to the chapel, which does almost join to it; in which he continued to read prayers constantly twice every day, though he were very weak; in one of which times of his reading his wife observed him to read in pain, and told him so, and that it wasted his spirits, and weakened him; and he confessed it did, but said, "His life could not be better spent than in the service of his Master Jesus, who had done and suffered so much for him; but," said he, "I will not be wilful; for though my spirit be willing, yet I find my flesh is weak; and therefore Mr. Bostock shall be

appointed to read prayers for me to-morrow, and I will now be only a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality." And Mr. Bostock did the next day undertake and continue this happy employment till Mr. Herbert's death. This Mr. Bostock was a learned and virtuous man, an old friend of Mr. Herbert's, and then his curate to the church of Fulston, which is a mile from Bemerton, to which church Bemerton is but a chapel of ease. And this Mr. Bostock did also constantly supply the Church service for Mr. Herbert in that chapel when the music-meeting at Salisbury caused his absence from it.

About one month before his death, his friend Mr. Ferrar (for an account of whom I am by promise indebted to the reader, and intend to make him sudden payment), hearing of Mr. Herbert's sickness, sent Mr. Edmund Duncon (who is now rector of Fryer Barnet, in the county of Middlesex) from his house of Gidden Hall, which is near to Huntingdon, to see Mr. Herbert, and to assure him he wanted not his daily prayers for his recovery, and Mr. Duncon was to return back to Gidden with an account of Mr. Herbert's condition. Mr. Duncon found him weak, and at that time lying on his bed, or on a pallet; but at his seeing Mr. Duncon, he raised himself vigorously, saluted him, and with some earnestness inquired the health of his brother Ferrar; of which Mr. Duncon satisfied him; and after some discourse of Mr. Ferrar's holy life, and the manner of his constant serving God, he said to Mr. Duncon: "Sir, I see by your habit that you are a priest, and I desire you to pray with me;" which being granted, Mr. Duncon asked him, "What prayers?" to which Mr. Herbert's answer was, "O sir, the prayers of my mother the Church of England; no other prayers are equal to them; but at this time I

beg of you to pray only the Litany, for I am weak and faint ;” and Mr. Duncon did so. After which, and some other discourse of Mr. Ferrar, Mrs. Herbert provided Mr. Duncon a plain supper and a clean lodging, and he betook himself to rest. This Mr. Duncon tells me ; and tells me that at his first view of Mr. Herbert he saw majesty and humility so reconciled in his looks and behaviour, as begot in him an awful reverence for his person, and says, “his discourse was so pious, and his motion so genteel and meek, that after almost forty years yet they remain still fresh in his memory.”

The next morning Mr. Duncon left him, and betook himself to a journey to Bath, but with a promise to return back to him within five days, and he did so ; but before I shall say anything of what discourse then fell betwixt them two, I will pay my promised account of Mr. Ferrar.

Mr. Nicholas Ferrar (who got the reputation of being called St. Nicholas at the age of six years) was born in London, and doubtless had good education in his youth, but certainly was at an early age made Fellow of Clare Hall in Cambridge, where he continued to be eminent for his piety, temperance and learning. About the twenty-sixth year of his age he betook himself to travel, in which he added to his Latin and Greek a perfect knowledge of all the languages spoken in the western parts of our Christian world, and understood well the principles of their religion and of their manner, and the reasons of their worship. In this his travel he met with many persuasions to come into a communion with that Church which calls itself Catholic ; but he returned from his travels as he went, eminent for his obedience to his mother, the Church of England. In his absence from England Mr. Ferrar’s father (who was a merchant)

allowed him a liberal maintenance, and, not long after his return into England, Mr. Ferrar had, by the death of his father or an elder brother, or both, an estate left him, that enabled him to purchase land to the value of four or five hundred pounds a year, the greatest part of which land was at Little Gidding, four or six miles from Huntingdon, and about eighteen from Cambridge; which place he chose for the privacy of it, and for the Hall, which had the parish church or chapel belonging and adjoining near to it; for Mr. Ferrar having seen the manners and vanities of the world, and found them to be, as Mr. Herbert says, a nothing between two dishes, did so contemn it, that he resolved to spend the remainder of his life in mortifications, and in devotion and charity, and to be always prepared for death; and his life was spent thus:

He and his family, which were like a little college, and about thirty in number, did most of them keep Lent and all Ember-weeks strictly, both in fasting and using all those mortifications and prayers that the Church hath appointed to be then used; and he and they did the like constantly on Fridays, and on the Vigils or Eves appointed to be fasted before the Saints' days; and this frugality and abstinence turned to the relief of the poor; but this was but a part of his charity, none but God and he knew the rest.

This family, which I have said to be in number about thirty, were a part of them his kindred; and the rest chosen to be of a temper fit to be moulded into a devout life; and all of them were for their dispositions serviceable and quiet and humble, and free from scandal. Having thus fitted himself for his family, he did, about the year 1630, betake himself to a constant and methodical service of God, and it was in this manner:—He,

being accompanied with most of his family, did himself use to read the common prayers (for he was a deacon) every day at the appointed hours of ten and four, in the parish church, which was very near his house, and which he had both repaired and adorned; for it was fallen into a great ruin, by reason of a depopulation of the village, before Mr. Ferrar bought the manor; and he did also constantly read the matins every morning at the hour of six, either in the church, or in an oratory which was within his own house; and many of the family did there continue with him after the prayers were ended, and there they spent some hours in singing hymns or anthems, sometimes in the church, and often to an organ in the oratory. And there they sometimes betook themselves to meditate, or to pray privately, or to read a part of the New Testament to themselves, or to continue their praying or reading the Psalms⁴; and, in case the Psalms were not always read in the day, then Mr. Ferrar and others of the congregation did at night, at the ring of a watch-bell, repair to the church or oratory, and there betake themselves to prayers and lauding God, and reading the Psalms that had not been read in the day; and when these or any part of the congregation grew weary or faint, the watch-bell was rung, sometimes before and sometimes after midnight, and then another part of the family rose, and maintained the watch, sometimes by praying or singing lauds to God or reading the Psalms; and when after some hours they also grew weary and faint, then they rung the watch-bell, and were also relieved by some of the former, or by a new part of the society which continued their devotions (as hath been mentioned) until morning. And it is to be noted, that in this continued serving of God, the Psalter, or whole Book of Psalms, was in every four-and-twenty

hours sung or read over, from the first to the last verse ; and this was done as constantly as the sun runs his circle every day about the world, and then begins again the same instant that it ended.

Thus did Mr. Ferrar and his happy family serve God day and night—thus did they always behave themselves as in His presence. And they did always eat and drink by the strictest rules of temperance ; eat and drink so as to be ready to rise at midnight, or at the call of a watch-bell, and perform their devotions to God. And it is fit to tell the reader, that many of the clergy that were more inclined to practical piety and devotion than to doubtful and needless disputations, did often come to Gidden Hall, and make themselves a part of that happy society, and stay a week or more, and then join with Mr. Ferrar and the family in these devotions, and assist and ease him or them in the watch by night. And these various devotions had never less than two of the domestic family in the night ; and the watch was always kept in the church or oratory, unless in extreme cold winter nights, and then it was maintained in a parlour which had a fire in it, and the parlour was fitted for that purpose. And this course of piety, and great liberality to his poor neighbours, Mr. Ferrar maintained till his death, which was in the year 1639.

Mr. Ferrar's and Mr. Herbert's devout lives were both so noted, that the general report of their sanctity gave them occasion to renew that slight acquaintance which was begun at their being contemporaries in Cambridge ; and this new holy friendship was long maintained without any interview, but only by loving and endearing letters. And one testimony of their friendship and pious designs may appear by Mr. Ferrar's commending "The Considerations of John Valdesso" (a book which he had

met with in his travels, and translated out of Spanish into English) to be examined and censured by Mr. Herbert before it was made public; which excellent book Mr. Herbert did read, and returned back with many marginal notes, as they be now printed with it; and with them, Mr. Herbert's affectionate letter to Mr. Ferrar.

This John Valdesso was a Spaniard, and was for his learning and virtue much valued and loved by the great Emperor Charles the Fifth, whom Valdesso had followed as a cavalier all the time of his long and dangerous wars; and when Valdesso grew old, and grew weary both of war and the world, he took his fair opportunity to declare to the emperor that his resolution was to decline his Majesty's service, and betake himself to a quiet and contemplative life, because there ought to be a vacancy of time betwixt fighting and dying. The emperor had himself, for the same or other like reasons, put on the same resolution; but God and himself did, till then, only know them; and he did therefore desire Valdesso to consider well of what he had said, and to keep his purpose within his own breast, till they two might have a second opportunity of a friendly discourse; which Valdesso promised to do.

In the meantime, the emperor appoints privately a day for him and Valdesso to meet again, and after a pious and free discourse, they both agreed on a certain day to receive the blessed Sacrament publicly, and appointed an eloquent and devout friar to preach a sermon of contempt of the world, and of the happiness and benefit of a contemplative life, which the friar did most affectionately. After which sermon, the emperor took occasion to declare openly, "That the preacher had begot in him a resolution to lay down his dignities, and to forsake the world,

and betake himself to a monastic life." And he pretended he had persuaded John Valdesso to do the like ; but this is most certain, that after the emperor had called his son Philip out of England, and resigned to him all his kingdoms, that then the emperor and John Valdesso did perform their resolutions.

This account of John Valdesso I received from a friend, that had it from the mouth of Mr. Ferrar ; and the reader may note, that in this retirement John Valdesso wrote his hundred and ten considerations, and many other treatises of worth, which want a second Mr. Ferrar to procure and translate them.

After this account of Mr. Ferrar and John Valdesso, I proceed to my account of Mr. Herbert and Mr. Duncon, who, according to his promise, returned from the Bath the fifth day, and then found Mr. Herbert much weaker than he left him, and therefore their discourse could not be long ; but at Mr. Duncon's parting with him, Mr. Herbert spoke to this purpose : " Sir, I pray give my brother Ferrar an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me ; and let him know that I have considered, that God only is what He would be ; and that I am, by His grace, become now so like Him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth Him ; and tell him that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health ; and tell him, my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found ; and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience." Having said this, he did, with so sweet a humility as seemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and, with a thoughtful and contented look, say to him, " Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many

spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom ; desire him to read it, and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public ; if not, let him burn it ; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies." Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of "The Temple ; or, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," of which Mr. Ferrar would say, "There was in it the picture of a divine soul in every page, and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety." And it appears to have done so ; for there have been more than twenty thousand of them sold since the first impression.

And this ought to be noted, that when Mr. Ferrar sent this book to Cambridge to be licensed for the press, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two so much noted verses—

"Religion stands a tip-toe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand,"

to be printed, and Mr. Ferrar would by no means allow the book to be printed and want them ; but after some time, and some arguments for and against their being made public, the Vice-Chancellor said, "I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly speculations, and was a divine poet ; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I license the whole book." So that it came to be printed without the diminution or addition of a syllable, since it was delivered into the hands of Mr.

Duncon, save only that Mr. Ferrar hath added that excellent preface that is printed before it.

At the time of Mr. Duncon's leaving Mr. Herbert (which was about three weeks before his death), his old and dear friend Mr. Woodnot came from London to Bemerton, and never left him till he had seen him draw his last breath, and closed his eyes on his deathbed. In this time of his decay he was often visited and prayed for by all the clergy that lived near to him, especially by his friends the bishop and prebendaries of the cathedral church in Salisbury ; but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces (then a part of his family), and Mr. Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay ; to whom he would often speak to this purpose : " I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, and music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them ; and I see that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark, and I praise God I am prepared for it ; and I praise Him that I am not to learn patience now I stand in such need of it ; and that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily that I might not die eternally, and my hope is that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain ; and which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it, and this being past, I shall dwell in the new Jerusalem, dwell there with men made perfect, dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus ; and with Him see my dear mother, and all my relations and friends.

But I must die, or not come to that happy place ; and this is my content, that I am going daily towards it, and that every day which I have lived hath taken a part of my appointed time from me, and that I shall live the less time for having lived this and the day past." These, and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of heaven before he enjoyed it. The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said :

"My God, my God,
My music shall find Thee,
And ev'ry string
Shall have his attribute to sing."

And having tuned it, he played and sung :

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King :
On Sundays, Heaven's door stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope."

Thus he sung on earth such hymns and anthems as the angels and he and Mr. Ferrar now sing in heaven.

Thus he continued meditating and praying and rejoicing, till the day of his death, and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot : "My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery ; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter, for I shall suddenly go hence, and be no more seen." Upon which expression, Mr. Woodnot took occasion to remember him of the re-edifying Layton Church, and his many acts of mercy, to which he made answer, saying, "They be good works

if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise." After this discourse he became more restless, and his soul seemed to be weary of her earthly tabernacle, and this uneasiness became so visible that his wife, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot stood constantly about his bed, beholding him with sorrow, and an unwillingness to lose the sight of him whom they could not hope to see much longer. As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observed him to breathe faintly and with much trouble, and observed him to fall into a sudden agony, which so surprised her that she fell into a sudden passion, and required of him to know how he did? To which his answer was, "That he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him by the merits of his Master Jesus." After which answer he looked up and saw his wife and nieces weeping to an extremity, and charged them, "If they loved him, to withdraw into the next room, and there pray every one alone for him, for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable." To which request their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply, but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving only with him Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock. Immediately after they had left him he said to Mr. Bostock, "Pray, sir, open that door, then look into that cabinet, in which you may easily find my last will, and give it into my hand;" which being done, Mr. Herbert delivered it into the hand of Mr. Woodnot, and said, "My old friend, I here deliver you my last will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole executor for the good of my wife and nieces, and I desire you to show kindness to them as they shall need it. I do not desire you to be just, for I know you will be so for your own sake; but I charge you by the religion of our friendship to be careful

of them." And having obtained Mr. Woodnot's promise to be so, he said, "I am now ready to die." After which words he said, "Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me, but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord—Lord, now receive my soul." And with these words he breathed forth his divine soul without any apparent disturbance, Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath and closing his eyes.

Thus he lived and thus he died like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life, which I cannot conclude better than with this borrowed observation :—

"All must to their cold graves ;
But the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust."

Mr. George Herbert's have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding generations. I have but this to say more of him, that if Andrew Melvin died before him, then George Herbert died without an enemy. I wish—if God shall be so pleased—that I may be so happy as to die like him.

Iz. WA.

THERE is a debt justly due to the memory of Mr. Herbert's virtuous wife, a part of which I will endeavour to pay by a very short account of the remainder of her life, which shall follow.

She continued his disconsolate widow about six years, bemoaning herself and complaining that she had lost the delight of her eyes ; but more, that she had lost the spiritual guide for her poor soul ; and would often say, "O that I had, like holy Mary, the mother of Jesus,

treasured up all his sayings in my heart ; but since I have not been able to do that, I will labour to live like him, that where he now is, I may be also." And she would often say (as the Prophet David for his son Absalom) "O that I had died for him !" Thus she continued mourning, till time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows, that she became the happy wife of Sir Robert Cook, of Highnam, in the county of Gloucester, Knight ; and though he put a high value on the excellent accomplishments of her mind and body, and was so like Mr. Herbert, as not to govern like a master, but as an affectionate husband ; yet she would, even to him, often take occasion to mention the name of Mr. George Herbert, and say, "That name must live in her memory, till she put off mortality." By Sir Robert she had only one child, a daughter, whose parts and plentiful estate make her happy in this world, and her well using of them gives a fair testimony that she will be so in that which is to come.

Mrs. Herbert was the wife of Sir Robert eight years, and lived his widow about fifteen ; all which time she took a pleasure in mentioning and commending the excellences of Mr. George Herbert. She died in the year 1663, and lies buried at Highnam ; Mr. Herbert in his own church, under the altar, and covered with a gravestone without any inscription.

This Lady Cook had preserved many of Mr. Herbert's private writings, which she intended to make public, but they and Highnam House were burnt together by the late rebels, and so lost to posterity.

I. W.

PLAYS FROM MOLIÈRE

INTRODUCTION.

JEAN-BAPTISTE POQUELIN, upholsterer to King Louis XIII., gave his name, Jean-Baptiste, to a son born at Paris in January, 1622. That son, when he became player and dramatist, assumed the name of Molière. Until he was fourteen years old his education was neglected. His father sought to direct his mind to upholstery, and secured for him succession to his own Court office of *valet de chambre tapissier*. The boy had a grandfather who liked comedy, and who took him sometimes to the plays at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*.

In 1543, when Francis I. ordered the sale and demolition of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, and other houses, the players bought it, to build, at their own cost, a theatre upon its site. They opened it in 1548, but were no longer allowed to act plays on the mysteries of religion. They had among their farces *Patelin*, born in the fifteenth century, forefather of *Tartufe*. Translations from Plautus and Terence, from Seneca and from the first plays of the Italians, then enlarged the conception of dramatic art. Jodelle and Garnier, before 1580, laid the foundation of French classical tragedy. Pierre de Larivey, of whose comedies, all adapted from Italian writers, six were published in 1579 and three in 1611, wrote in prose and justified abandonment of verse by arguments like those in Cardinal Bibbiena's prologue to *Calandra*. His example was little followed— even farce held to its octosyllabics—and it remained for Molière not only to perfect the form of comic dialogue in verse, but also to show how wit and wisdom could point every phrase in lightest dialogue of prose. The plays seen at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* by Molière in his boyhood were of all kinds, and most of them were loosely and carelessly constructed. Hardy and others, by their want of art, aided those tendencies of the times which were provoking a new plea for classical rule. Pierre Corneille, who was fourteen years older than Molière, produced his *Cid* when Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, not yet Molière, was a boy of fourteen. Made-moiselle Beaupré, one of the actresses at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, said of Corneille, in those days, that he had done the actors a great wrong. Before his coming they could play pieces that cost but three dollars, and were written in one night; the public was used to them, and they brought much profit to the house; but now the pieces of M. Corneille cost them much more and brought in little gain.

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin had more mind for the theatre than for the shop. He had a mind for it, but a mind untrained, till his father was persuaded to ruin his chance of success as a Court upholsterer, by sending him to school. He went to a Jesuit college, where he had for one

of his teachers Pierre Gassendi, whose philosophy was based on that of Epicurus, and who then divided with Descartes dominion over the philosophers of France. His father being infirm, young Poquelin, at the age of nineteen, took his father's place in the retinue of Louis XIII., during the king's visit to Languedoc in 1641. When he came back, his bent for the stage caused him to join a band of young associates who called themselves *L'Illustre Théâtre*. A tragedy of *Artaxerce* was printed in 1645, as presented by this illustrious theatre. Money left by his mother came to him when he was of age. Resolved to give his whole mind as actor and author to the drama, Jean-Baptiste Poquelin now followed an example set already by other actors in taking a new name, and became Molière.

At first Molière produced, and acted in the provinces, slight pieces imitated from the Italian. He was away with a company of actors in the provinces, acting at Grenoble, Lyons, Rouen, and other places, from 1646 to 1658. At Beziers was the Prince of Conti, who had known Poquelin at college, and was his chief patron before he settled in Paris. Within the five years before 1658, Molière and his company acted before the Prince of Conti the two plays that now represent his earliest dramatic work, *L'Etourdi* and *Le Dépit Amoureux*. Versions of both are given in this volume, one by John Dryden, the other by Sir John Vanbrugh.

In 1658, when Louis XIV. was a youth of twenty, Molière came to Paris, with an introduction from the Prince of Conti to Monsieur the King's only brother, by whom he was presented to the King and the Queen-mother. His company acted that year before their Majesties, on a stage built in a guard-room of the old palace of the Louvre. He and his company were then allowed to settle in Paris; and they played on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in the *Théâtre du Petit-Bourbon*, which was occupied by Italian comedians on the other days. Even the company at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* played only three times a week, unless they were drawing the town with a new play. The King's brother gave Molière his patronage, and permitted him to call his actors *La Troupe de Monsieur*. In 1660 Monsieur established them in the *Palais Royal*, on a stage built by Richelieu for the acting of a tragedy to which Richelieu himself had contributed five hundred verses. Here they remained until the death of Molière. The King came often to see Molière act in his own plays, and the dramatist, who never had been poor, grew rich. In 1661, when his age was about forty, Molière married Armande Béjart, many years younger than himself, who did not add to his happiness.

Molière was of good form and stature; brown of complexion, with strongly marked black eyebrows, nose and mouth large, lips thick. There was dignity in his movements, gravity in his whole air, but his mobile features lightened readily into comic expression, and his thoughtful look was softened by habitual kindness and generosity. He lived in companionship with men of genius, and was a ready friend to poorer comrades in their hours of need.

Molière's three best comedies, *Le Tartufe*, *Le Misanthrope*, and *L'Avare*, were produced in the years 1666 and 1667. This volume

contains the *Tartufe* as turned by Cibber into the *Non-Juror*, Wycherley's version of *Le Misanthrope* as *The Plain Dealer*, and Fielding's version of *The Miser*. The lively farce-comedy of *La Médecin Malgré Lui* belongs to the same period of Molière's best strength. It followed the *Misanthrope*, and preceded *Tartufe*, for the acting of *Tartufe* had been delayed by objections of feeble minds that saw an attack upon the gold itself in nailing false coins to the counter.

Molière died on the 17th of February, 1673, aged fifty-one. He had been coughing and spitting blood before he produced his last comedy, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, in which he himself acted. Before the third representation he was so ill that he was advised not to act, but he did act, was seized with a convulsion during the performance, and was taken away dying. He had lived as he died, faithful to his art. Although, like Fielding, he was not a poet, his genius like Fielding's, touched the deeper truths of life, and put the dignity of a true aim into the lightest play of wit. No greater writer of prose comedy has ever lived.

This volume partly represents the influence of Molière on English literature. At the Restoration, in 1660, courtiers who came from Paris knew Molière as actor and dramatist, chief of a *troupe* which had been in Paris for about two years. They had seen his *L'Etourdi* and his *Précieuses Ridicules*, which was first acted in Paris in 1659. Molière's age was, in 1660, thirty-eight, and Dryden's twenty-nine. Dryden began to write plays, with the comedy of the *Wild Gallant*, in 1663. He wanted the light touch of a fashionable libertine that, in comedy, best pleased the Court of Charles the Second. The *Wild Gallant* was not elegantly but vilely coarse—Priapus unpossessed of a Court dress. Dryden's strength was not in writing of this sort. His version of *L'Etourdi*, as Sir Martin Marr-all, was produced in London at the time when Molière produced in Paris his *Tartufe*. Molière's own *L'Etourdi* is in excellent dramatic couplets. Dryden, in part imitation, attempted to intermix blank verse with prose at a time when the art of writing blank verse, developed by Marlowe and perfected by Shakespeare, had been lost among us. But in that year, 1667, the appearance of "*Paradise Lost*" set English blank verse on her feet again. In some places, where the blank verse lines are peculiarly irritating, I have printed them as prose. Dryden's play is best where it departs least from its original, and worst in the interwoven scenes of "*The Feigned Innocence*," which are all his own. In these I have found some omissions to be necessary.

William Wycherley, born in 1640, was educated in France, and returned to England at the Restoration. His version of *Le Misanthrope* as *The Plain Dealer* is said to have been made in the year of its first production in Paris, but it was not acted until 1677, four years after the death of Molière. Wycherley was the founder of what is known as the "Prose Comedy of Manners" in our dramatic literature: that is to say, he learnt from the plays of Molière to put thought into his work, and earn the praise of Dryden—with a glance in the word "Manly," at the hero of *The Plain Dealer*—for "the satire, wit and strength of Manly Wycherley." Wycherley, like Dryden, not only

Englished Molière, by a free adaptation of the story to the English life and manners of his time, but he also interwove new characters and incidents. In this, however, William Wycherley succeeded as completely as John Dryden failed. The widow Blackacre and her minor, Wycherley's invention, would have contented Molière himself.

John Vanbrugh was nearly thirty years younger than Wycherley, to whose school he belongs, and he too drew strength from Molière. Vanbrugh was dramatist and architect. On his behalf the playful epitaph advised,—

Lie heavy on him, Earth ! for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee.

He was both builder and manager of the first house upon the site of what is now known as Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket. When his management was failing, he sought success by translating for his new theatre, in one season, three plays of Molière. One of them was *Le Dépit Amoureux*, translated as *The Mistake*, which is the play given in this volume. Soon afterwards, in 1706—he was then building Blenheim—Vanbrugh gave himself wholly to his work as architect.

Henry Fielding, before he found his full strength as the author of *Tom Jones*, wrote for the stage. His version of *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* was first produced in the autumn of 1732, when he was twenty-five years old. "One pleasure I enjoy," he said, "from the success of this piece, is a prospect of transplanting successfully some others of Molière's of great value." Accordingly there was produced, on the 17th of February, 1733, Fielding's version of *L'Avare*, or *The Miser*. This was Fielding's best piece of dramatic work.

Colley Cibber was born only two years before Molière's death. His father was a sculptor from Holstein, who designed and executed the bas-relief upon the monument by which the Fire of London was commemorated. Colley Cibber went on the stage when a youth of eighteen, and had produced several plays before he attained his great success with a version of *Tartufe*, that applied, in *The Non-Juror*, with Whig bitterness of party feeling, a general satire on hypocrisy in sacred things to the religion of political opponents. It was directed against Roman Catholics and Non-Jurors, who had sympathized with the Jacobite insurrection of 1715. It was produced while all the passions of the strife were fresh, and it had a success rather political than literary. Pope was of Roman Catholic family, and Cibber's play contained an insult to the Roman Catholics. Its factious loyalty obtained for Colley Cibber the office of Poet Laureate, and its intolerance secured for him the highest gibbet in the "Dunciad."

HENRY MORLEY.

June, 1883.

Plays from Molière

By English Dramatists.



SIR MARTIN MARR-ALL.

(MOLIÈRE'S "L'ÉTOURDI.")

By JOHN DRYDEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD DARTMOUTH, *in love with*
MRS. CHRISTIAN.

MR. MOODY, *the swash-buckler.*

SIR MARTIN MARR-ALL, *a fool.*

WARNER, *his man.*

SIR JOHN SWALLOW, *a Kentish*
knight.

LADY DUPE, *the old lady.*

MRS. CHRISTIAN, *her young niece.*

MRS. MILLICENT, *the swash-buckler's*
daughter.

ROSE, *her maid.*

MRS. PREPARATION, *woman to the*
old lady.

Other Servants, Men and Women.

A Carrier. Bailiffs.

SCENE.—COVENT GARDEN.

ACT I.

Enter WARNER solus.

Warn. Where is this master of mine? He is ever out of the way when he should do himself good. This 'tis to serve a coxcomb, one that has no more brains than just those I carry for him. Well, of all fops commend me to him for the greatest; he's so opinioned of his own abilities, that he is ever designing somewhat, and yet he sows his stratagems so shallow, that every daw can pick 'em up: from a plotting fool the Lord deliver me! Here he comes, O! it seems his cousin's with him, then it is not so bad as I imagined.

Enter SIR MARTIN MARR-ALL and LADY DUPE.

Lady Dupe. I think it was well contrived for your access, to lodge her in the same house with you.

Sir Mart. 'Tis pretty well, I must confess.

Warn. Had he plotted it himself, it had been admirable. [*Aside.*

Lady Dupe. For when her father Moody wrote to me to take him lodgings, I so ordered it, the choice seemed his, not mine.

Sir Mart. I have hit of a thing myself sometimes, when wiser heads have missed it ; but that might be mere luck.

Lady Dupe. Fortune does more than wisdom.

Sir Mart. Nay, for that you shall excuse me ; I will not value any man's fortune at a rush. Except he have wit and parts to bear him out. But when do you expect 'em ?

Lady Dupe. This tide will bring them from Gravesend. You had best let your man go as from me, and wait them at the stairs in Durham Yard.

Sir Mart. Lord, cousin, what a do is here with your counsel ! As though I could not have thought of that myself. I could find in my heart not to send him now—stay a little,—I could soon find out some other way.

Warn. A minute's stay may lose your business.

Sir Mart. Well, go then,—but you must grant, if he had stayed I could have found a better way,—you grant it ?

Lady Dupe. For once I will not stand with you. [*Exit WARNER.*]
'Tis a sweet gentlewoman, this Mrs. Millicent, if you can get her.

Sir Mart. Let me alone for plotting.

Lady Dupe. But, by your favour, sir, 'tis not so easy. Her father has already promised her ; and the young gentleman comes up with them. I partly know the man ;—but the old Squire is humorsome. He's stout, and plain in speech, and in behaviour ; he loves none of the fine town-tricks of breeding, but stands up for the old Elizabeth way in all things. This we must work upon.

Sir Mart. Sure, you think you have to deal with a fool, cousin ?

Enter MRS. CHRISTIAN.

Lady Dupe. O, my dear niece, I have some business with you.

[*Whispers.*

Sir Mart. Well, madam, I'll take one turn here in the Piazzas ; a thousand things are hammering in this head ; 'tis a fruitful noddle, though I say it.

[*Exit.*

Lady Dupe. Go thy ways, for a most conceited fool. But to our business, cousin ; you are young, but I am old, and have had all the love experience that a discreet lady ought to have ; and therefore let me instruct you about the love this rich lord makes to you.

Chr. You know, madam, he's married, so that we cannot work upon that ground of matrimony.

Lady Dupe. But there are advantages enough for you, if you will be wise, and follow my advice.

Chr. Madam, my friends left me to your care, therefore I will wholly follow your counsel with secrecy and obedience.

Lady Dupe. Sweetheart, it shall be the better for you another day. Well then, this Lord that pretends to you, is crafty and false,

as most men are, especially in love ; therefore we must be subtle to meet with all his plots, and have countermines against his works to blow him up.

Chr. As how, madam ?

Lady Dupe. Why, girl, he'll make fierce love to you, but you must not suffer him to ruffle you, or steal a kiss ; but you must weep and sigh, and say you'll tell me of it, and that you will not be used so ; and play the innocent just like a child, and seem ignorant of all.

Chr. I warrant you I'll be very ignorant, madam.

Lady Dupe. And be sure, when he has towsed you, not to appear at supper that night, that you may fright him.

Chr. No, madam.

Lady Dupe. That he may think you have told me.

Chr. Ay, madam.

Lady Dupe. And keep your chamber, and say your head aches.

Chr. O, most extremely, madam.

Lady Dupe. And lock the door, and admit of no night visits ; at supper I'll ask, where's my cousin ; and being told you are not well, I'll start from the table to visit you, desiring his Lordship not to inconvenience himself : for I will presently wait on him again.

Chr. But how, when you are returned, madam ?

Lady Dupe. Then somewhat discomposed, I'll say, I doubt the measles or small-pox will seize on you, and then the girl is spoiled ; saying, poor thing, her portion is her beauty and her virtue ; and often send to see how you do, by whispers in my servants' ears, and have those whispers of your health returned to mine ; if his Lordship thereupon asks how you do, I will pretend it was some other thing.

Chr. Right, madam, for that will bring him further in suspense.

Lady Dupe. A hopeful girl ! Then will I eat nothing that night, feigning my grief for you ; but keep his Lordship company at meal, and seem to strive to put my passion off, yet show it still by small mistakes.

Chr. And broken sentences.

Lady Dupe. A dainty girl ! And after supper visit you again, with promise to return straight to his Lordship ; but after I am gone, send an excuse, that I have given you a cordial, and mean to watch that night in person with you.

Chr. His Lordship then will find the prologue of his trouble, doubting I have told you of his ruffling.

Lady Dupe. And more than that, fearing his father should know of it, and his wife, who is a termagant lady ; but when he finds the coast is clear, and his late ruffling known to none but you, he will be drunk with joy.

Chr. Finding my simple innocence, which will inflame him more.

Lady Dupe. Then, what the lion's skin has failed him in, the fox's subtlety must next supply, and that is just, sweetheart, as I would have it ; for crafty folks' treaties are their advantage, especially

when his passion must be satisfied at any rate, and you keep shop to set the price of love : so now you see the market is your own.

Chr. Truly, madam, this is very rational ; and, by the blessing of Heaven upon my poor endeavours, I do not doubt to play my part.

Lady Dupe. My blessing and my prayers go along with thee.

Enter SIR JOHN SWALLOW, MRS. MILLICENT, *and* ROSE *her Maid.*

Chr. I believe, madam, here is the young heiress you expect, and with her he who is to marry her.

Lady Dupe. However, I am Sir Martin's friend, I must not seem his enemy.

Sir John. Madam, this fair young lady begs the honour to be known to you.

Mill. My father made me hope it, madam.

Lady Dupe. Sweet lady, I believe you have brought all the freshness of the country up to town with you. [*They salute.*

Mill. I came up, madam, as we country gentlewomen use, at an Easter Term, to the destruction of tarts and cheesecakes, to see a new play, buy a new gown, take a turn in the park, and so down again to sleep with my forefathers.

Sir John. Rather, madam, you are come up to the breaking of many a poor heart, that like mine will languish for you.

Chr. I doubt, madam, you are indisposed with your voyage ; will you please to see the lodgings your father has provided for you ?

Mill. To wait upon you, madam.

Lady Dupe. This is the door ; there is a gentleman will wait you immediately in your lodging, if he might presume on your commands. [*Whispers.*

Mill. You mean Sir Martin Marr-all ? I am glad he has entrusted his passion with so discreet a person. [*Whispers.*

Lady Dupe. Sir John, let me entreat you to stay here, that my father may have intelligence where to find us.

Sir John. I shall obey you, madam. [*Exeunt women.*

Enter SIR MARTIN.

Sir John. Sir Martin Marr-all !—most happily encountered !—how long have you been come to town ?

Sir Mart. Some three days since, or thereabouts ; but I thank God I am very weary on't already.

Sir John. Why, what's the matter, man ?

Sir Mart. My villanous old luck still follows me in gaming. I never throw the dice out of my hand, but my gold goes after 'em. If I go to picquet, though it be but with a novice in't, he will picque and repicque, and capot me twenty times together : and, which most mads me, I lose all my sets, when I want but one of up.

Sir John. The pleasure of play is lost, when one loses at that unreasonable rate.

Sir Mart. But I have sworn not to touch either cards or dice this half-year.

Sir John. The oaths of losing gamesters are most minded ; they

forswear play as an angry servant doth his mistress, because he loves her but too well.

Sir Mart. But I am now taken up with thoughts of another nature ; I am in love, sir.

Sir John. That's the worst game you could have played at, scarce one woman in a hundred will play with you upon the square ; you venture at more uncertainty than at a lottery ; for you set your heart to a whole sex of blanks. But is your mistress widow, wife, or maid ?

Sir Mart. I can assure you, sir, mine is a maid ;
The heiress of a wealthy family,
Fair to a miracle.

Sir John. Does she accept your service ?

Sir Mart. I am the only person in her favour.

Enter WARNER.

Sir John. Is she of town or country ?

Warn. [*aside.*] How's this ?

Sir Mart. She is of Kent, near Canterbury.

Warn. What does he mean ?—this is his rival. [*Aside.*

Sir John. Near Canterbury, say you ? I have a small estate lies thereabouts, and more concernments than one besides.

Sir Mart. I'll tell you then ; being at Canterbury,
It was my fortune, once in the cathedral church——

Warn. What do you mean, sir, to entrust this man with your affair thus ?

Sir Mart. Trust him ? why he's a friend of mine.

Warn. No matter for that ; hark you, a word, sir——

Sir Mart. Prithee, leave fooling :—and, as I was saying—I was in the church when I first saw this fair one.

Sir John. Her name, sir, I beseech ?

Warn. For Heaven's sake, sir, have a care !

Sir Mart. Thou art such a coxcomb—her name's Millicent.

Warn. Sir, sir, sir, what do you mean ?

Sir John. Millicent, say you ? That's the name of my mistress.

Sir Mart. Lord ! what luck is that now ! well, sir, it happened one of her gloves fell down, I stooped to take it up, and in the stooping made her a compliment——

Warn. Nothing can hold him—now will this thick-skulled master of mine tell the whole story to his rival——

Sir Mart. You'll say 'twas strange, sir, but at the first glance we cast on one another, both our hearts leaped within us, our souls met at our eyes, and, with a tickling kind of pain, fled to each other's breast, and in one moment settled as close and warm as if they long had been acquainted with their lodging. I followed her somewhat at a distance, because her father was with her.

Warn. Yet hold, sir——

Sir Mart. Saucy rascal, avoid my sight ; must you tutor me ?—so, sir, not to trouble you, I inquired out her father's house, without

whose knowledge I did court the daughter, and both then and often since, coming to Canterbury, I received many proofs of her kindness to me.

Warn. You had best tell him, too, that I am acquainted with her maid, and manage your love underhand with her.

Sir Mart. Well remembered i'faith ; I thank thee for that : I had forgot it, I protest !—my valet de chambre, whom you see here with me, grows me acquainted with her woman——

Warn. O, sir——

Sir Mart. In fine, sir, this maid being much in her mistress's favour, so well solicited my cause, that, in fine, I gained from fair Mistress Millicent an assurance of her kindness, and an engagement to marry none but me.

Warn. 'Tis very-well ! you've made a fair discovery !——

Sir John. A most pleasant relation I assure you : you are a happy man, sir ! But what occasion brought you now to London ?

Sir Mart. That was in expectation to meet my mistress here. She wrote me word from Canterbury, she and her father shortly would be here.

Sir John. She and her father, said you, sir ?

Warn. Tell him, sir, for Heaven's sake, tell him all——

Sir Mart. So I will, sir, without your bidding ; her father and she are come up already, that's the truth on't, and are to lodge, by my contrivance, in yon house, the master of which is a cunning rascal as any in town. Him I have made my own, for I lodge there.

Warn. You do ill, sir, to speak so scandalously of my landlord.

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll break your fool's head,—so that by his means I shall have free egress and regress when I please, sir,—without her father's knowledge.

Warn. I am out of patience to hear this——

Sir John. Methinks you might do well, sir, to speak openly to her father.

Sir Mart. Thank you for that i'faith ; in speaking to old Moody I may soon spoil all.

Warn. So, now he has told her father's name 'tis past recovery.

Sir John. Is her father's name Moody, say you ?

Sir Mart. Is he of your acquaintance ?

Sir John. Yes, sir, I know him for a man
Who is too wise for you to over-reach.

I am certain he will never marry his daughter to you.

Sir Mart. Why, there's the jest on't :

He shall never know it : 'tis but your

Keeping of my counsel ; I'll do as much for you.

Mum——

Sir John. No, sir, I'll give you better : trouble not yourself about this lady ; her affections are otherwise engaged. To my knowledge—hark in your ear—her father hates a gamester like a devil ! I'll keep your counsel for that too.

Sir Mart. Nay, but this is not all, dear Sir John.

Sir John. This is all, I assure you ! only I will make bold
To seek your mistress out another lodging. [Exit.

Warn. Your affairs are now put into an excellent posture. Thank
your incomparable discretion—this was a stratagem my shallow
wit could ne'er have reached, to make a confidant of my rival.

Sir Mart. I hope thou art not in earnest, man !—is he my rival ?

Warn. Ah, he has not found it out all this while !
Well, sir, for a quick apprehension let you alone.

Sir Mart. How the devil cam'st thou to know on't ?
And why the devil didst thou not tell me on't ?

Warn. To the first of your devils, I answer, her maid Rose told
me on't ; to the second, I wish a thousand devils take him that
would not hear me.

Sir Mart. O, unparalleled misfortune !

Warn. O, unparalleled ignorance ! Why, he left her father at the
water-side while he led the daughter to her lodging, whither I
directed him ; so that, if you had not laboured to the contrary,
fortune had placed you in the same house with your mistress, with-
out the least suspicion of your rival, or of her father ; but 'tis well,
you have satisfied your talkative humour. I hope you have some
new project of your own to set all right again ; for my part, I con-
fess, all my designs for you are wholly ruined ; the very foundations
of 'em are blown up.

Sir Mart. Prithee, insult not over the destiny of a poor undone
lover. I am punished enough for my indiscretion, in my despair, and
have nothing to hope for now but death.

Warn. Death is a bugword ; things are not brought to that
extremity. I'll cast about to save all yet.

Enter LADY DUPE.

Lady Dupe. Oh, Sir Martin ! yonder has been such a stir within.
Sir John, I fear, smokes your design, and by all means would have
the old man remove his lodging ; surely your man has not played
false.

Warn. Like enough I have : I am coxcomb sufficient to do it ;
my master knows that none but such a great calf as I could have
done it,—such an overgrown ass, a self-conceited idiot as I—

Sir Mart. Nay, Warner—

Warn. Pray, sir, let me alone : what is it to you if I rail upon
myself ? Now could I break my own logger-head.

Sir Mart. Nay, sweet Warner.

Warn. What a good master have I !—and I to ruin him !—Oh !
beast !—

Lady Dupe. Not to discourage you wholly, Sir Martin, this storm
is partly over.

Sir Mart. As how, dear cousin ?

Lady Dupe. When I heard Sir John complain of the landlord, I
took the first hint of it, and joined with him, saying, if he were such

an one I would have nothing to do with him. In short, I rattled him so well, that Sir John was the first who did desire they might be lodged with me, not knowing that I was your kinswoman.

Sir Mart. A plague, now I think on't, I could have found out this myself——

Warn. Are you there again, sir?—Now as I have a soul——

Sir Mart. Mum, good Warner, I did but forget myself a little. I leave myself wholly to you and my cousin; get but my mistress for me, and claim whate'er reward you can desire.

Warn. Hope of reward will diligence beget,
Find you the money, and I'll find the wit.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter LADY DUPE *and* MRS. CHRISTIAN.

Chr. It happened, madam, just as you said it would; but was he so concerned for my feigned sickness?

Lady Dupe. So much that Moody and his daughter, our new guests, took notice of the trouble, but the cause was kept too close for strangers to divine.

Chr. Heaven grant he be but deep enough in love, and then——

Lady Dupe. And then thou shalt distil him into gold, my girl.
Yonder he comes, I'll not be seen:—you know
Your lesson, child.

[*Exit.*

Chr. I warrant you.

Enter LORD DARTMOUTH.

Lord. Pretty Mistress Christian,
How glad am I to meet you thus alone!

Chr. Oh, the Father! what will become of me now?

Lord. No harm, I warrant you, but why are you so afraid?

Chr. A poor weak innocent creature as I am, Heaven of his mercy, how I quake and tremble! I have not yet clawed off your last ill-usage, and now I feel my old fit come again, my ears tingle already, and my back shuts and opens; ay, just so it began before.

Lord. Nay, my sweet mistress, be not so unjust, to suspect any new attempt: I am too penitent for my last fault, so soon to sin again. I hope you did not tell it to your aunt.

Chr. The more fool I, I did not.

Lord. You never shall repent your goodness to me; but may not I presume there was some little kindness in it, which moved you to conceal my crime?

Chr. Methought I would not have my aunt angry with you, for all this earthly good. But yet I'll never be alone with you again.

Lord. Pretty innocence! let me sit nearer to you:
You do not understand what love I bear you;
I vow it is so pure—
My soul's not sullied with one spot of sin:

Were you a daughter or a sister to me,
With a more holy flame I could not burn.

Chr. Nay, now you speak high words ; I cannot understand you.

Lord. The business of my life shall be but how to make your fortune, and my care and study to advance and see you settled in the world.

Chr. I humbly thank your lordship.

Lord. Thus I would sacrifice my life and fortunes,
And in return you cruelly destroy me.

Chr. I never meant you any harm, not I.

Lord. Then what does this white enemy so near me?

[*Touching her hand, gloved.*

Sure 'tis your champion, and you arm it thus to bid defiance to me.

Chr. Nay, fie, my Lord, in faith you are to blame.

[*Pulling her hand away.*

Lord. But I am for fair wars.

[*Pulls at her glove.*

Chr. What does your Lordship mean?

Lord. I fear you bear some spells and charms about you,
And, madam, that's against the law of arms.

Chr. My aunt charged me not to pull off my glove for fear of sun-burning my hand.

Lord. She did well to keep it from your eyes, but I will thus preserve it.

[*Hugging her bare hand.*

Chr. Why do you crush it so? nay, now you hurt me ; nay—if you squeeze it ne'er so hard, there's nothing to come out on't—fie, is this loving one? Ne'er stir, my Lord, I must cry out—

Lord. Then I must stop your mouth. This ruby for a kiss—that is but one ruby for another.

Chr. This is worse and worse.

Lady [*within*]. Why, niece, where are you, niece?

Chr. Do you hear, my aunt calls? I shall be hanged for staying with you. Let me go, my Lord.

[*Gets from him.*

Enter LADY DUPE.

Lady Dupe. My Lord, Heaven bless me, what makes your Lordship here.

Lord. I was just wishing for you, madam ; your niece and I have been so laughing at the blunt humour of your country gentleman—I must go pass an hour with him.

[*Exit.*

Chr. You made a little too much haste ; I was just exchanging a kiss for a ruby.

Lady Dupe. No harm done ; it will make him come on the faster : Never full-gorge an hawk you mean to fly :

The next will be a necklace of pearl, I warrant you.

Chr. But what must I do next?

Lady Dupe. Tell him I grew suspicious, and examined you Whether he made not love, which you denied.

Then tell him how my maids and daughters watch you ;
So that you tremble when you see his Lordship.

Chr. And that your daughters are so envious, that they would raise a false report to ruin me.

Lady Dupe. Therefore you desire his Lordship,
As he loves you, of which you are confident,
Henceforward to forbear his visits to you.

Chr. But how, if he should take me at my word?

Lady Dupe. Why, he leaves you, and there's an end on't : but fear not that, hold out his messages, and then he'll write ; and that's it, my bird, which you must drive it to : then all his letters will be such ecstasies, such vows and promises, which you must answer short and simply, yet still ply out of them your advantages.

Chr. But, madam, he's in the house, he will not write.

Lady Dupe. You fool—he'll write from the next chamber to you. And, rather than fail, send his page-post with it upon a hobby-horse : then grant a meeting ; but tell me of it, and I'll prevent him by my being there ; he'll curse me, but I care not. When you are alone he'll urge his love, which answer you with scorn and anger.

Then when he sees no other thing will move you,

He'll sign a portion to you beforehand :

Take hold of that, and then of what you will.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SIR JOHN, MRS. MILLICENT, *and* ROSE.

Sir John. Now, fair Mrs. Millicent, you see your chamber ; Your father will be busy a few minutes, and in the meantime permit me the happiness to wait on you.

Mill. Methinks you might have chosen us better lodgings. This house is full ; the other, we saw first, was more convenient.

Sir John. For you perhaps, but not for me : You might have met a lover there, but I a rival.

Mill. What rival?

Sir John. You know Sir Martin, I need not name it to you.

Mill. I know more men besides him.

Sir John. But you love none besides him. Can you deny your affection to him?

Mill. You have vexed me so, I will not satisfy you.

Sir John. Then, I perceive, I am not likely to be so much obliged to you as I was to him.

Mill. This is romance—I'll not believe a word on't—

Sir John. That's as you please ; however 'tis believed, his wit will not much credit your choice. Madam, do justice to us both ; pay his ingratitude and folly with your scorn ; my service with your love. By this time your father stays for me : I shall be discreet enough to keep this fault of yours from him. The lawyers wait for us to draw your jointure ; and I would beg your pardon for my absence, but that my crime is punished in itself. [Exit.]

Mill. Could I suspect this usage from a favoured servant !

Rose. First hear Sir Martin ere you quite condemn him. Consider, 'tis a rival who accused him.

Mill. Speak not a word in his behalf—
Methought, too, Sir John called him fool.

Rose. Indeed he has a rare way of acting a fool, and does it so naturally, it can be scarce distinguished.

Mill. Nay, he has wit enough, that's certain.

Rose. How blind love is !

Enter WARNER.

Mill. How now, what's his business? I wonder, after such a crime, if his master has the face to send him to me !

Rose. How durst you venture hither? If either Sir John or my old master see you.

Warn. Pish ! they are both gone out.

Rose. They went but to the next street ; ten to one but they return and catch you here.

Warn. Twenty to one I am gone before, and save them a labour.

Mill. What says that fellow to you? What business can he have here ?

Warn. Lord, that your Ladyship should ask that question, knowing whom I serve !

Mill. I'll hear nothing from your master.

Warn. Never breathe, but this anger becomes your Ladyship most admirably ; but though you'll hear nothing from him, I hope I may speak a word or two to you from myself, madam.

Rose. 'Twas a sweet prank your master played us : a lady's well helped up that trusts her honour in such a person's hands : to tell all so—and to his rival too ! Excuse him if thou canst. [*Aside.*

Warn. How should I excuse him? thou knowest he is the greatest fop in Nature—— [*Aside to ROSE.*

Rose. But my lady does not know it. If she did——

Mill. I'll have no whispering.

Warn. Alas ! madam, I have not the confidence to speak out, unless you can take mercy on me.

Mill. For what ?

Warn. For telling Sir John you loved my master, madam. But sure I little thought he was his rival.

Rose. The witty rogue has taken it on himself. [*Aside.*

Mill. Your master then is innocent ?

Warn. Why, could your ladyship suspect him guilty ? Pray tell me, do you think him ungrateful, Or a fool ?

Mill. I think him neither.

Warn. Take it from me, you see not the depth of him. But when he knows what thoughts you harbour of him, As I am faithful and must tell him——
I wish he does not take some pet, and leave you.

Mill. Thou art not mad, I hope, to tell him on't ;
If thou dost, I'll be sworn, I'll forswear it to him.

Warn. Upon condition then you'll pardon me,
I'll see what I can do to hold my tongue.

Mill. This evening, in St. James's Park, I'll meet him.

[*Knock within.*]

Warn. He shall not fail you, madam.

Rose. Somebody knocks—oh, madam, what shall we do!
'Tis Sir John, I hear his voice.

Warn. What will become of me?

Mill. Step quickly behind that door.

[*He goes out.*]

To them SIR JOHN.

Mill. You've made a quick dispatch, sir.

Sir John. We have done nothing, madam, our man of law was not within—but I must look some writings.

Mill. Where are they laid?

Sir John. In the portmanteau in the drawing-room.

[*Is going to the door.*]

Mill. Pray stay a little, sir.

Warn. [*at the door.*] He must pass just by me; and if he sees me, I am but a dead man.

Sir John. Why are you thus concerned? why do you hold me?

Mill. Only a word or two I have to tell you.

'Tis of importance to you——

Sir John. Give me leave——

Mill. I must not before I discover the plot to you.

Sir John. What plot?

Mill. Sir Martin's servant, like a rogue, comes hither
To tempt me from his master, to have met him.

Warn. [*at the door.*] Now would I had a good bag of gunpowder at my back, to ram me into some hole.

Mill. For my part, I was so startled at the message,
That I shall scarcely be myself these two days.

Sir John. Oh, that I had the rascal! I would teach him
To come upon such errands.

Warn. [*at the door.*] Oh, for a gentle composition now!
An arm or leg I would give willingly.

Sir John. What answer did you make the villain?

Mill. I over-reached him clearly, by a promise
Of an appointment at a place I named,
Where I ne'er meant to come: but would have had
The pleasure first to tell you how I served him.

Sir John. And then to chide your mean suspicion of me,
Indeed I wondered you should love a fool.
But where did you appoint to meet him?

Mill. In Gray's Inn Walks.

Warn. [*at the door.*] By this light, she has put the change upon
him!

O sweet woman-kind! how I love thee for that heavenly gift of lying!

Sir John. For this evening I will be his mistress ;
He shall meet another Penelope than he suspects.

Mill. But stay not long away.

Sir John. You over-joy me, madam.

[*Exit.*

Warn. [*entering*]. Is he gone, madam ?

Mill. As far as Gray's Inn Walks ; now I have time to walk the other way, and see thy master.

Warn. Rather let him come hither. I have laid a plot shall send his rival far enough from watching him ere long.

Mill. Art thou in earnest ?

Warn. 'Tis so designed ; Fate cannot hinder it. Our landlord, where we lie, vexed that his lodgings should be so left by Sir John, is resolved to be revenged, and I have found the way. You'll see the effect on't presently.

Rose. O heavens ! the door opens again, and Sir John is returned once more.

Enter SIR JOHN.

Sir John. Half my business was forgot ; you did not tell me when you were to meet him. Ho ! what makes this rascal here ?

Warn. 'Tis well you're come, sir, else I must have left untold a message I have for you.

Sir John. Well, what's your business, sirrah ?

Warn. We must be private first ; 'tis only for your ear.

Rose. I shall admire his wit, if in this plunge he can get off.

Warn. I came hither, sir, by my master's order——

Sir John. I'll reward you for it, sirrah, immediately.

Warn. When you know all, I shall deserve it, sir. I came to sound the virtue of your mistress, which I have done so cunningly. I have at last obtained the promise of a meeting. But my good master, whom I must confess more generous than wise, knowing you had a passion for her, is resolved to quit. And, sir, that you may see how much he loves you, sent me in private to advise you still to have an eye upon her actions.

Sir John. Take this diamond for thy good news, and give thy master my acknowledgments.

Warn. Thus the world goes, my masters ; he that will cozen you, commonly gets your good-will into the bargain. [*Aside.*

Sir John. Madam, I am now satisfied of all sides ; first of your truth, then of Sir Martin's friendship. In short, I find you two cheated each other, both to be true to me.

Mill. Warner is got off, as I would wish, and the knight overreached.

Enter to them the LANDLORD, disguised like a Carrier.

Rose. How now ? what would this carrier have ?

Warn. This is our landlord, whom I told you of ; but keep your countenance—— [*Aside to her.*

Landl. I was looking hereaway for one Sir John Swallow ; they told me I might hear news of him in this house.

Sir John. Friend, I am the man : what have you to say to me ?

Landl. Nay, 'faith, sir, I am not so good a schollard to say much ; but I have have a letter for you in my pouch. There's plaguy news in't, I can tell you that.

Sir John. From whom is your letter ?

Landl. From your old Uncle Anthony.

Sir John. Give me your letter quickly.

Landl. Nay, soft and fair goes far—— Hold you, hold you. It is not in this pocket.

Sir John. Search in the other then ; I stand on thorns.

Landl. I think I feel it now ; this should be who ?

Sir John. Pluck it out then.

Landl. I'll pluck out my spectacles, and see first. [*Reads.*
To Mr. Paul Grimbald——Apprentice to——No, that's not for you, sir—that's for the son of the brother of the nephew of the cousin of my gossip Dobson.

Sir John. Prithee despatch ; dost thou not know the contents on't ?

Landl. Yes, as well as I do my *Pater Noster*.

Sir John. Well, what's the business on't ?

Landl. Nay, no great business ; 'tis but only that your worship's father's dead.

Sir John. My loss is beyond expression ! How died he ?

Landl. He went to bed as well to see to as any man in England, and when he awakened the next morning——

Sir John. What then ?

Landl. He found himself stark dead.

Sir John. Well, I must of necessity take orders for my father's funeral, and my estate ; Heaven knows with what regret I leave you, madam.

Mill. But are you in such haste, sir ? I see you take all occasions to be from me.

Sir John. Dear madam, say not so, a few days will, I hope, return me to you.

To them SIR MARTIN.

Noble Sir Martin, the welcomest man alive !

Let me embrace my friend.

Rose. How untowardly he returns the salute ? Warner will be found out. [*Aside.*

Sir John. Well, friend, you have obliged me to you eternally.

Sir Mart. How have I obliged you, sir ? I would have you to know I scorn your words ; and I would I were hanged if it be not the farthest of my thoughts.

Mill. O cunning youth, he acts the fool most naturally. Were we alone, how would we laugh together ! [*Aside.*

Sir John. This is a double generosity,
To do me favours and conceal 'em from me ;
But honest Warner here has told me all.

Sir Mart. What has the rascal told you?

Sir John. Your plot to try my mistress for me—you understand me, concerning your appointment.

Warn. Sir, I desire to speak in private with you.

Sir Mart. This impertinent rascal, when I am most busy, I am ever troubled with him.

Warn. But it concerns you I should speak with you, good sir.

Sir Mart. That's a good one i'faith, thou knowest breeding well, that I should whisper with a serving-man before company.

Warn. Remember, sir, last time it had been better——

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll make you feel my double fists.—If I don't frighten him, the saucy rogue will call me fool before the company.

Mill. That was acted most naturally again. [*Aside.*

Sir John [to him]. But what needs this dissembling, since you are resolved to quit my mistress to me?

Sir Mart. I quit my mistress! that's a good one i'faith.

Mill. Tell him you have forsaken me. [*Aside.*

Sir Mart. I understand you, madam, you would save A quarrel; but i'faith I am not so base : I'll see him hanged first.

Warn. Madam, my master is convinced, in prudence He should say so; but love o'ermasters him : When you are gone perhaps he may.

Mill. I'll go then : gentlemen, your servant ; I see my presence brings constraint to the company.

[*Exit MILLICENT and ROSE.*]

Sir John. I'm glad she's gone ; now we may talk more freely ; for if you have not quitted her, you must.

Warn. Pray, sir, remember yourself ; did not you send me of a message to Sir John, that for his friendship you had left Mrs. Millicent ?

Sir Mart. Why, what an impudent lying rogue art thou !

Sir John. How's this ! Has Warner cheated me ?

Warn. Do not suspect it in the least : you know, sir, it was not generous before a lady, to say he quitted her.

Sir John. O ! was that it ?

Warn. That was all : say yes, good Sir John—or I'll swinge you. [*Aside.*

Sir Mart. Yes, good Sir John.

Warn. That's well ; once in his life he has heard good counsel. [*Aside.*

Sir Mart. Heigh, heigh, what makes my landlord here ? he has put on a fool's coat, I think, to make us laugh.

Warn. The devil's in him ; he's at it again ; his folly's like a sore in a surfeited horse, cure it in one place, and it breaks out in another.

Sir Mart. Honest landlord, i'faith, and what makes you here ? [*Aside.*

Sir John. Are you acquainted with this honest man?

Landl. Take heed what you say, sir. [*To SIR MARTIN, softly.*]

Sir Mart. Take heed what I say sir, why?—who should I be afraid of?—of you, sir?—I say, sir, I know him, sir; and I have reason to know him, sir; for I am sure I lodge in his house, sir—nay, never think to terrify me, sir; 'tis my landlord here in Charles Street, sir.

Landl. Now I expect to be paid for the news I brought him.

Sir John. Sirrah! Did not you tell me that my father—

Landl. Is in very good health, for aught I know, sir; I beseech you to trouble yourself no farther concerning him.

Sir John. Who set you on to tell this lie?

Sir Mart. Aye, who set you on, sirrah? This was a rogue that would cozen us both; he thought I did not know him; down on your marrow-bones, and confess the truth: have you no tongue, you rascal?

Sir John. Sure 'tis some silenced minister: he's grown so fat, he cannot speak.

Landl. Why, sir, if you would know, 'twas for your sake I did it.

Warn. For my master's sake!—why, you impudent varlet, do you think to escape us with a lie?

Sir John. How was it for his sake?

Warn. 'Twas for his own, sir; he heard you were the occasion the lady lodged not at his house, and so he invented this lie; partly to revenge himself of you; and partly, I believe, in hope to get her once again, when you were gone.

Sir John. Fetch me a cudgel, prithee.

Landl. O good sir! if you beat me, I shall run into oil immediately.

Warn. Hang him, rogue, he's below your anger: I'll maul him for you—the rogue's so big, I think 'twill ask two days to beat him all over. [*Beats him.*]

Landl. O rogue, O villain, Warner! bid him hold, and I'll confess, sir.

Warn. Get you gone without replying: must such as you be prating? [*Beats him out.*]

Enter ROSE.

Rose. Sir, dinner waits you on the table.

Sir John. Friend, will you go along, and take part of a bad repast?

Sir Mart. Thank you; but I am just risen from table.

Warn. Now he might sit with his mistress, and has not the wit to find it out. [*Aside.*]

Sir John. You shall be very welcome.

Sir Mart. I have no stomach, sir.

Warn. Get you in with a vengeance. You have a better stomach than you think you have. [*Pushes him.*]

Sir Mart. This hungry Diego rogue would shame me; he thinks a gentleman can eat like a serving-man.

Sir John. If you will not, adieu, dear sir ; in anything command me. [Exit.

Sir Mart. Now we are alone ; haven't I carried matters bravely, sirrah ?

Warn. O yes, yes ; you deserve sugar-plums : first, for your quarrelling with Sir John ; then for discovering your landlord ; and lastly, for refusing to dine with your mistress. All this is since the last reckoning was wiped out.

Sir Mart. Then why did my landlord disguise himself, to make a fool of us ?

Warn. You have so little brains, that a penn'orth of butter melted under them, would set 'em afloat : he put on that disguise to rid you of your rival.

Sir Mart. Why was not I worthy to keep your counsel, then ?

Warn. It had been much at one : you would but have drunk the secret down, and let it out to the next company.

Sir Mart. Well, I find I am a miserable man ; I have lost my mistress, and may thank myself for it.

Warn. You'll not confess you are a fool, I warrant.

Sir Mart. Well, I am a fool, if that will satisfy you ; but what am I the nearer for being one ?

Warn. O yes, much the nearer ; for now fortune's bound to provide for you : as hospitals are built for lame people, because they cannot help themselves. Well—I have yet a project in my pate.

Sir Mart. Dear rogue, what is it ?

Warn. Excuse me for that ; but while 'tis set a working, you would do well to screw yourself into her father's good opinion.

Sir Mart. If you will not tell me, my mind gives me I shall discover it again.

Warn. I'll lay it as far out of your reach as I can possible.

For secrets are edged tools,
And must be kept from children, and from fools. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter ROSE and WARNER meeting.

Rose. Your worship's most happily encountered.

Warn. Your ladyship's most fortunately met.

Rose. I was going to your lodging.

Warn. My business was to yours.

Rose. I have something to say to you, that——

Warn. I have that to tell you——

Rose. Understand then——

Warn. If you'll hear me——

Rose. I believe that——

Warn. I am of opinion that——

Rose. Prithee hold thy peace a little, till I have done.

Warn. Cry you mercy, Mistress Rose ; I'll not dispute your ancient privileges of talking.

Rose. My mistress, knowing Sir John was to be abroad upon business this afternoon, has asked leave to see a play ; and Sir John has so great a confidence of your master, that he will trust nobody with her but him.

Warn. If my master gets her out, I warrant her he shall show her a better play than any is at either of the houses ;—here they are : I'll run and prepare him to wait upon her. [Exit.]

Enter OLD MOODY, MRS. MILLICENT *and* LADY DUPE.

Mill. My hoods and scarfs there, quickly.

Lady Dupe. Send to call a coach there.

Mood. But what kind of man is this Sir Martin, with whom you are to go ?

Lady. A plain downright country gentleman, I assure you.

Mood. I like him much the better for't ; for I hate one of those you call a man of the town, one of those empty fellows of mere outside : they've nothing of the true old English manliness.

Rose. I confess, sir, a woman's in a sad condition that has nothing to trust to but a perriwig above, and a well-trimmed shoe below.

To them SIR MARTIN.

Mill. This, sir, is Sir John's friend ; he is for your humour, sir ; he is no man o' the town, but bred up in the old Elizabeth way of plainness.

Sir Mart. Ay, madam, your ladyship may say your pleasure of me.

To them WARNER.

Warn. How got he here before me? 'Tis very unlucky I could not see him first——

Sir Mart. But as for painting, music, poetry, and the like, I'll say this of myself——

Warn. I'll say that for him,—my master understands none of 'em, I assure you, sir.

Sir Mart. You impudent rascal, hold your tongue. I must rid my hands of this fellow ; the rogue is ever discrediting me before company.

Mood. Never trouble yourself about it, sir, for I like a man that——

Sir Mart. I know you do, sir, and therefore I hope you'll think never the worse of me for his prating ; for, though I do not boast of my own good parts——

Warn. He has none to boast of, upon my faith, sir.

Sir Mart. Give him not the hearing, sir ; for, if I may believe my friends, they have flattered me with an opinion of more——

Warn. Of more than their flattery can make good, sir—'tis true, he tells you they have flattered him ; but, in my conscience, he is the most downright simple-natured creature in the world.

Sir Mart. I shall consider you hereafter, sirrah ; but I am sure, in all companies I pass for a virtuoso.

Mood. Virtuoso ! What's that too ? Is not virtue enough, without *O so* ?

Sir Mart. You have reason, sir !

Mood. There he is again, too ; the town-phrase, a great compliment, I wis. You have reason, sir ; that is, you are no beast, sir.

Warn. A word in private, sir ; you mistake this old man ; he loves neither painting, music, nor poetry ; yet recover yourself, if you have any brains. [*Aside to him.*

Sir Mart. Say you so ? I'll bring all about again, I warrant you—I beg your pardon a thousand times, sir ; I vow to gad I am not master of any of those perfections ; for, in fine, sir, I am wholly ignorant of painting, music, and poetry ; only some rude escapes—but, in fine, they are such, that, in fine, sir——

Warn. This is worse than all the rest. [*Aside.*

Mood. Ods bobs. One word more of all this gibberish, and old Madge shall fly about your ears : what is this *in fine*, he keeps such a coil with too ?

Mill. 'Tis a phrase a-la-mode, sir, and is used in conversation now, as a whiff of tobacco was formerly, in the midst of a discourse, for a thinking while.

Lady Dupe. In plain English, *in fine* is, in the end, sir.

Mood. But, ods bobs, there's no end on't methinks : if thou wilt have a foolish word to lard thy lean discourse with, take an English one when thou speakest English ; as, so sir, and, then sir, and so forth, 'tis a more manly kind of nonsense ; and a plague of *in fine*, for I'll hear no more on't.

Warn. He's gravelled, and I must help him out. [*Aside.*
Madam, there's a coach at door to carry you to the play.

Sir Mart. Which house do you mean to go to ?

Mill. The Duke's, I think.

Sir Mart. 'Tis a vile play, and has nothing in't.

Mill. Then let us to the King's.

Sir Mart. That's e'en as bad.

Warn. This is past enduring. [*Aside.*
There was an ill play set up, sir, on the posts, but I can assure you the bills are altered since you saw them, and now there are two admirable comedies at both houses.

Mood. But my daughter loves serious plays.

Warn. They are tragi-comedies, sir, for both.

Sir Mart. I have heard her say she loves none but tragedies. !

Mood. Where have you heard her say so, sir ?

Warn. Sir, you forget yourself, you never saw her in your life before.

Sir Mart. What, not at Canterbury, in the cathedral church there ? This is the impudentest rascal——

Warn. Mum, sir——

Sir Mart. Ah, lord, what have I done ! As I hope to be saved, sir, it was before I was aware ; for if ever I set eyes on her before this day, I wish——

Mood. This fellow is not so much fool, as he makes one believe he is.

Mill. I thought he would be discovered for a wit : this 'tis to overact one's part ! [*Aside.*

Mood. Come away, daughter, I will not trust you in his hands ; there is more in't than I imagined.

[*Exeunt* MOODY, MILLICENT, LADY DUPE, and ROSE.]

Sir Mart. Why do you frown upon me so, when you know your looks go to the heart of me? what have I done besides a little *lapsus linguæ*?

Warn. Why, who says you have done anything? ye are a mere innocent.

Sir Mart. As the child that's to be born, in my intentions ; if I know how I have offended myself any more than in one word——

Warn. But don't follow me, however—I have nothing to say to you.

Sir Mart. I'll follow you to the world's end, till you forgive me.

Warn. I am resolved to lead you a dance then. [*Exit, running.*]

Sir Mart. The rogue has no mercy in him, but I must mollify him with money. [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY DUPE.

Lady Dupe. Truly my little cousin's the aptest scholar, and takes out love's lessons so exactly, that I joy to see it: she has got already the bond of two thousand pounds sealed for her portion, which I keep for her ; a pretty good beginning : Marc Antony wooed not at so dear a price.

Enter WARNER and ROSE.

Rose. A mischief upon all fools ! Do you think your master has not done wisely? first to mistake our old man's humour, then to dispraise the plays ; and lastly, to discover his acquaintance with my mistress : my old master has taken such a jealousy of him, that he will never admit him into his sight again.

Warn. Thou makest thyself a greater fool than he, by being angry at what he cannot help—I have been angry with him too, but these friends have taken up the quarrel—[*Shows gold*]. Look you, he has sent these mediators to mitigate your wrath : here are twenty of them have made a long voyage from Guinea, to kiss your hands : and, when the match is made, there are a hundred more in readiness to be your humble servants.

Rose. Rather than fall out with you, I'll take them : but, I confess, it troubles me to see so loyal a lover have the heart of an emperor, and yet scarce the brains of a cobbler.

Warn. Well, what device can we two get betwixt us, to separate Sir John Swallow and thy mistress?

Rose. I cannot on the sudden tell ; but I hate him worse than foul weather without a coach.

Warn. Then I'll see if my project will be luckier than thine.

Where are the papers concerning the jointure I have heard you speak of?

Rose. They lie within, in three great bags, some twenty quires of paper in each bundle, with six lines in a sheet ; but there is a little paper where all the business lies.

Warn. Where is it ? Canst thou help me to it ?

Rose. By good chance he gave it to my custody before he set out for London. You came in good time ; here it is, I was carrying it to him : just now he sent for it.

Warn. So, this I will secure in my pocket ; when thou art asked for it, make two or three bad faces, and say, 'twas left behind ; by this means he must of necessity leave the town to see for it in Kent.

Enter SIR JOHN, SIR MARTIN, *and* MRS. MILLICENT.

Sir John. 'Tis no matter, though the old man be suspicious. I knew the story all beforehand ; and since then you have fully satisfied me of your true friendship to me. Where are the writings ?
[To ROSE.]

Rose. Sir, I beg your pardon, I thought I had put them up amongst my lady's things, and, it seems, in my haste, I quite forgot 'em, and left 'em at Canterbury.

Sir John. This is horribly unlucky ? Where do you think you left 'em ?

Rose. Upon the great box in my Lady's chamber ; they are safe enough, I'm sure.

Sir John. It must be so—I must take post immediately :
Madam, for some few days I must be absent ;
And to confirm you, friend, how much I trust you,
I leave the dearest pledge I have on earth,
My mistress, to your care.

Mill. If you loved me, you would not take all occasions to leave me thus !

Warn. [*aside.*] Do, go to Kent, and when you come again, here they are ready for you.

[Shows the paper.]

Sir Mart. What's that you have in your hand there, sirrah ?

Warn. [*aside.*] What ill luck was this ! What shall I say ?

Sir Mart. Sometimes you have tongue enough ; what, are you silent ?

Warn. 'Tis an account, sir, of what money you have lost since you came to town.

Sir Mart. I'm very glad on't : now I'll make you all see the severity of my fortune. Give me the paper.

Warn. Heaven ! What does he mean to do ? It is not fairly written out, sir.

Sir John. Besides, I am in haste, another time, sir—

Sir Mart. Pray, oblige me, sir—'tis but one minute : all people love to be pitied in their misfortunes, and so do I. Will you produce it, sirrah ?

Warn. Dear master !

Sir Mart. Dear rascal ! Am I master or you ? You rogue !

Warn. Hold yet, sir, and let me read it. You cannot read my hand.

Sir Mart. This is ever his way, to be disparaging me ; but I'll let you see, sirrah, that I can read your hand better than you yourself can.

Warn. You'll repent it, there's a trick in't, sir——

Sir Mart. Is there so, sirrah ? But I'll bring you out of all your tricks with a vengeance to you—[*Reads*].—How now ! What's this ? A true particular of the estate of Sir John Swallow, Knight, lying and situate in, etc.

Sir John. This is the very paper I had lost—[*Takes the paper*]. I'm very glad on't, it has saved me a most unwelcome journey. But I will not thank you for the courtesy, which now I find you never did intend me—this is confederacy, I smoke it now. Come, madam, let me wait on you to your father.

Mill. Well, of a witty man, this was the foolishness that ever I beheld. [Exeunt SIR JOHN, MILLICENT, and ROSE.]

Sir Mart. I am a fool, I must confess it, and I am the most miserable one without thy help—but yet it was such a mistake as any man might have made.

Warn. No doubt on't.

Sir Mart. Prithee chide me ! This indifference of thine wounds me to the heart.

Warn. I care not.

Sir Mart. Wilt thou not help me for this once ?

Warn. Sir, I kiss your hands. I have other business.

Sir Mart. Dear Warner !

Warn. I am inflexible.

Sir Mart. Then I am resolved I'll kill myself.

Warn. You are master of your own body.

Sir Mart. Will you let me damn my soul ?

Warn. At your pleasure, as the devil and you can agree about it.

Sir Mart. D'ye see, the point's ready ? Will you do nothing to save my life ?

Warn. Not in the least.

Sir Mart. Farewell, hard-hearted Warner.

Warn. Adieu, soft-headed Sir Martin.

Sir Mart. Is it possible ?

Warn. Why don't you despatch, sir ? Why all these preambles ?

Sir Mart. I'll see thee hanged first ; I know thou would'st have me killed, to get my clothes.

Warn. I knew it was but a copy of your countenance ; people in this age are not so apt to kill themselves.

Sir Mart. Here are yet ten pieces in my pocket, take 'em, and let's be friends.

Warn. You know the easiness of my nature, and that makes you work upon it so. Well, sir—for this once I cast an eye of pity

on you ; but I must have ten more in hand, before I can stir a foot.

Sir Mart. As I am a true gamester, I have lost all but these ; but if thou'lt lend me them, I'll give 'em thee again.

Warn. I'll rather trust you till to-morrow. Once more look up ; I bid you hope the best.

Why should your folly make your love miscarry,
Since men first play the fools, and then they marry ?

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter SIR MARTIN and WARNER.

Sir Mart. But are they to be married this day, in private, say you ?

Warn. 'Tis so concluded, sir, I dare assure you.

Sir Mart. But why so soon, and in private ?

Warn. So soon, to prevent the designs upon her ; and in private, to save the effusion of Christian money.

Sir Mart. It strikes to my heart already ; in fine, I am a dead man, Warner.

Warn. Well, go your ways ; I'll try what may be done. Look, if he will stir now ? Your rival and the old man will see us together : we are just below the window.

Sir Mart. Thou canst not do't.

Warn. On the peril of my twenty pieces be it.

Sir Mart. But I have found a way to help thee out ; trust to my wit but once.

Warn. Name your wit, or think you have the least grain of wit once more, and I'll lay it down for ever.

Sir Mart. You are a saucy, masterly companion, and so I leave you.

Warn. Help, help, good people ! Murther, murther !

Enter SIR JOHN and MOODY.

Sir John and Moody. How now, what's the matter ?

Warn. I am abused, I am beaten, I am lamed for ever.

Mood. Who has used thee so ?

Warn. The rogue, my master.

Sir John. What was the offence ?

Warn. A trifle—just nothing.

Sir John. That's very strange.

Warn. It was for telling him he lost too much at play ; I meant him nothing but well, Heaven knows, and he, in a cursed humour, would needs revenge his losses upon me. He kicked me, took away my money, and turned me off ; but if I take it at his hands—

Mood. Ay, marry, it was an ill-natured part—nay, I thought no better could come on't, when I heard him at his vow to gads, and in fines.

Warn. But if I live I'll cry quittance with him. He had engaged

me to get Mrs. Millicent your daughter for him ; but if I do not all that ever I can to make her hate him, a great booby, an over-grown oaf, a conceited Bartlemew——

Sir John. Prithee leave off thy choler, and hear me a little. . I have had a great mind to thee a long time ; if thou think'st my service better than his, from this minute I entertain thee.

Warn. With all my heart, sir ; and so much the rather, that I may spite him with it. This was the most propitious fate——

Mood. Propitious ! and Fate ! what a scander-bag rogue art thou to talk at this rate ! Hark you, sirrah, one word more of this gibberish, and I'll set you packing from your new service. I'll have neither Propitious nor Fate come within my doors——

Sir John. Nay, pray, father.

Warn. Good old sir, be pacified. I was pouring out a little of the dregs that I had left in me of my former service ; and now they are gone, my stomach's clear of 'em.

Sir John. This fellow is come in a happy hour ; for now, sir, you and I may go to prepare the licence, and in the meantime he may have an eye upon your daughter.

Warn. If you please, I'll wait upon her till she's ready, and then bring her to what church you shall appoint.

Mood. But, friend, you'll find she'll be very loth to come along with you, and therefore I had best stay behind, and bring her myself.

Warn. I warrant you I have a trick for that, sir. She knows nothing of my being turned away ; so I'll come to her as from Sir Martin, and under pretence of carrying her to him, conduct her to you.

Sir John. My better angel——

Mood. By the mess 'twas well thought on ; well, son, go you before, I'll speak but one word for a dish or two at dinner, and follow you to the licence office. Sirrah, stay you here till my return.

[*Exeunt* SIR JOHN and MOODY.]

Warn. [*solus*]. Was there ever such a lucky rogue as I ! I had always a good opinion of my wit, but could never think I had so much as now I find. I have now gained an opportunity to carry away Mistress Millicent for my master ; to get his mistress, by means of his rival, to receive all his happiness, where he could expect nothing but misery : after this exploit, I will have Lilly draw me in the habit of a hero, with a laurel on my temples, and an inscription below it, " This is Warner, the flower of serving-men."

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. Pray do me the favour to help me to the speech of Mr. Moody.

Warn. What's your business ?

Mess. I have a letter to deliver to him.

Warn. Here he comes, you may deliver it yourself to him.

Re-enter MOODY.

Mess. Sir, a gentleman met me at the corner of the next street, and bid me give this into your own hands.

Mood. Stay, friend, till I have read it.

Mess. He told me, sir, it required no answer. [*Exit MESSENGER.*]

Moody. [*Reads.*] *Sir,—Permit me, though a stranger, to give counsel ; some young gallants have had intelligence, that this day you intend privately to marry your daughter, the rich heiress ; and in fine, about twenty of 'em have dispersed themselves to watch her going out ; therefore put it off, if you will avoid mischief, and be advised by*

YOUR UNKNOWN SERVANT.

Mood. By the Mackings, I thought there was no good in't when I saw *in fine* there ; there are some papishes, I'll warrant, that lie in wait for my daughter, or else they are no Englishmen, but some of your French Outalian rogues ; I owe him thanks, however, this unknown friend of mine, that told me on't. Warner, no wedding to-day, Warner.

Warn. Why, what's the matter, sir ?

Mood. I say no more, but some wiser than some, I'll keep my daughter at home this afternoon, and a fig for all these Outalians.

[*Exit MOODY.*]

Warn. So, here's another trick of fortune, as unexpected for bad, as the other was for good. Nothing vexes me, but that I had made my game cock-sure, and then to be backgainmoned : it must needs be a mischievous imp that wrote this letter ; he owed my master a spite, and has paid him to the purpose ; and here he comes as merry too, he little thinks what misfortune has befallen him ; and for my part I am ashamed to tell him.

Enter SIR MARTIN, laughing.

Sir Mart. Warner, such a jest, Warner. [*Laughs again.*]

Warn. What a murrain is the matter, sir ? Where lies this jest that tickles you ?

Sir Mart. Let me laugh out my laugh, and I'll tell thee.

[*Laughs again.*]

Warn. I wish you may have cause for all this mirth.

Sir Mart. Hereafter, Warner, be it known unto thee, I will endure no more to be made thy May-game. Thou shalt no more dare to tell me I spoilt thy projects, and discover thy designs ; for I have played such a prize, without thy help, of my own mother-wit, ('tis true, I am hasty sometimes, and so do harm ; but when I have a mind to show myself, there's no man in England, though I say it, comes near me, as to point of imagination), I'll make thee acknowledge I have laid a plot that has a soul in't.

Warn. Pray, sir, keep me no longer in ignorance of this rare invention.

Sir Mart. Know then, Warner, that when I left thee, I was possessed with a terrible fear, that my mistress should be married. Well, thought I to myself, and, mustering up all the forces of my wit, I did produce such a statagem.

Warn. But what was it ?

Sir Mart. I feigned a letter, as from an unknown friend, to Moody, wherein I gave him to understand, that if his daughter went out this afternoon, she would infallibly be snapt by some young fellows that lay in wait for her.

Warn. Very good.

Sir Mart. That which follows is yet better ; for he I sent assures me, that in that very nick of time my letter came her father was just sending her abroad with a very foolish rascally fellow that was with him.

Warn. And did you perform all this ? Could you do this wonderful miracle, without your soul to the devil for his help ?

Sir Mart. I tell thee, man, I did it, and it was done by the help of no devil, but this familiar of my one brain ; how long would it have been, e'er thou could'st have thought of such a project ? Martin said to his man, Who's the fool now ?

Warn. Who's the fool ? Why, who used to be the fool ? he that ever was, since I knew him, and will ever be so !

Sir Mart. What a plague ! I think thou art grown envious ; not one word in my commendations ?

Warn. Faith, sir, my skill is too little to praise you as you deserve ; but if you would have it according to my poor ability, you're one that had a knock in your cradle, a conceited lack-wit, a designing ass, a hair-brained fop, a confounded busy-brain, with an eternal windmill in it ; this, in short, sir, is the contents of your panegyric.

Sir Mart. But what have I done to set you thus against me ?

Warn. Only this, sir, I was the foolish rascally fellow that was with Moody, and your worship was he to whom I was to bring his daughter.

Sir Mart. But how could I know this ? I am no witch.

Warn. No, I'll be sworn for you, you are no conjurer. Will you go, sir ?

Sir Mart. Will you hear my justifications ?

Warn. Shall I see the back of you ? Speak not a word in your defence.

[Shoves him.]

Sir Mart. This is the strangest luck now——

[Exit.]

Warn. I'm resolved this devil of his shall never weary me, I will overcome him, I will invent something that shall stand good, in spite of his folly. Let me see——

Enter LORD.

Lord. Here he is—I must venture on him, for the tyranny of this old lady is unsupportable, since I have made her my confidant there passes not an hour but she passes a pull at my purse strings ; I shall be ruined if I do not quit myself of her suddenly. I find now, by sad experience, that a mistress is much more chargeable than a wife, and after a little time, too, grows full as dull and insignificant. Mr. Warner, have you a mind to do yourself a courtesy and me another ?

Warn. I think, my Lord, the question need not be much disputed,

for I have always had a great service for your Lordship, and some little kindness for myself.

Lord. What if you should propose Mrs. Christian as a wife to your master? You know he's never like to compass t'other.

Warn. I cannot tell that, my Lord——

Lord. £500 are yours at the day of marriage.

Warn. £500 'tis true, the temptation is very sweet and powerful, and many a good murder and treason have been committed at a cheaper rate; but yet——

Lord. What yet——

Warn. To confess the truth, I am resolved to bestow my master upon that other lady (as difficult as your Lordship thinks it), for the honour of my wit is engaged in it. Will it not be the same to your Lordship, were she married to any other?

Lord. The very same.

Warn. Come, my Lord, not to dissemble with you any longer, I know where it is that your shoe wrings you; I have observed something in the house betwixt some parties that shall be nameless.

Lord. I see I have not danced in a net before you.

Warn. As for that old lady, she is the greatest jilt in nature; cheat is her study, all her joy to cozen; she loves nothing but herself, and draws all lines to that corrupted centre.

Lord. I have found her out, though late.

Warn. Well, my Lord, cheer up! I have found a way to rid you of it all, within a short time you shall know more; yonder appears a young lady, whom I must needs speak with; please you go in and prepare the old lady and your mistress.

Lord. Good luck, and £500 attend thee.

[*Exit.*

Enter MILLICENT *and* ROSE *above.*

Mill. I am resolved I'll never marry him!

Rose. So far you are right, madam.

Mill. But how to hinder it I cannot possibly tell! For my father presses me to it, and will take no denial. Would I knew some way——

Warn. Madam, I'll teach you the very nearest, for I have just now found it out.

Rose. Are you there, Mr. Littleplot?

Warn. Studying to deserve thee, Rose, by my diligence for thy Lady. I stand here, methinks, just like a wooden Mercury, to point her out the way to matrimony. In the first place, then, I must acquaint you, that I have seemingly put off my master, and entered myself into Sir John's service.

Mill. Most excellent!

Warn. And thereupon, but base——

Enter MOODY.

Mill. Something he would tell us, but see what luck's here!

Mood. How now, sirrah? are you so great there already?

Mill. I find my father's jealous of him still !

Warn. Sir, I was only teaching my young lady a new song, and if you please you shall hear it. [Sings.]

Make ready, fair lady, to night,
And stand at the door below,
For I will be there
To receive you with care,
And to your true love you shall go.

Mood. Ods bobs, this is very pretty.

Mill. Ay, so is the lady's answer, too, if I could but hit on't. [Sings.]

And when the stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the door will I creep,
To my love will I fly,
Ere the jealous can spy,
And leave my old daddy asleep.

Mood. Bodikins, I like not that so well, to cozen her old father ; it may be my own case another time.

Rose. Oh, madam ! yonder's your persecutor returned.

Enter SIR JOHN.

Mill. I'll into my chamber, to avoid the sight of him as long as I can. Lord ! that my old doting father should throw me away upon such an ignoramus, and deny me to such a wit as Sir Martin. [Exeunt MILLICENT and ROSE from above.]

Mood. O son ! here has been the most villainous tragedy against you.

Sir John. What tragedy ? Has there been any blood shed since I went ?

Mood. No blood shed ; but, as I told you, a most horrible tragedy.

Warn. A tragedy ! I'll be hanged if he does not mean a stratagem.

Mood. Jack Sauce ? if I say it is a tragedy, it shall be a tragedy, in spite of you ; teach your grandam how——. What—I hope I am old enough to spout English with you, sir ?

Sir John. But what was the reason you came not after me ?

Mood. 'Twas well I did not, I'll promise you, there were those would have made bold with Mrs. Bride ; and if she had stirred out of doors, there were whipsters abroad, i'faith, that would have picked the lock of her affections ere a man could have said, what's this ? But, by good luck, I had warning of it by a friend's letter.

Sir John. The remedy for all such dangers is easy ; you may send for a parson and have the business dispatched at home.

Mood. A match, i'faith ! do you provide a domine, and I'll go tell her our resolutions, and hearten her up against the day of battle. [Exit.]

Sir John. Now I think on't, this letter must needs come from Sir Martin ; a plot of his, upon my life, to hinder our marriage.

Warn. I see, sir, you'll still mistake him for a wit ; but I am much deceived if that letter came not from another hand.

Sir John. From whom, I prithee ?

Warn. Nay, for that you shall excuse me, sir ; I do not love to make a breach betwixt persons that are to be so near related.

Sir John. Thou seem'st to imply that my mistress was in the plot.

Warn. Can you make a doubt on't. Do you not know she ever loved him ? and can you hope she has so soon forsaken him ? You may make yourself miserable, if you please, by such a marriage.

Sir John. When she is once mine, her virtue will secure me.

Warn. Her virtue !

Sir John. What, do you make a mock on't ?

Warn. Not I, I assure you, sir, I think it no such jesting matter.

Sir John. Why, is she not honest ?

Warn. Yes, in my conscience is she, for Sir Martin's tongue's no slander.

Sir John. But does he say to the contrary ?

Warn. If one would believe him, which, for my part, I do not, he has, in a manner, confessed it to me.

Sir John. Ha !

Warn. Courage, sir, never vex yourself ; I'll warrant you 'tis all a lie.

Sir John. But how shall I be 'sured 'tis so ?

Warn. When you are married.

Sir John. I do not love to make that experiment at my own cost.

Warn. Then you must never marry.

Sir John. All manner of ways I am most miserable.

Warn. The truth is, an honest simple girl that's ignorant of all things maketh the best matrimony ; there is such a pleasure in instructing her ; the best is, there's not one dunce in all the sex ; such a one with a good fortune——

Sir John. Ay, but where is she, Warner ?

Warn. Near enough, but that you are too far engaged.

Sir John. Engaged to one that hath already deceived me ?

Warn. What think you then of Mrs. Christian here in the house ? There's £5,000, and a better penny.

Sir John. Ay, but is she fool enough ?

Warn. She's none of the wise virgins, I can assure you.

Sir John. Dear Warner, step into the next room and inveigle her out this way, that I may speak to her.

Warn. Remember, above all things, you keep this wooing secret. If he takes the least wind, old Moody will be sure to hinder it.

Sir John. Dost thou think I shall get her aunt's consent ?

Warn. Leave that to me.

[*Exit WARNER.*]

Sir John. How happy a man shall I be if I can but compass this !—and what a precipice have I avoided ! Then the revenge, too, is sweet. Well, such a servant as this Warner is a jewel.

Enter WARNER and MRS. CHRISTIAN to him.

Warn. There she is, sir ; now I'll go to prepare her aunt.

Sir John. Sweet mistress, I am come to wait upon you.

Chr. Truly you are too good to wait on me.

Sir John. And in the condition of a suitor.

Chr. As how, forsooth ?

Sir John. To be so happy as to marry you.

Chr. O Lord ! I would not marry for anything !

Sir John. Why ? 'tis the honest end of womankind.

Chr. Twenty years hence, forsooth.

Sir John. Pah !—What an innocent girl it is, and very child !
Lord ! her innocence makes me laugh ; my cheeks all wet.—
Sweet lady—— [*Aside.*]

Chr. I'm but a gentlewoman, forsooth.

Sir John. Well then, sweet mistress, if I get your friends' consent, shall I have yours ?

Chr. My old lady may do what she will, forsooth, but by my truly, I hope she will have more care of me than to marry me yet ; Lord bless me, what should I do with a husband ?

Sir John. Well, sweetheart, then instead of wooing you, I must woo my old lady.

Chr. Indeed, gentleman, my old lady is married already. Cry you mercy, forsooth, I think you are a knight.

Sir John. Happy in that title only to make you Lady.

Chr. Believe me, Mr. Knight, I would not be a Lady ; it makes folks proud, and so humorous, and so ill housewives, forsooth.

Sir John. Pah,—she's a baby, the simplest thing that ever yet I knew, the happiest man I shall be in the world.

Enter LADY DUPE.

Lady Dupe. By your leave, sir : I hope this noble knight will make you happy, and you make him.

Chr. What shall I make him ?

[*Sighing.*]

Lady Dupe. Marry, you shall make him happy in a good wife.

Chr. I will not marry, madam.

Lady Dupe. You fool !

Sir John. Pray, madam, let me speak with you ; on my soul 'tis the prettiest, innocentest thing in the world.

Lady Dupe. Indeed, sir, she knows little besides her work, and her prayers ; but I'll talk with the fool.

Sir John. Deal gently with her, dear madam.

Lady Dupe. Come, Christian, will not you marry this noble knight ?

Chr. Yes, yes, yes——

[*Sobbingly.*]

Lady Dupe. Sir, it shall be to-night.

Sir John. This innocence is a dowry beyond all price.

[*Exeunt OLD LADY and MRS. CHRISTIAN.*]

Enter SIR MARTIN and SIR JOHN, musing.

Sir Mart. You are very melancholy, methinks, sir.

Sir John. You are mistaken, sir.

Sir Mart. You may dissemble as you please, but Mrs. Millicent lies at the bottom of your heart.

Sir John. My heart, I assure you, has no room for so poor a trifle.

Sir Mart. Sure you think to wheedle me ; would you have me imagine you do not love her ?

Sir John. Love her ! Why should you think me such a sot ? Love an infamous person !

Sir Mart. Fair and soft, good Sir John.

Sir John. You see I am no very obstinate rival—I leave the field free to you : go on, sir, and pursue your good fortune, and be as happy as such a creature can make thee.

Sir Mart. This is Hebrew-Greek to me ; but I must tell you, sir, I will not suffer my divinity to be profaned by such a tongue as yours.

Sir John. Believe it, whate'er I say, I can quote my author for.

Sir Mart. Then, sir, whoever told it you, lied in his throat, d'ye see, and deeper than that, d'ye see, in his stomach, d'ye see ?

Sir John. What if Warner told me so ? I hope you'll grant him to be a competent judge in such a business.

Sir Mart. Did that precious rascal say it ? Now I think on't, I'll not believe you : in fine, sir, I'll hold you an even wager he denies it.

Sir John. I'll lay you ten to one, he justifies it to your face.

Sir Mart. I'll make him give up the ghost under my fist, if he does not deny it.

Sir John. I'll cut off his ears upon the spot, if he does not stand to it.

Enter WARNER.

Sir Mart. Here he comes in pudding-time to resolve the question. Come hither, you lying varlet, hold up your hand at the bar of justice, and answer me to what I shall demand.

Warn. What a goodyear is the matter, sir ?

Sir Mart. Thou spawn of the old serpent, fruitful in nothing but in lies !

Warn. A very fair beginning this.

Sir Mart. Didst thou dare to cast thy venom upon such a saint as Mrs. Millicent—to traduce her virtue ?

Warn. Not guilty, my Lord.

Sir Mart. I told you so.

Sir John. How, Mr. Rascal ! Have you forgot what you said but now concerning Sir Martin and Mrs. Millicent ? I'll stop the lie down your throat, if you dare deny it.

Sir Mart. Say you so ! Are you there again i'faith ?

Warn. Pray pacify yourself, sir, 'twas a plot of my own devising.

Sir Mart. Leave off your winking and your pinking, with a horse-plague to ye, I'll understand none of it; tell me in plain English the truth of the business; for an' you were my own brother, you should pay for it: belie my mistress! What a plague, d'ye think I have no sense of honour?

Warn. What's the matter with ye? Either be at quiet, or I'll resolve to take my heels, and begone.

Sir Mart. Stop thief there! What, did you think to escape the hand of justice?—[*Lays hold on him.*—The best on't is, sirrah, your heels are not altogether so nimble as your tongue.

[*Beats him.*

Warn. Help! Murther! Murther!

Sir Mart. Confess, you rogue, then.

Warn. Hold your hands, I think the devil's in you,—I tell you, 'tis a device of mine.

Sir Mart. And have you no body to devise it on but my mistress, the very map of innocence?

Sir John. Moderate your anger, good Sir Martin.

Sir Mart. By your patience, sir, I'll chastise him abundantly.

Sir John. That's a little too much, sir, by your favour, to beat him in my presence.

Sir Mart. That's a good one i'faith; your presence shall hinder me from beating my own servant?

Warn. O traitor to all sense and reason! he's going to discover that too.

Sir Mart. An' I had a mind to beat him to mummy, he's my own, I hope.

Sir John. At present. I must tell you, he's mine, sir.

Sir Mart. Heyday! here's fine juggling!

Warn. Stop yet, sir, you are just upon the brink of a precipice.

Sir Mart. What is't thou meanest now?—ah, Lord! my mind misgives me, I have done some fault, but would I were hanged if I can find it out.

[*Aside.*

Warn. There's no making him understand me.

Sir Mart. Plague on't, come what will, I'll not be faced down with a lie; I say he is my man.

Sir John. Pray remember yourself better; did not you turn him away for some fault lately, and laid a livery of black and blue on his back before he went?

Sir Mart. Nothing of any fault, or any black and blue that I remember: either the rascal put some trick upon you, or you would upon me.

Sir John. O, oh, then it seems the cudgelling and turning away were pure invention; I am glad I understand it.

Sir Mart. In fine, it's all so wretched a lie——

Warn. Alas! he has forgot it, sir: good wits, you know, have bad memories.

Sir John. No, no, sir, that shall not serve your turn, you may return when you please to your old master, I give you a fair dis-

charge, and a glad man I am to be so rid of you : were you thereabouts i'faith ? What a snake I had entertained into my bosom ! Fare you well, sir, and lay your next plot better between you, I advise you. *[Exit SIR JOHN.]*

Warn. Lord, sir, how you stand ! as you were nipped i'the head ; have you done any new piece of folly, that makes you look so like an ass ?

Sir Mart. Here's three pieces of gold yet, if I had the heart to offer it thee. *[Holds the gold afar off, trembling.]*

Warn. Noble sir, what have I done to deserve so great a liberality ? I confess if you had beaten me for my own fault, if you had utterly destroyed all my projects, then it might have been expected that ten or twenty pieces should have been offered by way of recompense or satisfaction.

Sir Mart. Nay, an' you be so full of your flouts, your friend and servant ; who could tell the meaning of your signs and tokens, and you go to that ?

Warn. You are no ass then ?

Sir Mart. Well, sir, to do you service, d'ye see, I am an ass in a fair way ; will that satisfy you ?

Warn. For this once ; produce those three pieces, I am contented to receive that inconsiderable tribute ; or make 'em six, and I'll take the fault upon myself.

Sir Mart. Are we friends then ? If we are, let me advise you——

Warn. Yet advising——

Sir Mart. For no harm, good Warner. But pray next time make me of your counsel, let me enter into the business, instruct me in every point, and then if I discover all, I am resolved to give over affairs, and retire from the world.

Warn. Agreed, it shall be so ; but let us now take breath awhile, then on again.

For though we had the worst, those heats were past,
We'll whip and spur, and fetch him up at last.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter LORD, LADY DUPE, MRS. CHRISTIAN, ROSE and WARNER.

Lord. Your promise is admirably made good to me, that Sir John Swallow should be this night married to Mrs. Christian ; instead of that, he is more deeply engaged than ever with old Moody.

Warn. I cannot help these ebbs and flows of fortune.

Lady Dupe. I am sure my niece suffers most in't ; he's come off to her with a cold compliment of a mistake which he has now found out, by your master's folly, to be a plot of yours to separate them.

Chr. To be forsaken when a woman has given her consent !

Lord. 'Tis the same scorn, as to have a town rendered up, and afterwards slighted.

Rose. You are a sweet youth, sir, to use my lady so, when she de-

pended on you ! Is this the faith of a valet de chambre ? I would be ashamed to be such a dishonour to my profession ; it will reflect upon us in time, we shall be ruined by your good example.

Warn. As how, my dear Lady Ambassador ?

Rose. Why, they say the women govern their ladies, and you govern us ; so if you play fast and loose, not a gallant will bribe us for our good wills ; the gentle guinea will now go to the ordinary, which used as duly to steal into our hands at the stair-foot, as into Mr. Doctor's at parting.

Lord. Night's come, and I expect your promise.

Lady Dupe. Fail with me if you think good, sir.

Chr. I give no more time.

Rose. And if my mistress——

Warn. Heyday ! you are dealing with me as they do with the bankers, call in all your debts together ; there's no possibility of payment at this rate, but I'll coin for you all as fast as I can, I assure you.

Lady Dupe. But you must not think to pay us with false money, as you have done hitherto.

Rose. Leave off your mountebank tricks with us, and fall to your business in good earnest.

Warn. Faith, and I will, Rose ; for, to confess the truth, I am a kind of a mountebank. I have but one cure for all your diseases, that is, that my master may marry Mrs. Millicent, for then Sir John Swallow will of himself return to Mrs. Christian.

Lord. He says true, and therefore we must all be helping to that design.

Warn. I'll put you upon something ; give me but a thinking time. In the first place, get a warrant and bailiffs to arrest Sir John Swallow, upon a promise of marriage to Mrs. Christian.

Lord. Very good.

Lady Dupe. We'll all swear it.

Warn. I never doubted your Ladyship in the least, madam ;—for the rest we will consider hereafter.

Lord. Leave this to us.

[and MRS. CHRISTIAN.]

[*Exeunt* LORD, LADY DUPE, MILLICENT,

Warn. Rose, where's thy lady ?

Mill. What have you to say to her ?

Warn. Only to tell you, madam, I am going forward in the great work of projection.

Mill. I know not whether you will deserve my thanks when the work's done.

Warn. Madam, I hope you are not become indifferent to my master.

Mill. If he should prove a fool after all your crying up his wit, I shall be a miserable woman.

Warn. A fool ! that were a good jest i'faith ; but how comes your Ladyship to suspect it ?

Rose. I have heard, madam, your greatest wits have ever a touch of madness and extravagance in them, so, perhaps, has he.

Warn. There's nothing more distant than wit and folly, yet, like east and west, they may meet in a point, and produce actions that are but a hair's-breadth from one another.

Rose. I'll undertake he has wit enough to make one laugh at him a whole day together ; he's a most comical person.

Mill. For all this, I will not swear he is no fool ; he has still discovered all your plots.

Warn. O madam, that's the common fate of your Machivelians, they draw their designs so subtle, that their very fineness breaks them.

Mill. However, I'm resolved to be on the sure side ; I will have certain proof of his wit before I marry him.

Warn. Madam, I'll give you one. He wears his clothes like a great sloven, and that's a sure sign of wit ; he neglects his outward parts ; besides, he speaks French, sings, dances, plays upon the lute.

Mill. Does he do all this, say you ?

Warn. Most divinely, madam.

Mill. I ask no more ; then let him give me a serenade immediately ; but let him stand in the view, I'll not be cheated.

Warn. He shall do't, madam ; but how ?—for he sings like a screech owl, and never touched the lute. [*Aside.*

Mill. You'll see it performed ?

Warn. Now I think on't, madam, this will but retard our enterprise.

Mill. Either let him do't, or see me no more.

Warn. Well, it shall be done, madam ; but where's your father ? Will not he overhear it ?

Mill. As good hap is, he's below stairs, talking with a seaman that has brought him news from the East Indies.

Warn. What concernment can he have there ?

Mill. He had a bastard son there whom he loved extremely ; but not having any news from him these many years, concluded him dead ; this son he expects within these three days.

Warn. When did he see him last ?

Mill. Not since he was seven years old.

Warn. A sudden thought comes into my head, to make him appear before his time ; let my master pass for him, and by that means he may come into the house unsuspected by your father or his rival.

Mill. According as he performs his serenade, I'll talk with you—make haste !—I must retire a little.

[*Exit MILLICENT, from above.*

Rose. I'll instruct him most rarely, he shall never be found out ; but, in the meantime, what wilt thou do with a serenade ?

Warn. Faith, I am a little nonplussed on the sudden, but a warm consolation from thy lips, Rose, would set my wits a working again.

Rose. Adieu, Warner.

[*Exit ROSE.*

Warn. Inhuman Rose, adieu. Blockhead Warner, into what a præmunire hast thou brought thyself! this 'tis to be so forward to promise for another—but to be godfather to a fool, to promise and vow he should do anything like a Christian——

Enter SIR MARTIN.

Sir Mart. Why, how now, bully, in a brown study? for my good, I warrant it; there's five shillings for thee—what, we must encourage good wits sometimes.

Warn. Hang your white pelf: sure, sir, by your largess you mistake me for Martin Parker, the ballad maker; your covetousness has offended my muse, and quite dulled her.

Sir Mart. How angry the poor devil is! in fine, thou art as choleric as a cook by a fireside.

Warn. I am over-heated, like a gun, with continual discharging my wit: 'slife, sir, I have rarefied my brains for you, till they are evaporated; but come, sir, do something for yourself like a man. I have engaged you shall give to your mistress a serenade, in your proper person: I'll borrow a lute for you.

Sir Mart. I'll warrant thee I'll do't, man.

Warn. You never learned; I don't think you know one stop.

Sir Mart. 'Tis no matter for that, sir; I'll play as fast as I can, and never stop at all.

Warn. Go to, you are an invincible fool, I see! get up into your window, and set two candles by you, take my landlord's lute in your hand, and fumble on't, and make grimaces with your mouth, as if you sung; in the meantime, I'll play in the next room in the dark, and consequently your mistress, who will come to her balcony over against you, will think it to be you; and at the end of every tune, I'll ring the bell that hangs between your chamber and mine, that you may know when to have done.

Sir Mart. Why, this is fair play now, to tell a man beforehand what he must do; gramercy, i'faith, boy, now if I fail thee——

Warn. About your business then, your mistress and her maid appear already: I'll give you the sign with the bell, when I am prepared, for my lute is at hand in the barber's shop. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MILLICENT and ROSE, with a candle by them above.

Rose. We shall have rare music.

Mill. I wish it prove so; for I suspect the knight can neither play nor sing.

Rose. But if he does, you're bound to pay the music, madam.

Mill. I'll not believe it, except both my ears and eyes are witnesses.

Rose. But 'tis night, madam, and you cannot see 'em; yet he may play admirably in the dark.

Mill. Where's my father?

Rose. You need not fear him, he's still employed with that same seaman, and I have set Mrs. Christian to watch their discourse,

that betwixt her and me Warner may have wherewithal to instruct his master.

Mill. But yet there's fear my father will find out the plot.

Rose. Not in the least, for my old lady has provided two rare disguises for the master and the man.

Mill. Peace, I hear them beginning to tune the lute.

Rose. And see, madam, where your true knight, Sir Martin, is placed yonder, like Apollo, with his lute in his hand, and his rays about his head.

[SIR MARTIN *appears at the adverse window, a tune played; when it is done, WARNER rings, and SIR MARTIN holds.*

Did he not play most excellently, madam?

Mill. He played well; and yet methinks he held his lute but untowardly.

Rose. Dear madam, peace: now for the song.

THE SONG.

Blind love, to this hour,
Had never like me, a slave under his power.

Then blest be the dart
That he threw at my heart,
For nothing can prove
A joy so great as to be wounded with love.

My days and my nights
Are filled to the purpose with sorrows and frights;
From my heart still I sigh,
And my eyes are ne'er dry,
So that Cupid be praised,
I am to the top of love's happiness raised.

My soul's all on fire,
So that I have the pleasure to dote and desire,
Such a pretty soft pain,
That it tickles each vein,
'Tis the dream of a smart,
Which makes me breathe short when it beats at my heart

Sometimes in a pet,
When I am despised, I my freedom would get;
But straight a sweet smile,
Does my anger beguile,
And my heart does recall,
Then the more I do struggle, the lower I fall.

Heaven does not impart
Such a grace, as to love, unto every one's heart;
For many may wish
To be wounded, and miss:
Then blest be love's fire,
And more blest her eyes that first taught me desire.

[*The song being done, WARNER rings again; but SIR MARTIN continues fumbling, and gazing on his mistress.*

Mill. A pretty humoured song—but stay, methinks he plays and

sings still, and yet we cannot hear him. Play louder, Sir Martin, that we may have the fruits on't.

Warn. [*peeping.*] Death, this abominable fool will spoil all again. Confound him, he stands making his grimaces yonder, and he looks so earnestly upon his mistress, that he hears me not. [*Rings again.*

Mill. Ah, ah! have I found you out, sir? Now, as I live and breathe, this is pleasant, Rose—his man played and sung for him, and he, it seems, did not know when he should give over.

[*MILLICENT and ROSE laugh.*

Warn. They have found him out, and laugh yonder, as if they would split their sides. Why, Mr. Fool, oaf, coxcomb, will you hear none of your names?

Mill. Sir Martin, Sir Martin, take your man's counsel, and keep time with your music.

Sir Mart. [*peeping.*] Ha! what do you say, madam? How does your Ladyship like my music?

Mill. O most heavenly! just like the harmony of the spheres, that is to be admired, and never heard.

Warn. You have ruined all by your not leaving off in time.

Sir Mart. But what would you have a man do, when my hand is in? Well, on my conscience, I think there is a fate upon me.

[*Noise within.*

Mill. Look, Rose, what's the matter?

Rose. 'Tis Sir John Swallow, pursued by the bailiffs, madam, according to our plot; it seems they have dogged him thus late to his lodging.

Mill. That's well! for though I begin not to love this fool, yet I am glad I shall be rid on him. [*Exeunt MILLICENT and ROSE.*

Enter SIR JOHN, pursued by three bailiffs over the stage.

Sir Mart. Now I'll redeem all again, my mistress shall see my valour, I'm resolved on't; villains, rogues, poltroons! what, three upon one? *in fine*, I'll be with you immediately. [*Exit.*

Warn. Why, sir, are you stark mad? have you no grain of sense left? he's gone! now is he as earnest in the quarrel as cokes among the puppets; 'tis to no purpose whatever I do for him.

[*Exit WARNER.*

Re-enter SIR JOHN and SIR MARTIN (having driven away the bailiffs), SIR MARTIN flourishes his sword.

Sir Mart. Victoria, Victoria! what heart, Sir John, you have received no harm, I hope?

Sir John. Not the least; I thank you, sir, for your timely assistance, which I will requite with anything but the resigning of my mistress.—Dear Sir Martin, a good night.

Sir Mart. Pray let me wait upon you in, Sir John.

Sir John. I can find my way to Mrs. Millicent without you, sir,—I thank you.

Sir Mart. But pray, what were you to be arrested for?

Sir John. I know no more than you, some little debts, perhaps, I left unpaid by my negligence ; once more, good night, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir Mart. He's an ungrateful fellow ; and so, in fine, I shall tell him, when I see him next.—Monsieur——

Enter WARNER.

Warner, *à propos* ! I hope you'll applaud me now, I have defeated the enemy, and that in sight of my mistress ; boy, I have charmed her, i'faith, with my valour.

Warn. Ay, just as much as you did even now with your music ; go, you are so beastly a fool, that a chiding is thrown away upon you.

Sir Mart. Fool, in your face, sir ? call a man of honour fool, when I have just achieved such an enterprise.—Gad, now my blood's up, I am a dangerous person, I can tell you that, Warner.

Warn. Poor animal, I pity thee.

Sir Mart. I grant I am no musician, but you must allow me for a swordsman. I have beat 'em bravely ; and, in fine, I am come off unhurt, save only a little scratch i'th' head.

Warn. That's impossible ; thou hast a skull so thick no sword can pierce it ; but much good may't d'ye. Sir, with the fruits of your valour you rescued your rival when he was to be arrested, on purpose to take him off from your mistress.

Sir Mart. Why, this is ever the fate of ingenious men ; nothing thrives they take in hand. [*Enter ROSE.*

Rose. Sir Martin, you have done your business with my lady ; she'll never look upon you more. She says, she's so well satisfied of your wit and courage, that she will not put you to any further trial.

Sir Mart. Warner, is there no hope, Warner ?

Warn. None that I know.

Sir Mart. Let's have but one civil plot more before we part.

Warn. 'Tis to no purpose.

Rose. Yet if he had some golden friends that would engage for him the next time——

Sir Mart. Here's a Jacobus and a Carolus will enter into bonds for me.

Rose. I'll take their royal words for once.

[*She fetches two disguises.*

Warn. The meaning of this, dear Rose ?

Rose. 'Tis in pursuance of thy own invention, Warner, a child of thy wit. But let us lose no time. Help, help ! Dress thy master, that he may be Anthony, old Moody's bastard, and thou his, come from the East Indies.

Sir Mart. Hey-tarock-it——now we shall have Rose's device too. I long to be at it. Pray let's hear more on't.

Rose. Old Moody, you must know, in his younger years, when he was a Cambridge scholar, had a bastard, whose name was Anthony, whom you, Sir Martin, are to represent.

Sir Mart. I warrant you, let me alone for Tony. But pray go on, Rose.

Rose. This child, in his father's time, he durst not own, but bred him privately in the Isle of Ely, till he was seven years old, and from thence sent him with one Bonaventure, a merchant, for the East Indies.

Warn. But will not this overburden your memory, sir?

Sir Mart. There's no answering thee anything; thou think'st I am good for nothing.

Rose. Bonaventure died at Surat, within two years, and this Anthony has lived up and down in the Mogul's country, unheard of by his father till this night, and is expected within these three days. Now, if you can pass for him, you may have admittance into the house, and make an end of all the business before the other Anthony arrives.

Warn. But hold, Rose, there's one considerable point omitted; what was his mother's name?

Rose. That indeed I had forgot: her name was Dorothy, daughter to one Drawwater, a vintner at the "Rose."

Warn. Come, sir, are you perfect in your lesson? Anthony Moody, born in Cambridge, bred in the Isle of Ely, sent into the Moguls' country at seven years old, with one Bonaventure a merchant, who died within two years; your mother's name Dorothy Drawwater, the vintner's daughter at the "Rose."

Sir Mart. I have it all *ad unguem*. What dost think I'm a sot? But stay a little: how have I lived all this while in that same country?

Warn. What country? Plague, he has forgot already——

Rose. The Mogul's country.

Sir Mart. Aye, aye, the Mogul's country! What! any man may mistake a little, but now I have it perfect; but what have I been doing all this while in the Mogul's country? he's a heathen rogue, I am afraid I shall never hit upon his name.

Warn. Why, you have been passing your time there, no matter how.

Rose. Well, if this passes upon the old man, I'll bring your business about again with my mistress, never fear it; stay you here at the door. I'll go tell the old man of your arrival.

Warn. Well, sir, now play your part exactly, and I'll forgive all your former errors——

Sir Mart. Hang 'em, they were only slips of youth. How peremptory and domineering this rogue is, now he sees I have need of his service! Would I were out of his power again, I would make him lie at my feet like any spaniel.

Enter MOODY, SIR JOHN, LADY DUPE, MILLICENT, MRS CHRISTIAN, *and* ROSE.

Mood. Is he here already, say'st thou? which is he?

Rose. That sun-burn'd gentleman.

Mood. My dear boy Anthony, do I see thee again before I die? Welcome, welcome!

Sir Mart. My dear father, I know it is you by instinct, for methinks I am as like you as if I were spit out of your mouth.

Rose. Keep it up, I beseech your Lordship. [*Aside to the LORD.*]

Lord. He's wondrous like indeed.

Lady Dupe. The very image of him.

Mood. Anthony, you must salute all this company : this is my Lord Dartmouth, this is my Lady Dupe, this her niece Mrs. Christian. [*He salutes them.*]

Sir Mart. And that's my sister : methinks I have a good resemblance of her too : honest sister, I must needs kiss you, sister.

Warn. This fool will discover himself, I foresee it already, by his carriage to her.

Mood. And now, Anthony, pray tell us a little of your travels.

Sir Mart. Time enough for that, forsooth, father, but I have such a natural affection for my sister, that methinks I could live and die with her : give me thy hand, sweet sister.

Sir John. She's beholding to you, sir.

Sir Mart. What if she be, sir ? What's that to you, sir ?

Sir John. I hope, sir, I have not offended you.

Sir Mart. It may be you have, and it may be you have not, sir ; you see I have no mind to satisfy you, sir : what a plague ! a man cannot talk a little to his own flesh and blood, but you must be interposing, with a murrian to you.

Mood. Enough of this, good Anthony ; this gentleman is to marry your sister.

Sir Mart. He marry my sister ! Ods foot, sir, there are some, that shall be nameless, that are as well worthy to marry her as any man, and have as good blood in their veins.

Sir John. I do not question it in the least, sir.

Sir Mart. 'Tis not your best course, sir ; you marry my sister ! what have you seen of the world, sir ? I have seen your hurricanoes, and your calentures, and your ecliptics, and your tropic lines, sir, an' you go to that, sir.

Warn. You must excuse my master, the sea's a little working in his brain, sir.

Sir Mart. And your Prester Johns o' the East Indies, and your great Turk of Rome and Persia.

Mood. Lord, what a thing it is to be learned, and a traveller ! Bodikins, it makes me weep for joy ; but, Anthony, you must not bear yourself too much upon your learning, child.

Mill. Pray, brother, be civil to this gentleman, for my sake.

Sir Mart. For your sake, sister Millicent, much may be done, and here I kiss your hand on't.

Warn. Yet again, stupidity ?

Mill. Nay, pray, brother, hands off, now you are too rude——

Sir Mart. Dear sister, as I am a true East India gentleman——

Mood. But pray, son Anthony, let's talk of other matters, and tell me truly, had you not quite forgot me ? and yet I made woundy much of you when you were young.

Sir Mart. I remember you as well as if I saw you but yesterday—a fine grey-headed, grey-bearded old gentleman as ever I saw in all my life.

Warn. [*aside.*] Grey-bearded old gentleman, when he was a scholar at Cambridge.

Mood. But do you remember where you were bred up?

Sir Mart. Oh yes, sir, most perfectly; in the Isle—stay—let me see; oh, now I have it! in the Isle of Scilly.

Mood. In the Isle of Ely, sure, you mean?

Warn. Without doubt he did, sir; but this Isle of Scilly runs in his head ever since his sea voyage.

Mood. And your mother's name was—come, pray let me examine you—for that I'm sure you cannot forget.

Sir Mart. Warner! What was it, Warner?

Warn. Poor Mrs. Dorothy Drawwater, if she were now alive what a joyful day would this be to her now?

Mood. Who the devil bid you speak, sirrah?

Sir Mart. Her name, sir, was Mrs. Dorothy Drawwater.

Sir John. I'll be hanged if this be not some cheat.

Mill. He makes so many stumbles, he must needs fall at last.

Mood. But you remember, I hope, where you were born?

Warn. Well, they may talk what they will of Oxford for an university, but Cambridge for my money.

Mood. Hold your tongue, you scanderbag rogue you, this is the second time you have been talking when you should not.

Sir Mart. I was born at Cambridge, I remember it as perfectly as if it were but yesterday.

Warn. How I sweat for him! he's remembering ever since he was born.

Mood. And who did you go over with to the East Indies?

Sir Mart. Warner!

Warn. 'Twas a happy thing, sir, you lighted upon so honest a merchant as Mr. Bonaventure to take care of him.

Mood. Saucy rascal, this is past all sufferance.

Rose. We are undone, Warner, if this discourse go on any further.

Lord. Pray, sir, take pity on the poor gentleman, he has more need of a good supper than to be asked so many questions.

Sir John. These are rogues, sir, I plainly perceive it; pray let me ask him one question. Which way did you come home, sir?

Sir Mart. We came home by land, sir.

Warn. That is, from India to Persia, from Persia to Turkey, from Turkey to Germany, from Germany to France.

Sir John. And from thence over the narrow seas on horseback.

Mood. 'Tis so, I discern it now; but some shall smoke for't. Stay a little, Anthony, I'll be with you presently. [*Exit MOODY.*

Warn. That wicked old man is gone for no good, I am afraid; would I were fairly quit of him. [*Aside.*

Mill. [*aside.*] Tell me no more of Sir Martin, Rose; he wants

natural sense to talk after this rate; but for this Warner, I am strangely taken with him; how handsomely he brought him off!

Enter MOODY, with two cudgels.

Mood. Among half a score of tough cudgels, I had in my chamber, I have made choice of these two, as best able to hold out.

Mill. Alas! poor Warner must be beaten now for all his wit, would I could bear it for him. [*Aside.*]

Warn. But to what end is all this preparation, sir?

Mood. In the first place, for your worship, and in the next, for this East India apostle, that will needs be my son Anthony.

Warn. Why, d'ye think he is not?

Mood. No, thou wicked accomplice in his designs, I know he is not——

Warn. Who, I his accomplice? I beseech you, sir, what is it to me, if he should prove a counterfeit? I assure you he has cozened me in the first place.

Sir John. That's likely, i'faith! Cozen his own servant?

Warn. As I hope for mercy, sir, I am an utter stranger to him, he took me up but yesterday, and told me the story word for word, as he told it you.

Sir Mart. What will become of us two now? I trust to the rogue's wit to bring me off. [*Aside.*]

Mood. If thou would'st have me believe thee, take one of these two cudgels, and help me to lay it on soundly.

Warn. With all my heart.

Mood. Out, you cheat, you hypocrite, you impostor! do you come hither to cozen an honest man? [*Beats him.*]

Sir Mart. Hold, hold, sir!

Warn. Do you come hither with a lie to get a father, Mr. Anthony of East India?

Sir Mart. Hold, you inhuman butcher.

Warn. I'll teach you to counterfeit again, sir.

Sir Mart. The rogue will murder me. [*Exit SIR MARTIN.*]

Mood. A fair riddance of 'em both; let's in and laugh at 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter SIR MARTIN and WARNER.

Sir Mart. Was there ever such an affront put upon a man, to be beaten by his servant?

Warn. After my hearty salutations upon your back, sir, may a man have leave to ask you, what news from the Mogul's country?

Sir Mart. I wonder where thou hadst the impudence to move such a question to me, knowing how thou hast used me.

Warn. Now, sir, you may see what comes of your indiscretion and stupidity. I always gave you warning of it, but for this time I am content to pass it by without more words, partly because I have already corrected you, though not so much as you deserve.

Sir Mart. Dost thou think to carry it off at this rate, after such an injury?

Warn. You may thank yourself for't; nay, 'twas very well I found out that way, otherwise I had been suspected as your accomplice.

Sir Mart. But you laid it on with such a vengeance, as if you were beating off a stockfish.

Warn. To confess the truth on't, you had angered me, and I was willing to evaporate my choler; if you will pass it by so, I may chance to help you to your mistress. No more words of this business, I advise you, but go home and grease your back.

Sir Mart. In fine, I must suffer it at his hands; for if my shoulders had not paid for this fault, my purse must have sweat blood for't; the rogue has got such a hank upon me.

Warn. So, so; here's another of our vessels come in,

Enter ROSE.

after the storm that parted us: what comfort, Rose,—no harbour near?

Rose. My Lady, as you may well imagine, is most extremely incensed against Sir Martin, but she applauds your ingenuity to the skies. I'll say no more, but thereby hangs a tale.

Sir Mart. I am considering with myself about a plot, to bring all about again.

Rose. Yet again plotting! If you have such a mind to't, I know no way so proper for you, as to turn poet to Pugenello. [*Music plays*

Warn. Hark! Is not that music in your house?

Rose. Yes, Sir John has given my mistress the fiddles, and our old man is as jocund yonder, and does so hug himself, to think how he has been revenged upon you.

Warn. Why, he does not know 'twas we, I hope?

Rose. 'Tis all one for that.

Sir Mart. I have such a plot; I care not, I will speak an' I were to be hanged for't. Shall I speak, dear Warner? let me now; it does so wamble within me, i'faith law; and I can keep it no longer for my heart.

Warn. Well, I am indulgent to you; out with it boldly, in the name of nonsense.

Sir Mart. We two will put on vizards, and with the help of my landlord, who shall be of the party, go a mumming there, and by some device of dancing, get my mistress away unsuspected by 'em all.

Rose. What if this should hit now, when all your projects have failed, Warner?

Warn. Would I were hanged if it be not somewhat probable: nay, now I consider better on't, exceeding probable: it must take; 'tis not in nature to be avoided.

Sir Mart. O must it so, sir! and who may you thank for't!

Warn. Now am I so mad he should be the author of this device. How the plague, sir, came you to stumble on't?

Sir Mart. Why should not my brains be as fruitful as yours, or any man's?

Warn. This is so good, it shall not be your plot, sir; either disown it, or I will proceed no further.

Sir Mart. I would not lose the credit of my plot, to gain my mistress: the plot's a good one, and I'll justify it upon any ground of England; an' you will not work upon it, it shall be done without you.

Rose. I think the knight has reason.

Warn. Well, I'll order it however to the best advantage: hark you, Rose. [Whispers.

Sir Mart. If it miscarry by your ordering, take notice, 'tis your fault, 'tis well invented, I'll take my oath on't.

Rose. I must into 'em, for fear I should be suspected; but I'll acquaint my lord, my old lady, and all the rest who ought to know it, with your design.

Warn. We'll be with you in a twinkling. You and I, Rose, are to follow our leaders, and be paired to-night——

Rose. To have and to hold are dreadful words, Warner; but for your sake I'll venture on 'em. [Exeunt.

Enter LORD, LADY DUPE, and MRS. CHRISTIAN.

Lady Dupe. Nay, good, my Lord, be patient.

Lord. Does he think to give fiddles and treatments in a house where he has wronged a lady? I'll never suffer it.

Lady Dupe. But upon what ground will you raise your quarrel?

Lord. A very just one, as I am her kinsman.

Lady Dupe. He does not know yet why he was to be arrested; try that way again.

Lord. I'll hear of nothing but revenge. [Enter ROSE.

Rose. Yes, pray hear me one word, my Lord; Sir Martin himself has made a plot.

Chr. That's like to be a good one.

Rose. A fool's plot may be as lucky as a fool's handsell; 'tis a very likely one, and requires nothing for your part but to get a parson in the next room; we'll find work for him.

Lady Dupe. That shall be done immediately; Christian, make haste, and send for Mr. Ball, the Nonconformist; tell him here are two or three angels to be earned.

Chr. And two or three possets to be eaten: may I not put in that, madam?

Lady Dupe. Surely you may. [Exit MRS. CHRISTIAN.

Rose. Then for the rest——'tis only this——Oh! they are here: pray take it in a whisper: my lady knows of it already.

Enter MOODY, SIR JOHN, and MILLICENT.

Mill. Strike up again, fiddle, I'll have a French dance.

Sir John. Let's have the brawls.

Mood. No, good Sir John, no quarrelling among friends.

Lady Dupe. Your company is like to be increased, sir; some neighbours that heard your fiddles, are come a mumming to you.

Mood. Let 'em come in, and we'll be jovy: an' I had but my hobby-horse at home——

Sir John. What are they, men or women?

Lady Dupe. I believe some 'prentices broke loose.

Mill. Rose, go and fetch me down two Indian gowns and vizard masks. You and I will disguise too, and be as good a mum-mery to them, as they to us. [Exit ROSE.]

Mood. That will be most rare.

Enter SIR MARTIN, WARNER, and LANDLORD, disguised like a Tony

Mood. O, here they come! gentlemen maskers, you are welcome—[WARNER signs to the music for a dance.]—He signs for a dance, I believe; you are welcome, Mr. Music, strike up, I'll make one, as old as I am.

Sir John. And I'll not be out. [Dance.]

Lord. Gentlemen maskers, you have had the frolic, the next turn is mine; bring two flute glasses, and some stools—ho, we'll have the ladies' health.

Sir John. But why stools, my Lord?

Lord. That you shall see: the humour is, that two men at a time are hoisted up; when they are above, they name their ladies, and the rest of the company dance about them while they drink: this they call the frolic of the altitudes.

Mood. Some Highlander's invention, I'll warrant it.

Lord. Gentlemen maskers, you shall begin.

[They hoist SIR MARTIN and WARNER.]

Sir John. Name the ladies.

Lord. They point to Mrs. Millicent and Mrs. Christian. A lon's touche! touche!

Mood. A rare toping health this: come, Sir John, now you and I will be in our altitudes.

[While they drink the company dances and sings: they are taken down.]

Sir John. What new device is this?

Mood. I know not what to make on't.

[When they are up, the company dances about them: then dance off. TONY dances a jig.]

Sir John [to Tony]. Pray, Mr. Fool, where's the rest o' your company? I would fain see 'em again.

Landl. Come down and tell 'em so, Cudden.

Sir John. I'll be hanged if there be not some plot in't, and this fool is set here to spin out the time.

Mood. Like enough! undone! undone! My daughter's gone; let me down, sirrah.

Landl. Yes, Cudden.

Sir John. My mistress is gone, let me down first.

Landl. This is the quickest way, Cudden.

[*He offers to pull down the stools.*]

Sir John. Hold ! hold ! or thou wilt break my neck.

Landl. An' you will not come down, you may stay there, Cudden.

[*Exit LANDLORD, dancing.*]

Mood. O scanderbag villains !

Sir John. Is there no getting down ?

Mood. All this was long of you, Sir Jack.

Sir John. 'Twas long of yourself to invite them hither.

Mood. Oh, you young coxcomb, to be drawn in thus !

Sir John. You old sot, you, to be caught so sillily !

Mood. Come but an inch nearer, and I'll so claw thee.

Sir John. I hope I shall reach to thee.

Mood. And 'twere not for thy wooden breast-work there.

Sir John. I hope to push thee down from Babylon.

Enter LORD, LADY DUPE, SIR MARTIN, WARNER, ROSE, MILLICENT (veiled), and LANDLORD.

Lord. How, gentlemen ! what, quarrelling among yourselves !

Mood. Ods bobs ! help me down, and let me have fair play ; he shall never marry my daughter.

Sir Martin [*leading Rose*]. No, I'll be sworn, that he shall not ; therefore never repine, sir, for marriages, you know, are made in Heaven : in fine, sir, we are joined together in spite of fortune.

Rose [*pulling off her mask*]. That we are, indeed, Sir Martin, and these are witnesses ; therefore, in fine, never repine, sir, for marriages, you know, are made in Heaven.

Omnes. Rose !

Warn. What, is Rose split in two ? sure I ha' got onc Rose !

Mill. I, the best Rose you ever got in all your life.

[*Pulls off her mask.*]

Warn. This amazeth me so much, I know not what to say or think.

Mood. My daughter married to Warner !

Sir Mart. Well, I thought it impossible any man in England should have over-reached me ; sure, Warner, there was some mistake in this : prithee, Billy, let's go to the parson to set all right again, that every man may have his own before the matter go too far.

Warn. Well, sir, for my part I will have nothing farther to do with these women, for I find they will be too hard for us, but e'en sit down by the loss, and content myself with my hardfortune. But, madam, do you ever think I will forgive you this, to cheat me into an estate of £2,000 a year ?

Sir Mart. An' I were as thee, I would not be so served, Warner !

Mill. I have served him but right, for the cheat he put upon me,

when he persuaded me you were a wit—now, there's a trick for your trick, sir.

Warn. Nay, I confess you have outwitted me.

Sir John. Let me down, and I'll forgive all freely.

[*They let him down.*]

Mood. What am I kept here for?

Warn. I might in policy keep you there; but, for once, sir, I'll trust your good nature. [Takes him down too.]

Mood. An' thou wert a gentleman, it would not grieve me!

Mill. That I was assured of before I married him, by my Lord here.

Lord. I cannot refuse to own him for my kinsman, though his father's sufferings, in the late times, hath ruined his fortunes.

Mood. But yet he has been a serving-man.

Warn. You are mistaken, sir; I have been a master, and besides, there's an estate of £800 a year, only it is mortgaged for £6,000.

Mood. Well, we'll bring it off, and for my part I am glad my daughter has missed in fine, there.

Sir John. I will not be the only man that must sleep without a bedfellow to-night, if this lady will once again receive me.

Lady Dupe. She's yours, sir.

Lord. And the same parson that did the former execution, is still in the next chamber. What with caudles, wine, and quidding, which he has taken in abundance, I think he will be able to wheedle two more of you into matrimony.

Mill. Poor Sir Martin looks melancholy! I am half afraid he is in love.

Warn. Not with the lady that took him for a wit, I hope.

Rose. At least, Sir Martin can do more than you, Mr. Warner, for he can make me a lady, which you cannot my mistress.

Sir Mart. I have lost nothing but my man, and, in fine, I shall get another.

Mill. You'll do very well, Sir Martin, for you'll never be your own man, I assure you.

Warn. For my part, I had loved you before, if I had followed my inclination.

Mill. But now, I am afraid, you begin of the latest, except your love can grow up like a mushroom, at a night's warning.

Warn. For that matter never trouble yourself; I can love as fast as any man when I am nigh possession; my love falls heavy, and never moves quick till it comes near the centre; he's an ill falconer that will unhood before the quarry be in sight.

Love's an high-mettled hawk, that beats the air,
But soon grows weary when the game's not near,

THE MISTAKE.

A COMEDY.

(MOLIÈRES "LE DÉPIT AMOUREUX.")

By JOHN VANBRUGH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON ALVAREZ, <i>father to LEONORA.</i>	LOPEZ, <i>servant to DON LORENZO.</i>
DON FELIX, <i>father to DON LORENZO.</i>	TOLEDO, <i>a bravo.</i>
DON CARLOS, <i>in love with LEONORA.</i>	LEONORA, <i>daughter to DON ALVAREZ.</i>
DON LORENZO, <i>in love with LEONORA.</i>	CAMILLO, <i>supposed son to DON ALVAREZ.</i>
METAPHRASTUS, <i>tutor to CAMILLO.</i>	ISABELLA, <i>her friend.</i>
SANCHO, <i>servant to DON CARLOS.</i>	JACINTA, <i>servant to LEONORA.</i>

SCENE.—A TOWN IN SPAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHO.

Don Car. I tell thee, I am not satisfied ; I'm in love enough to be suspicious of everybody.

San. And yet methinks, sir, you should leave me out.

Don Car. It may be so, I can't tell ; but I'm not at ease. If they don't make a knave, at least they'll make a fool of thee.

San. I don't believe a word on't. But good faith, master, your love makes somewhat of you ; I don't know what 'tis, but methinks when you suspect me, you don't seem a man of half those parts I used to take you for. Look in my face, 'tis round and comely, not one hollow line of a villain in it. Men of my fabric don't use to be suspected for knaves ; and when you take us for fools, we never take you for wise men. For my part, in this present case, I take myself to be mighty deep. A stander-by, sir, sees more than a gamester. You are pleased to be jealous of your poor mistress without a cause. She uses you but too well, in my humble opinion. She sees you, and talks with you, till I am quite tired on't sometimes ; and your rival, that you are so scared about, forces a visit upon her about once in a fortnight.

Don Car. Alas ! thou art ignorant in these affairs : he that's the civilest received is often the least cared for. Women appear warm

to one, to hide a flame for another. Lorenzo, in short, appears too composed of late to be a rejected lover ; and the indifference he shows upon the favours I seem to receive from her, poisons the pleasure I else should taste in 'em, and keeps me on a perpetual rack. No ! I would fain see some of his jealous transports ; have him fire at the sight o' me, contradict me whenever I speak, affront me wherever he meets me, challenge me, fight me——

San. Run you through.

Don Car. But he's too calm, his heart's too much at ease to leave me mine at rest.

San. But, sir, you forget that there are two ways for our hearts to get at ease : when our mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we, not to care a fig for them. Now suppose, upon the rebukes you know he has had, it should chance to be the latter.

Don Car. Again thy ignorance appears. Alas ! a lover who has broke his chain will shun the tyrant that enslaved him. Indifference never is his lot ; he loves or hates for ever ; and if his mistress prove another's prize, he cannot calmly see her in his arms.

San. For my part, master, I'm not so great a philosopher as you be, nor (thank my stars) so bitter a lover, but what I see—that I gencrally believe ; and when Jacinta tells me she loves me dearly, I have good thoughts enough of my person never to doubt the truth on't. See, here the baggage comes.

Enter JACINTA with a letter.

Hist, Jacinta, my dear !

Jac. Who's that ? Blunderbuss ! Where's your master ?

San. Hard by.

[*Pointing to DON CARLOS.*]

Jac. O, sir ! I'm glad I have found you at last ; I believe I have travelled five miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the walks, nor at church, nor at the opera, nor——

San. Nor anywhere else, where he was not to be found. If you had looked for him where he was, 'twas ten to one but you had met with him.

Jac. I had, Jack-a-dandy !

Don Car. But, prithee, what's the matter ? who sent you after me ?

Jac. One who's never well but when she sees you, I think ; 'twas my lady.

Don Car. Dear Jacinta, I fain would flatter myself, but am not able ; the blessing's too great to be my lot. Yet 'tis not well to trifle with me : how short soe'er I am in other merit, the tenderness I have for Leonora claims something from her generosity. I should not be deluded.

Jac. And why do you think you are ? methinks she's pretty well above-board with you. What must be done more to satisfy you ?

San. Why, Lorenzo must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jac. How ! Lorenzo !

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jac. Why, you are not mad, sir, are you? Jealous of him! Pray which way may this have got into your head? I took you for a man of sense before—[*To SANCHE.*] Is this your doings, Log?

San. No, forsooth, Pert! I'm not much given to suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. Forward; if I were, I might find more cause, I guess, than your mistress has given our master here. But I have so many pretty thoughts of my own person, housewife, more than I have of yours, that I stand in dread of no man.

Jac. That's the way to prosper; however, so far I'll confess the truth to thee; at least, if that don't do, nothing else will. Men are mighty simple in love-matters, sir. When you suspect a woman's falling off, you fall a-plaguing her to bring her on again, attack her with reason, and a sour face. No, sir! attack her with a fiddle, double your good-humour; give her a ball—powder your periwig at her—let her cheat you at cards a little—and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor woman with the gloomy face of jealousy, before she gives the least occasion for't, is to set a complaisant rival in too favourable a light. Sir, sir! I must tell you, I have seen those have owed their success to nothing else.

Don Car. Say no more, I have been to blame; but there shall be no more on't.

Jac. I should punish you but justly, however, for what's past, if I carried back what I have brought you; but I'm good-natured, so here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you timed your jealousy!

Don Car. [*Reads.*] *If you love me with that tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this letter will be welcome; 'tis to tell you, you have leave to plead a daughter's weakness to a father's indulgence: and if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to 'em can make you.*

LEONORA.

Then I shall be what man was never yet.—[*Kissing the letter.*] Ten thousand blessings on thee for thy news!—I could adore thee as a deity!

[*Embracing*] JACINTA.

San. True flesh and blood, every inch of her, for all that.

Don Car. [*Reads again.*] *And if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to 'em can make you.*—O happy, happy Carlos!—But what shall I say to thee for this welcome message? Alas! I want words.—But let this speak for me, and this, and this, and—

[*Giving her his ring, watch, and purse.*

San. Hold, sir; pray leave a little something for our board-wages.—[*To JACINTA.*] You can't carry 'em all, I believe: shall I ease thee of this?

[*Offering to take the purse.*

Jac. No; but you may carry—that, sirrah.

[*Giving him a box on the ear.*

San. The jade's grown purse-proud already.

Don Car. Well, dear Jacinta, say something to your charming mistress, that I am not able to say myself; but above all, excuse my late unpardonable folly, and offer her my life to expiate my crime.

Jac. The best plea for pardon will be never to repeat the fault.

Don Car. If that will do, 'tis sealed for ever.

Jac. Enough. But I must be gone ; success attend you with the old gentleman. Good-bye t'ye, sir.

Don Car. Eternal blessings follow thee ! [Exit JACINTA.]

San. I think she has taken 'em all with her ; the jade has got her apron full.

Don Car. Is not that Lorenzo coming this way ?

San. Yes, 'tis he ; for my part now I pity the poor gentleman.

Enter DON LORENZO.

Don Car. I'll let him see at last I can be cheerful too.—Your servant, Don Lorenzo ; how do you do this morning ?

Don Lor. I thank you, Don Carlos, perfectly well, both in body and in mind.

Don Car. What ! cured of your love then ?

Don Lor. No, nor I hope I never shall. May I ask you how 'tis with yours ?

Don Car. Increasing every hour ; we are very constant both.

Don Lor. I find so much delight in being so I hope I never shall be otherwise.

Don Car. Those joys I am well acquainted with, but should lose 'em soon were I to meet a cool reception.

Don Lor. That's every generous lover's case, no doubt ; an angel could not fire my heart but with an equal flame.

Don Car. And yet you said you still loved Leonora.

Don Lor. And yet I said I loved her.

Don Car. Does she then return you——

Don Lor. Everything my passion can require.

Don Car. Its wants are small, I find.

Don Lor. Extended as the heavens.

Don Car. I pity you.

Don Lor. He must be a deity that does so.

Don Car. Yet I'm a mortal, and once more can pity you.

Alas ! Lorenzo,

'Tis a poor cordial to an aching heart,

To have the tongue alone announce it happy :

Besides, 'tis mean, you should be more a man.

Don Lor. I find I have made you an unhappy one, so can forgive the boilings of your spleen.

Don Car. This seeming calmness might have the effect your vanity proposes by it, had I not a testimony of her love would (should I show it) sink you to the centre.

Don Lor. Yet still I'm calm as ever.

Don Car. Nay, then have at your peace. Read that, and end the farce. [Gives him LEONORA'S letter.]

Don Lor. [after reading.] I have read it.

Don Car. And know the hand ?

Don Lor. 'Tis Leonora's ; I have often seen it.

Don Car. I hope you then at last are satisfied.

Don Lor. [*smiling.*] I am. Good morrow, Carlos ! [*Exit.*

San. Sure's he mad, master.

Don Car. Mad ! sayest thou ?

San. And yet, by'r Lady, that was a sort of a dry sober smile at going off.

Don Car. A very sober one ! Had he shown me such a letter, I had put on another countenance.

San. Ay, o' my conscience had you.

Don Car. Here's mystery in this—I like it not.

San. I see his man and confidant there, Lopez. Shall I draw him on a Scotch pair of boots, master, and make him tell all ?

Don Car. Some questions I must ask him ; call him hither.

San. Hem, Lopez, hem !

Enter LOPEZ.

Lop. Who calls ?

San. I and my master.

Lop. I can't stay.

San. You can indeed, sir.

[*Laying hold on him.*

Don Car. Whither in such haste, honest Lopez ? What ! upon some love-errand ?

Lop. Sir, your servant ; I ask your pardon, but I was going——

Don Car. I guess where ; but you need not be shy of me any more, thy master and I are no longer rivals ; I have yielded up the cause ; the lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, sir ? Shall I then live to see my master and you friends again ?

San. Yes ; and what's better, thou and I shall be friends too. There will be no more fear of Christian bloodshed, I give thee up, Jacinta ; she's a slippery housewife, so master and I are going to match ourselves elsewhere.

Lop. But is it possible, sir, your honour should be in earnest ? I'm afraid you are pleased to be merry with your poor humble servant.

Don Car. I'm not at present much disposed to mirth ; my indifference in this matter is not so thoroughly formed ; but my reason has so far mastered my passion, to show me 'tis in vain to pursue a woman whose heart already is another's. 'Tis what I have so plainly seen of late, I have roused my resolution to my aid, and broke my chains for ever.

Lop. Well, sir, to be plain with you, this is the joyfullest news I have heard this long time.; for I always knew you to be a mighty honest gentleman, and, good faith, it often went to the heart o' me to see you so abused. Dear, dear, have I often said to myself (when they have had a private meeting just after you have been gone)——

Don Car. Ha !

San. Hold, master, don't kill him yet. [*Aside to DON CARLOS.*

Lop. I say I have said to myself, what wicked things are women,

and what pity it is they should be suffered in a Christian country! what a shame they should be allowed to play will-in-the-wisp with men of honour, and lead them through thorns and briars, and rocks, and rugged ways, till their hearts are torn in pieces, like an old coat in a fox-chase! I say, I have said to myself——

Don Car. Thou hast said enough to thyself, but say a little more to me. Where were these secret meetings thou talkest of?

Lop. In sundry places, and by divers ways; sometimes in the cellar, sometimes in the garret, sometimes in the court, sometimes in the gutter; but the place where the kiss of kisses was given was——

Don Car. In hell!

Lop. Sir!

Don Car. Speak, fury, what dost thou mean by the kiss of kisses?

Lop. The kiss of peace, sir; the kiss of union.

Don Car. Thou liest, villain!

Lop. I don't know but I may, sir.—[*Aside.*] What the devil's the matter now?

Don Car. There's not one word of truth in all thy cursed tongue has uttered.

Lop. No, sir, I—I—believe there is not.

Don Car. Why then didst thou say it, wretch?

Lop. Oh—only in jest, sir.

Don Car. I am not in a jesting condition.

Lop. Nor I—at present, sir.

Don Car. Speak then the truth, as thou wouldst do it at the hour of death.

Lop. Yes, at the gallows, and be turned off as soon as I've done.
[*Aside.*]

Don Car. What's that you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a short prayer.

Don Car. [*aside.*] I am distracted, and fright the wretch from telling me what I am upon the rack to know—[*Aloud.*] Forgive me, Lopez, I am to blame to speak thus harshly to thee. Let this obtain thy pardon.—[*Gives him money.*] Thou seest I am disturbed.

Lop. Yes, sir, I see I have been led into a snare; I have said too much.

Don Car. And yet thou must say more; nothing can lessen my torment but a farther knowledge of what causes my misery. Speak, then! have I anything to hope?

Lop. Nothing; but that you may be a happier bachelor than my master may probably be a married man.

Don Car. Married, sayest thou?

Lop. I did, sir, and I believe he'll say so too in a twelvemonth.

Don Car. O torment!—But give me more on't: when, how, to who, where?

Lop. Yesterday, to Leonora, by the parson in the pantry.

Don Car. Look to't, if this be false, thy life shall pay the torment thou hast given me. Begone!

Lop. With the body and the soul o' me.

[*Exit.*

San. Base news, master.

Don Car. Now my insulting rival's smile speaks out : O cursed, cursed woman !

Re-enter JACINTA.

Jac. I'm come in haste to tell you, sir, that as soon as the moon's up, my lady'll give you a meeting in the close-walk by the back-door of the garden ; she thinks she has something to propose to you will certainly get her father's consent to marry you.

Don Car. Past sufferance !

This aggravation is not to be borne.

Go, thank her—with my curses. Fly !—

And let 'em blast her, while their venom's strong.

[*Exit.*

Jac. Won't thou explain ? What's this storm for ?

San. And darest thou ask me questions, smooth-faced iniquity, crocodile of Nile, siren of the rocks ! Go, carry back the too gentle answer thou hast received ; only let me add with the poet :—

We are no fools, trollop, my master, nor me ;

And thy mistress may go—to the deuce with thee.

[*Exit.*

Jac. Am I awake !—I fancy not : a very idle dream this. Well : I'll go talk in my sleep to my lady about it ; and when I awake, we'll try what interpretation we can make on't.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open court near the house of DON ALVAREZ.*

Enter CAMILLO and ISABELLA.

Isab. How can you doubt my secrecy ? have you not proofs of it ?

Cam. Nay, I am determined to trust you ; but are we safe here ? can nobody overhear us ?

Isab. Safer much than in a room. Nobody can come within hearing before we see 'em.

Cam. And yet how hard 'tis for me to break silence !

Isab. Your secret sure must be of great importance.

Cam. You may be sure it is, when I confess 'tis with regret I own it e'en to you ; and, were it possible, you should not know it.

Isab. 'Tis frankly owned indeed ; but 'tis not kind, perhaps not prudent, after what you know I already am acquainted with. Have I not been bred up with you ? and am I ignorant of a secret which, were it known—

Cam. Would be my ruin ; I confess it would. I own you know why both my birth and sex are thus disguised ; you know how I was taken from my cradle to secure the estate which had else been lost by young Camillo's death ; but which is now safe in my supposed father's hands, by my passing for his son ; and 'tis because you know all this, I have resolved to open farther wonders to you. But before I say any more, you must resolve one doubt, which often gives me great disturbance ; whether Don Alvarez ever was him-

self privy to the mystery which has disguised my sex, and made me pass for his son ?

Isab. What you ask me is a thing has often perplexed my thoughts as well as yours, nor could my mother ever resolve the doubt. You know when that young child Camillo died, in whom was wrapped up so much expectation, from the great estate his uncle's will (even before he came into the world) had left him ; his mother made a secret of his death to her husband Alvarez, and readily fell in with a proposal made her to take you (who then was just Camillo's age) and bring you up in his room. You have heard how you were then at nurse with my mother, and how your own was privy and consenting to the plot ; but Don Alvarez was never let into it by 'em.

Cam. Don't you then think it probable his wife might after tell him ?

Isab. 'Twas ever thought nothing but a death-bed repentance could draw it from her to any one ; and that was prevented by the suddenness of her exit to t'other world, which did not give her even time to call Heaven's mercy on her. And yet, now I have said all this, I own the correspondence and friendship I observe he holds with your real mother gives me some suspicion, and the presents he often makes her (which people seldom do for nothing) confirm it. But, since this is all I can say to you on that point, pray let us come to the secret, which you have made me impatient to hear.

Cam. Know, then, that though Cupid is blind he is not to be deceived : I can hide my sex from the world, but not from him : his dart has found the way through the manly garb I wear, to pierce a virgin's tender heart.—I love——

Isab. How !

Cam. Nay, ben't surprised at that, I have other wonders for you.

Isab. Quick, let me hear 'em.

Cam. I love Lorenzo.

Isab. Lorenzo ! Most nicely hit ! The very man from whom your imposture keeps this vast estate ; and who, on the first knowledge of your being a woman, would enter into possession of it. This is indeed a wonder.

Cam. Then, wonder farther still, I am his wife.

Isab. Ha ! his wife !

Cam. His wife, Isabella ; and yet thou hast not all my wonders, I am his wife without his knowledge : he does not even know I am a woman.

Isab. Madam, your humble servant ; if you please to go on, I won't interrupt you, indeed I won't.

Cam. Then hear how these strange things have passed : Lorenzo, bound unregarded in my sister's chains, seemed in my eyes a conquest worth her care. Nor could I see him treated with contempt without growing warm in his interest : I blamed Leonora for not being touched with his merit ; I blamed her so long, till I grew

touched with it myself : and the reasons I urged to vanquish her heart insensibly made a conquest of my own. 'Twas thus, my friend, I fell. What was next to be done my passion pointed out ; my heart I felt was warmed to a noble enterprise, I gave it way, and boldly on it led me. Leonora's name and voice, in the dark shades of night, I borrowed, to engage the object of my wishes. I met him, Isabella, and so deceived him ; he cannot blame me sure, for much I blessed him. But to finish this strange story : in short, I owned I long had loved ; but, finding my father most averse to my desires, I at last had forced myself to this secret correspondence ; I urged the mischiefs would attend the knowledge on't, I urged 'em so, he thought 'em full of weight, So yielded to observe what rules I gave him. They were, to pass the day with cold indifference, To avoid even sign or looks of intimacy, But gather for the still, the secret night, A flood of love To recompense the losses of the day. I will not trouble you with lovers' cares, Nor what contrivances we formed to bring This toying to a solid bliss. Know only, when three nights we thus had passed, The fourth

It was agreed should make us one for ever ;
Each kept their promise, and last night has joined us.

Isab. Indeed your talents pass my poor extent ;
You serious ladies are well formed for business.
What wretched work a poor coquette had made on't !
But still there's that remains will try your skill ;
You have your man, but——

Cam. Lovers think no farther. The object of that passion possesses all desire. However, I have opened to you my wondrous situation, if you can advise me in my difficulties to come, you will. But see—my husband !

Enter DON LORENZO.

Don Lor. You look as if you were busy ; pray tell me if I interrupt you ; I'll retire.

Cam. No, no, you have a right to interrupt us, since you were the subject of our discourse.

Don Lor. Was I ?

Cam. You were ; nay, I'll tell you how you entertained us too.

Don Lor. Perhaps I had as good avoid hearing that.

Cam. You need not fear, it was not to your disadvantage ; I was commending you, and saying, if I had been a woman, I had been in danger ; nay, I think I said I should infallibly have been in love with you.

Don Lor. While such an if is in the way, you run no great risk

in declaring ; but you'd be finely caught now, should some wonderful transformation give me a claim to your heart.

Cam. Not sorry for't at all, for I ne'er expect to find a mistress please me half so well as you would do, if I were yours.

Don Lor. Since you are so well inclined to me in your wishes, sir, I suppose (as the fates have ordained it) you would have some pleasure in helping me to a mistress, since you can't be mine yourself.

Cam. Indeed I should not.

Don Lor. Then my obligation is but small to you.

Cam. Why, would you have a woman, that is in love with you herself, employ her interest to help you to another ?

Don Lor. No, but you being no woman might.

Cam. Sir, 'tis as a woman I say what I do, and I suppose myself a woman when I design all these favours to you. Therefore, out of that supposition, I have no other good intentions to you than you may expect from anyone that says, he's—sir, your humble servant.

Don Lor. So, unless heaven is pleased to work a miracle, and from a sturdy young fellow make you a kind-hearted young lady, I'm to get little by your good opinion of me.

Cam. Yes, there is one means yet left (on this side a miracle) that would perhaps engage me, if with an honest oath you could declare, were I woman, I might dispute your heart, even with the first of my pretending sex.

Don Lor. Then solemnly and honestly I swear, that had you been a woman, and I the master of the world, I think I should have laid it at your feet.

Cam. Then honestly and solemnly I swear henceforwards all your interest shall be mine.

Don Lor. I have a secret to impart to you will quickly try your friendship.

Cam. I have a secret to unfold to you will put you even to a fiery trial.

Don Lor. What do you mean, Camillo ?

Cam. I mean that I love where I never durst yet own it, yet where 'tis in your power to make me the happiest of—

Don Lor. Explain, Camillo ; and be assured, if your happiness is in my power, 'tis in your own.

Cam. Alas ! you promise me you know not what.

Don Lor. I promise nothing but what I will perform ; name the person.

Cam. 'Tis one who's very near to you.

Don Lor. If 'tis my sister, why all this pain in bringing forth the secret ?

Cam. Alas ! it is your—

Don Lor. Speak !

Cam. I cannot yet ; farewell !

Don Lor. Hold ! pray speak it now.

Cam. I must not ; but when you tell me your secret, you shall know mine.

Don Lor. Mine is not in my power, without the consent of another.

Cem. Get that consent, and then we'll try who best will keep their oaths.

Don Lor. I am content.

Cam. And I. Adieu !

Don Lor. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Enter LEONORA and JACINTA.

Leo. 'Tis enough : I will revenge myself this way, if it does but torment him. I shall be content to find no other pleasure in it.—Brother, you'll wonder at my change ; after all my ill usage of Lorenzo, I am determined to be his wife.

Cam. How, sister ! so sudden a turn ? This inequality of temper indeed is not commendable.

Leo. Your change, brother, is much more justly surprising ; you hitherto have pleaded for him strongly ; accused me of blindness, cruelty, and pride ; and now I yield to your reasons, and resolve in his favour, you blame my compliance, and appear against his interest.

Cam. I quit his service for what's dearer to me, yours. I have learned from sure intelligence, the attack he made on you was but a feint, and that his heart is in another's chain : I would not therefore see you so exposed, to offer up yourself to one who must refuse you.

Leo. If that be all, leave me my honour to take care of ; I am no stranger to his wishes ; he won't refuse me, brother, nor I hope will you, to tell him of my resolution : if you do, this moment with my own tongue (through all a virgin's blushes) I'll own to him I am determined in his favour.—You pause as if you'd let the task lie on me.

Cam. Neither on you nor me ; I have a reason you are yet a stranger to.

Know then there is a virgin young and tender,
Whose peace and happiness so much are mine,
I cannot see her miserable ;
She loves him with that torrent of desire,
That were the world resign'd her in his stead,
She'd still be wretched.
I will not pique you to a female strife,
By saying you have not charms to tear him from her ;
But I would move you to a female softness,
By telling you her death would wait your conquest.
What I have more to plead is as a brother,
I hope that gives me some small interest in you ;
Whate'er it is, you see how I'd employ it.

Leo. You ne'er could put it to a harder service. I beg a little time to think : pray leave me to myself awhile.

Cam. I shall ; I only ask that you would think. And then you won't refuse me. *[Exeunt CAMILLO and ISABELLA.*

Jac. Indeed, madam, I'm of your brother's mind, though for another cause ; but sure 'tis worth thinking twice on for your own sake. You are too violent.

Leo. A slighted woman knows no bounds. Vengeance is all the cordial she can have, so snatches at the nearest. Ungrateful wretch ! to use me with such insolence.

Jac. You see me as much enraged at it as you are yourself, yet my brain is roving after the cause, for something there must be ; never letter was received by man with more passion and transport ; I was almost as charming a goddess as yourself, only for bringing it ! Yet when in a moment after I came with a message worth a dozen on't, never was witch so handled ; something must have passed between one and t'other, that's sure.

Leo. Nothing could pass worth my inquiring after, since nothing could happen that can excuse his usage of me ; he had a letter under my hand which owned him master of my heart ; and till I contradicted it with my mouth he ought not to doubt the truth on't.

Jac. Nay, I confess, madam, I han't a word to say for him, I'm afraid he's but a rogue at bottom, as well as my Shameless that attends him ; we are bit, by my troth, and haply well enough served, for listening to the glib tongues of the rascals. But be comforted, madam ; they'll fall into the hands of some foul sluts or other, before they die, that will set our account even with 'em.

Leo. Well, let him laugh ; let him glory in what he has done : he shall see I have a spirit can use him as I ought.

Jac. And let one thing be your comfort by the way, madam, that in spite of all your dear affections to him, you have had the grace to keep him at arm's end.

Leo. In short, my very soul is fired with his treatment ; and if ever that perfidious monster should relent, though he should crawl like a poor worm beneath my feet, nay, plunge a dagger in his heart, to bleed for pardon ; I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy life, thou do not urge a look to melt me toward him, but strongly buoy me up in brave resentment ; and if thou seest (which Heavens avert !) a glance of weakness in me, rouse to my memory the vile wrongs I've borne, and blazon them with skill in all their glaring colours.

Jac. Madam, never doubt me ; I'm charged to the mouth with iury, and if ever I meet that fat traitor of mine, such a volley will I pour about his ears !—Now Heaven prevent all hasty vows ; but in the humour I am, methinks I'd carry my maidenhood to my cold grave with me, before I'd let it simper at the rascal. But soft ! here comes your father.

Enter DON ALVAREZ.

Don Alv. Leonora, I'd have you retire a little, and send your brother's tutor to me, Metaphrastus.—*[Exeunt LEONORA and*

JACINTA.] I'll try if I can discover, by his tutor, what 'tis that seems so much to work his brain of late ; for something more than common there plainly does appear, yet nothing sure that can disturb his soul, like what I have to torture mine on his account. Sure nothing in this world is worth a troubled mind ! What racks has avarice stretched me on ! I wanted nothing : kind Heaven had given me a plenteous lot, and seated me in great abundance. Why then approve I of this imposture ? What have I gained by it ? Wealth and misery. I have bartered peaceful days for restless nights ; a wretched bargain ! and he that merchandises thus must be undone at last.

Enter METAPHRASTUS.

Metaph. Mandatum tuum curo diligenter.

Don Alv. Master, I had a mind to ask you——

Metaph. The title, master, comes from *magis* and *ter*, which is as much as to say, *thrice worthy*.

Don Alv. I never heard so much before, but it may be true for aught I know. But, master——

Metaph. Go on——

Don Alv. Why so I will if you'll let me, but don't interrupt me then.

Metaph. Enough, proceed.

Don Alv. Why then, master, for the third time, my son Camillo gives me much uneasiness of late ; you know I love him, and have many careful thoughts about him.

Metaph. 'Tis true. *Filio non potest præferri, nisi filius.*

Don Alv. Master, when one has business to talk on, these scholastic expressions are not of use ; I believe you a great Latinist ; possibly you may understand Greek ; those who recommended you to me, said so, and I am willing it should be true ; but the thing I want to discourse you about at present, does not properly give you an occasion to display your learning. Besides, to tell you truth, 'twill at all times be lost upon me ; my father was a wise man, but he taught me nothing beyond common sense. I know but one tongue in the world, which luckily being understood by you as well as me, I fancy whatever thoughts we have to communicate to one another, may reasonably be conveyed in that, without having recourse to the language of Julius Cæsar.

Metaph. You are wrong, but may proceed.

Don Alv. I thank you. What is the matter I do not know ; but though it is of the utmost consequence to me to marry my son, what match soever I propose to him, he still finds some pretence or other to decline it.

Metaph. He is, perhaps, of the humour of a brother of Marcus Tullius, who——

Don Alv. Dear master, leave the Greeks and the Latins, and the Scotch and the Welsh, and let me go on in my business ; what have those people to do with my son's marriage ?

Metaph. Again you are wrong, but go on.

Don Alv. I say then, that I have strong apprehensions, from his refusing all my proposals, that he may have some secret inclination of his own ; and to confirm me in this fear, I yesterday observed him (without his knowing it) in a corner of the grove where nobody comes——

Metaph. A place out of the way, you would say ; a place of retreat.

Don Alv. Why, the corner of the grove, where nobody comes, is a place of retreat, is it not ?

Metaph. In Latin, *secessus*.

Don Alv. Ha !

Metaph. As Virgil has it, *Est in secessu locus*.

Don Alv. How could Virgil have it, when I tell you no soul was there but he and I ?

Metaph. Virgil is a famous author ; I quote his saying as a phrase more proper to the occasion than that you use, and not as one who was in the wood with you.

Don Alv. And I tell you, I hope to be as famous as any Virgil of 'em all, when I have been dead as long, and have no need of a better phrase than my own to tell you my meaning.

Metaph. You ought however to make choice of the words most used by the best authors. *Tu vivendo bonos*, as they say, *scribendo sequare peritos*.

Don Alv. Again !

Metaph. 'Tis Quintilian's own precept.

Don Alv. Oons !

Metaph. And he has something very learned upon it, that may be of service to you to hear.

Don Alv. You beast, will you hear me speak ?

Metaph. What may be the occasion of this unmanly passion ? What is it you would have with me ?

Don Alv. What you might have known an hour ago, if you had pleased.

Metaph. You would then have me hold my peace—I shall.

Don Alv. You will do very well.

Metaph. You see I do ; well, go on.

Don Alv. Why, then, to begin once again, I say my son Camillo——

Metaph. Proceed ; I shan't interrupt you.

Don Alv. I say, my son Camillo——

Metaph. What is it you say of your son Camillo ?

Don Alv. That he has got a dog of a tutor, whose brains I'll beat out if he won't hear me speak.

Metaph. That dog is a philosopher, contemns passion, and yet will hear you.

Don Alv. I don't believe a word on't, but I'll try once again. I have a mind to know from you, whether you have observed anything in my son——

Metaph. Nothing that is like his father. Go on.

Don Alv. Have a care !

Metaph. I do not interrupt you ; but you are long in coming to a conclusion.

Don Alv. Why, thou hast not let me begin yet !

Metaph. And yet it is high time to have made an end.

Don Alv. Dost thou know thy danger ? I have not—thus much patience left.

[*Showing the end of his finger.*]

Metaph. Mine is already consumed. I do not use to be thus treated ; my profession is to teach, and not to hear, yet I have hearkened like a schoolboy, and am not heard, although a master.

Don Alv. Get out of the room !

Metaph. I will not. If the mouth of a wise man be shut, he is, as it were, a fool ; for who shall know his understanding ? Therefore a certain philosopher said well, speak, that thou mayst be known ; great talkers, without knowledge, are as the winds that whistle ; but they who have learning should speak aloud. If this be not permitted, we may expect to see the whole order of nature o'erthrown ; hens devour foxes, and lambs destroy wolves, nurses suck children, and children give suck ; generals mend stockings, and chambermaids take towns ; we may expect, I say——

Don Alv. That, and that, and that, and——

[*Strikes him and kicks him.*]

Metaph. *O tempora ! O mores !*

[*Exit DON ALVAREZ, following him with a bell at his ear.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street before the House of DON ALVAREZ.*

Enter LOPEZ.

Lop. Sometimes Fortune seconds a bold design, and when folly has brought us into a trap, impudence brings us out on't. I have been caught by this hot-headed lover here, and have told like a puppy what I shall be beaten for like a dog. Come ! courage, my dear Lopez ; fire will fetch out fire. Thou hast told one body thy master's secret, e'n tell it to half-a-dozen more, and try how that will thrive ; go tell it to the two old Dons, the lovers' fathers. The thing's done, and can't be retrieved ; perhaps they'll lay their two ancient heads together, club a pennyworth of wisdom a-piece, and with great penetration at last find out that 'tis best to submit where 'tis not in their power to do otherwise. This being resolved, there's no time to be lost.

[*Knocks at DON ALVAREZ'S door.*]

Don Alv. [*within.*] Who knocks ?

Lop. Lopez.

Don Alv. [*looking out.*] What dost want ?

Lop. To bid you good-morrow, sir.

Don Alv. Well, good-morrow to thee again.

[*Retires.*]

Lop. What a—I think he does not care for my company.

[*Knocks again.*]

Don Alv. [within.] Who knocks?

Lop. Lopez.

Don Alv. [looking out.] What wouldst have?

Lop. My old master, sir, gives his service to you, and desires to know how you do?

Don Alv. How I do! why, well; how should I do? Service to him again. [Retires.]

Lop. Sir!

Don Alv. [returning.] What the deuce wouldst thou have with me, with thy good-morrows and thy services?

Lop. [aside.] This man does not understand good breeding, I find.—[Aloud.] Why, sir, my master has some very earnest business with you.

Don Alv. Business! about what? What business can he have with me?

Lop. I don't know, truly; but 'tis some very important matter. He has just now (as I hear) discovered some great secret, which he must needs talk with you about.

Don Alv. Ha! a secret, sayest thou?

Lop. Yes; and bid me bring him word if you were at home, he'd be with you presently. Sir, your humble servant. [Exit.]

Enter DON ALVAREZ, from the house.

Don Alv. A secret; and must speak with me about it! Heavens, how I tremble! What can this message mean? I have very little acquaintance with him, what business can he have with me? An important secret 'twas, he said, and that he had just discovered it. Alas! I have in the world but one, if it be that—I'm lost; an eternal blot must fix upon me. How unfortunate am I, that I have not followed the honest counsels of my heart, which have often urged me to set my conscience at ease, by rendering to him the estate that is his due, and which by a foul imposture I keep from him! But 'tis now too late; my villany is out, and I shall not only be forced with shame to restore him what is his, but shall be perhaps condemned to make him reparation with my own. O terrible view!

Enter DON FELIX.

Don Fel. [aside.] My son to go and marry her without her father's knowledge! This can never end well. I don't know what to do, he'll conclude I was privy to it, and his power and interest are so great at Court, he may with ease contrive my ruin. I tremble at his sending to speak with me.—Mercy on me, there he is!

Don Alv. [aside.] Ah! shield me, kind Heaven! there's Don Felix come. How I am struck with the sight of him! Oh, the torment of a guilty mind!

Don Fel. What shall I say to soften him?

Don Alv. How shall I look him in the face?

Don Fel. 'Tis impossible he can forgive it,

[Aside.]

[Aside.]

[Aside.]

Don Alv. To be sure he'll expose me to the whole world. [*Aside.*

Don Fel. I see his countenance change. [*Aside.*

Don Alv. With what contempt he looks upon me. [*Aside.*

Don Fel. I see, Don Alvarez, by the disorder of your face you are but too well informed of what brings me here.

Don Alv. 'Tis true.

Don Fel. The news may well surprise you, 'tis what I have been far from apprehending.

Don Alv. Wrong, very wrong indeed.

Don Fel. The action is certainly to the last point to be condemned, and I think nobody should pretend to excuse the guilty.

Don Alv. They are not to be excused, though Heaven may have mercy.

Don Fel. That's what I hope you will consider.

Don Alv. We should act as Christians.

Don Fel. Most certainly.

Don Alv. Let mercy then prevail.

Don Fel. It is indeed of heavenly birth.

Don Alv. Generous Don Felix!

Don Fel. Too indulgent Alvarez!

Don Alv. I thank you on my knee.

Don Fel. 'Tis I ought to have been there first. [*They kneel.*

Don Alv. Is it then possible we are friends?

Don Fel. Embrace me to confirm it. [*They embrace.*

Don Alv. Thou best of men!

Don Fel. Unlooked-for bounty!

Don Alv. [*rising.*] Did you know the torment this unhappy action has given me—

Don Fel. 'Tis impossible it could do otherwise; nor has my trouble been less.

Don Alv. But let my misfortune be kept secret.

Don Fel. Most willingly; my advantage is sufficient by it, without the vanity of making it public to the world.

Don Alv. [*aside.*] Incomparable goodness! That I should thus have wronged a man so worthy.—[*Aloud.*] My honour is then safe?

Don Fel. For ever, even for ever let it be a secret, I am content.

Don Alv. [*aside.*] Noble gentleman!—[*Aloud.*] As to what advantages ought to accrue to you by it, it shall be all to your entire satisfaction.

Don Fel. [*aside.*] Wonderful bounty!—[*Aloud.*] As to that, Don Alvarez, I leave it entirely to you, and shall be content with whatever you think reasonable.

Don Alv. I thank you, from my soul I must, you know I must.—[*Aside.*] This must be an angel, not a man.

Don Fel. The thanks lie on my side, Alvarez, for this unexpected generosity; but may all faults be forgot, and Heaven ever prosper you.

Don Alv. The same prayer I, with a double fervour, offer up for you.

Don Fel. Let us then once more embrace, and be forgiveness sealed for ever.

Don Alv. Agreed; thou best of men, agreed. [They embrace.]

Don Fel. This thing, then, being thus happily terminated, let me own to you, Don Alvarez, I was in extreme apprehensions of your utmost resentment on this occasion; for I could not doubt but you had formed more happy views in the disposal of so fair a daughter as Leonora, than my poor son's inferior fortune e'er can answer; but since they are joined, and that —

Don Alv. Ha!

Don Fel. Nay, 'tis very likely to discourse of it may not be very pleasing to you, though your christianity and natural goodness have prevailed on you so generously to forgive it. But to do justice to Leonora, and screen her from your too harsh opinion in this unlucky action, 'twas that cunning, wicked creature that attends her, who by unusual arts wrought her to this breach of duty, for her own inclinations were disposed to all the modesty and resignation a father could ask from a daughter; my son I can't excuse, but since your bounty does so, I hope you'll quite forget the fault of the less guilty Leonora.

Don Alv. [aside.] What a mistake have I lain under here! and from a groundless apprehension of one misfortune, find myself in the certainty of another.

Don Fel. He looks disturbed; what can this mean? [Aside.]

Don Alv. [aside.] My daughter married to his son!—Confusion! But I find myself in such unruly agitation, something wrong may happen if I continue with him, I'll therefore leave him.

Don Fel. You seem thoughtful, sir; I hope there's no—

Don Alv. A sudden disorder I am seized with; you'll pardon me, I must retire. [Exit.]

Don Fel. I don't like this:—he went oddly off. I doubt he finds this bounty difficult to go through with. His natural resentment is making an attack upon his acquired generosity; pray Heaven it ben't too strong for't. The misfortune is a great one, and can't but touch him nearly. It was not natural to be so calm; I wish it don't yet drive him to my ruin. But here comes this young hot-brained coxcomb, who with his midnight amours has been the cause of all this mischief to me.

Enter DON LORENZO.

So, sir, are you come to receive my thanks for your noble exploit? You think you have done bravely now, ungracious offspring, to bring perpetual troubles on me! Must there never pass a-day, but I must drink some bitter potion or other of your preparation for me?

Don Lor. I am amazed, sir; pray what have I done to deserve your anger?

Don Fel. Nothing, no manner of thing in the world; nor never do. I am an old testy fellow, and am always scolding, and finding fault for nothing; complaining that I have got a coxcomb of a son

that makes me weary of my life, fancying he perverts the order of nature, turning day into night, and night into day ; getting whims in my brain, that he consumes his life in idleness, unless he rouses now and then to do some noble stroke of mischief ; and having an impertinent dream at this time, that he has been making the fortune of the family, by an underhand marriage with the daughter of a man who will crush us all to powder for it. Ah—ungracious wretch, to bring an old man into all this trouble ! The pain thou gavest thy mother to bring thee into the world, and the plague thou hast given me to keep thee here, make the getting thee a bitter remembrance to us both. *[Exit.*

Don Lor. So, all's out !—Here's a noble storm arising, and I'm at sea in a cock-boat ! But which way could this business reach him ? by this traitor Lopez—it must be so ; it could be no other way ; for only he, and the priest that married us, know of it. The villain will never confess though : I must try a little address with him, and conceal my anger.—Oh ! here he comes.

Re-enter LOPEZ.

Lopez !

Lop. Do you call, sir ?

Don Lor. I find all's discovered to my father ; the secret's out ; he knows my marriage.

Lop. He knows your marriage !—How the pest should that happen ? Sir, 'tis impossible !—that's all.

Don Lor. I tell thee 'tis true ; he knows every particular of it.

Lop. He does !—Why then, sir, all I can say is, that Satan and he are better acquainted than the devil and a good Christian ought to be.

Don Lor. Which way he has discovered it I can't tell, nor am I much concerned to know, since, beyond all my expectations, I find him perfectly easy at it, and ready to excuse my fault with better reasons than I can find to do it myself.

Lop. Say you so ?—I'm very glad to hear that ; then all's safe.

[Aside.

Don Lor. 'Tis unexpected good fortune ; but it could never proceed purely from his own temper ; there must have been pains taken with him to bring him to this calm. I'm sure I owe much to the bounty of some friend or other ; I wish I knew where my obligation lay, that I might acknowledge it as I ought.

Lop. [aside.] Are you thereabouts, i'faith ? Then sharp's the word ; egad I'll own the thing, and receive his bounty for't.—*[Aloud.]* Why, sir—not that I pretend to make a merit o' the matter, for, alas ! I am but your poor hireling, and therefore bound in duty to render you all the service I can ;—but—'tis I have done't.

Don Lor. What hast thou done ?

Lop. What no man else could have done—the job, sir ; told him the secret, and then talked him into a liking on't.

Don Lor. 'Tis impossible : thou dost not tell me true.

Lop. Sir, I scorn to reap anything from another man's labours ; but if this poor piece of service carries any merit with it, you now know where to reward it.

Don Lor. Thou art not serious ?

Lop. I am, or my hanger be my messmate !

Don Lor. And may famine be mine, if I don't reward thee for't as thou deservest ! Dead !

[*Making a pass at him.*]

Lop. Have a care there ! — [*Leaping on one side.*] What do you mean, sir ? I bar all surprise.

Don Lor. Traitor ! is this the fruit of the trust I placed in thee, villain !

[*Making another thrust at him.*]

Lop. Take heed, sir ! you'll do one a mischief before y'are aware.

Don Lor. What recompense canst thou make me, wretch, for this piece of treachery ? Thy sordid blood can't expiate the thousandth ! — But I'll have it, however.

[*Thrusts again.*]

Lop. Look you there again ! Pray, sir, be quiet ; is the devil in you ? 'Tis bad jesting with edged tools. Egad, that last push was within an inch o' me ! I don't know what you make all this bustle about ; but I'm sure I've done all for the best, and I believe 'twill prove for the best too at last, if you'll have but a little patience. But if gentlemen will be in their airs in a moment — Why, what the deuce — I'm sure I have been as eloquent as Cicero in your behalf ! and I don't doubt, to good purpose too, if you'll give things time to work. But nothing but foul language, and naked swords about the house ! — Sa, sa ! run you through, you dog ! Why nobody can do business at this rate.

Don Lor. And suppose your project fail, and I'm ruined by't, sir !

Lop. Why, 'twill be time enough to kill me then, sir ; won't it ? What should you do it for now ? Besides, I an't ready, I'm not prepared ; I might be undone by't.

Don Lor. But what will Leonora say to her marriage being known, wretch ?

Lop. Why maybe she'll draw — her sword too. — [*Showing his tongue.*] But all shall be well with you both, if you will but let me alone.

Don Lor. Peace ! here's her father.

Lop. That's well : we shall see how things go presently.

Re-enter DON ALVAREZ.

Don Alv. [*aside.*] The more I recover from the disorder this discourse has put me in, the more strange the whole adventure appears to me. Leonora maintains there is not a word of truth in what I have heard ; that she knows nothing of marriage ; and, indeed, she tells me this with such a naked air of sincerity, that, for my part, I believe her. What then must be their project ? Some villanous intention, to be sure ; though which way I yet am ignorant. — But here's the bridegroom ; I'll accost him. — [*Aloud.*] I am told,

sir, you take upon you to scandalize my daughter, and tell idle tales of what can never happen.

Lop. Now methinks, sir, if you treated your son-in-law with a little more civility, things might go just as well in the main.

Don Alv. What means this insolent fellow by my son-in-law? I suppose 'tis you, villain, are the author of this impudent story.

Lop. You seem angry, sir ;—perhaps without cause.

Don Alv. Cause, traitor ! Is a cause wanting where a daughter's defamed, and a noble family scandalized ?

Lop. There he is, let him answer you.

Don Alv. I should be glad he'd answer me : why, if he had any desires to my daughter, he did not make his approaches like a man of honour.

Lop. Yes ; and so have had the doors bolted against him, like a house-breaker. *[Aside.*

Don Lor. Sir, to justify my proceeding, I have little to say ; but to excuse it, I have much, if any allowance may be made to a passion which, in your youth, you have yourself been swayed by. I love your daughter to that excess——

Don Alv. You would undo her for a night's lodging.

Don Lor. Undo her, sir !

Don Alv. Yes, that's the word. You knew it was against her interest to marry you, therefore you endeavoured to win her to't in private ; you knew her friends would make a better bargain for her, therefore you kept your designs from their knowledge, and yet you love her to that excess——

Don Lor. I'd readily lay down my life to serve her.

Don Alv. Could you readily lay down fifty thousand pistoles to serve her, your excessive love would come with better credentials : an offer of life is very proper for the attack of a counterscarp, but a thousand ducats will sooner carry a lady's heart. You are a young man, but will learn this when you are older.

Lop. But since things have succeeded better this once, sir, and that my master will prove a most incomparable good husband (for that he'll do, I'll answer for him), and that 'tis too late to recall what's already done, sir——

Don Alv. What's done, villain ?

Lop. Sir, I mean—that since my master and my lady are married, and——

Don Alv. Thou liest ! they are not married.

Lop. Sir, I say—that since they are married, and that they love each other so passing dearly—indeed, I fancy—that——

Don Alv. Why, this impudence is beyond all bearing ! Sir, do you put your rascal upon this ?

Don Lor. Sir, I am in a wood ! I don't know what it is you mean.

Don Alv. And I am in a plain, sir, and think I may be under-
Do you pretend you are married to my daughter ?

Don Lor. Sir, 'tis my happiness on one side, as it is my misfortune on another.

Don Alv. And you do think this idle project can succeed? You do believe your affirming you are married to her will induce both her and me to consent it shall be so?

Lop. Sir, I see you make my master almost out of his wits to hear you talk so; but I, who am but a stander-by now, as I was at the wedding, have mine about me, and desire to know, whether you think this project can succeed? Do you believe your affirming they are not married, will induce both him and I to give up the lady? One short question to bring this matter to an issue,—why do you think they are not married?

Don Alv. Because she utterly renounces it.

Lop. And so she will her religion, if you attack it with that dreadful face. D'ye hear, sir? the poor lady is in love heartily, and I wish all poor ladies that are so, would dispose of themselves so well as she has done; but you scare her out of her senses. Bring her here into the room, speak gently to her, tell her you know the thing is done, that you have it from a man of honour,—me: that maybe you wish it had been otherwise, but are a Christian, and profess mercy, and therefore have resolved to pardon her. Say this, and I shall appear a man of reputation, and have satisfaction made me.

Don Alv. Or an impudent rogue, and have all your bones broke.

Lop. Content!

Don Alv. Agreed!—Leonora!—Who's there? call Leonora.

Lop. All will go rarely, sir; we shall have shot the gulf in a moment.
[*Aside to LORENZO.*]

Enter LEONORA.

Don Alv. Come hither, Leonora.

Lop. So, now we shall see.

Don Alv. I called you to answer for yourself: here's a strong claim upon you; if there be anything in the pretended title, conceal it no farther, it must be known at last, it may as well be so now. Nothing is so uneasy as uncertainty, I would therefore be gladly freed from it. If you have done what I am told you have, 'tis a great fault indeed; but as I fear 'twill carry much of its punishment along with it, I shall rather reduce my resentment into mourning your misfortune, than suffer it to add to your affliction; therefore speak the truth.

Lop. Well, this is fair play; now I speak, sir.—You see, fair lady, the goodness of a tender father, nothing need therefore hinder you from owning a most loving husband. We had like to have been all together by the ears about this business, and pails of blood were ready to run about the house; but, thank Heaven, the sun shines out again, and one word from your sweet mouth makes fair weather for ever. My master has been forced to own your marriage, he begs you'll do so too.

Leo. What does this impudent rascal mean?

Lop. Ha!—madam!

Leo. [*To DON LORENZO*]. Sir, I should be very glad to know what can have been the occasion of this wild report; sure you cannot be yourself a party in it!

Lop. He, he——

Don Lor. Forgive me, dear Leonora, I know you had strong reasons for the secret being longer kept; but 'tis not my fault our marriage is disclosed.

Leo. Our marriage, sir!——

Don Lor. 'Tis known, my dear, though much against my will; but since it is so, 'twould be in vain for us to deny it longer.

Leo. Then, sir, I am your wife? I fell in love with you, and married you without my father's knowledge?

Don Lor. I dare not be so vain to think 'twas love; I humbly am content to owe the blessing to your generosity: You saw the pains I suffer'd for your sake, And in compassion eased 'em.

Leo. I did, sir!
Sure this exceeds all human impudence!

Lop. Truly, I think it does. She'd make an incomparable actress. [*Aside.*

Don Lor. I begin to be surprised, madam, at your carrying this thing so far; you see there's no occasion for it; and for the discovery, I have already told you 'twas not my fault.

Lop. My master's! no, 'twas I did it. Why, what a bustle's here! I knew things would go well, and so they do, if folks would let 'em. But if ladies will be in their merriments, when gentlemen are upon serious business, why what a deuce can one say to 'em!

Leo. I see this fellow is to be an evidence in your plot. Where you hope to drive, it is hard to guess; for if anything can exceed its impudence, it is its folly. A noble stratagem indeed to win a lady by! I could be diverted with it, but that I see a face of villany requires a rougher treatment: I could almost, methinks, forget my sex, and be my own avenger.

Don Lor. Madam, I am surprised beyond all——

Lop. Pray, sir, let me come to her; you are so surprised you'll make nothing on't: she wants a little snubbing.—Look you, madam, I have seen many a pleasant humour amongst ladies, but you out-cut 'em all. Here's contradiction with a vengeance! You han't been married eight-and-forty hours, and you are slap—at your husband's beard already. Why, do you consider who he is?—who this gentleman is?—and what he can do—by law? Why, he can lock you up—knock you down—tie you neck and heels——

Don Lor. Forbear, you insolent villain, you!

[*Offering to strike him.*

Leo. That—for what's past however.

[*Giving him a box on the ear.*

Lop. I think—she gave me a box o' th' ear; ha!—[*Exit.*

LEONORA.] Sir, will you suffer your old servants to be used thus by new comers? It's a shame, a mere shame. Sir, will you take a poor dog's advice for once? She denies she's married to you : take her at her word ; you have seen some of her humours—let her go.

Don Alv. Well, gentlemen, thus far you see I have heard all with patience ; have you content? or how much farther do you design to go with this business?

Lop. Why truly, sir, I think we are near at a stand.

Don Alv. 'Tis time, you villain you !

Lop. Why, and I am a villain now, if every word I've spoke be not as true as—as the Gazette : and your daughter's no better than a—a—a whimsical young woman, for making disputes among gentlemen. And if everybody had their deserts, she'd have a good—I won't speak it out to inflame reckonings ; but let her go, master.

Don Alv. Sir, I don't think it well to spend any more words with your impudent and villanous servant here.

Lop. Thank you, sir ; but I'd let her go.

Don Alv. Nor have I more to say to you than this, that you must not think so daring an affront to my family can go long unresented. Farewell !

[*Exit.*

Don Lor. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself now?

Lop. Why, sir, I have only to say, that I am a very unfortunate—middle-aged man ; and that I believe all the stars upon heaven and earth have been concerned in my destiny. Children now unborn will hereafter sing my downfall in mournful lines, and notes of doleful tune : I am at present troubled in mind, despair around me, signified in appearing gibbets, with a great bundle of dog-whips by way of preparation.

I therefore will go seek some mountain high,
If high enough some mountain may be found,
With distant valley, dreadfully profound,
And from the horrid cliff—look calmly all around.
Farewell !

Don Lor. No, sirrah, I'll see your wretched end myself. Die here, villain !

[*Drawing his sword.*

Lop. I can't, sir, if anybody looks upon me.

Don Lor. Away, you trifling wretch ! but think not to escape, for thou shalt have thy recompense.

[*Exit.*

Lop. Why, what a mischievous jade is this, to make such an uproar in a family the first day of her marriage ! Why, my master won't so much as get a honeymoon out of her ! Egad, I'd let her go. If she be thus in her soft and tender youth, she'll be rare company at threescore. Well, he may do as he pleases ; but were she my dear, I'd let her go—such a foot at her tail, I'd make the truth bounce out at her mouth like a pellet out a pot-gun. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter CAMILLO and ISABELLA.

Isab. 'Tis an unlucky accident indeed !

Cam. Ah, Isabella, fate has now determined my undoing ! This thing can ne'er end here ; Leonora and Lorenzo must soon come to some explanation ; the dispute is too monstrous to pass over without further inquiry, which must discover all, and what will be the consequence I tremble at. For whether Don Alvarez knows of the imposture, or whether he is deceived with the rest of the world, when once it breaks out, and that the consequence is the loss of that great wealth he now enjoys by it, what must become of me ? All paternal affections then must cease, and regarding me as an unhappy instrument in the trouble which will then o'erload him, he will return me to my humble birth, and then I'm lost for ever. For what, alas ! will the deceived Lorenzo say ? A wife, with neither fortune, birth, nor beauty, instead of one most plenteously endowed with all. O Heavens ! what a sea of misery I have before me !

Isab. Indeed you reason right, but these reflections are ill-timed : why did you not employ them sooner ?

Cam. Because I loved.

Isab. And don't you do so now ?

Cam. I do, and therefore 'tis I make these cruel just reflections.

Isab. So that love, I find, can do anything.

Cam. Indeed it can. Its powers are wondrous great, its pains no tongue can tell, its bliss no heart conceive ; crowns cannot recompense its torments, heaven scarce supplies its joys. My stake is of this value. Oh, counsel me how I shall save it !

Isab. Alas ! that counsel's much beyond my wisdom's force, I see no way to help you.

Cam. And yet 'tis sure there's one.

Isab. What ?

Cam. Death.

Isab. There possibly may be another ; I have a thought this moment—perhaps there's nothing in it ; yet a small passage comes to my remembrance, that I regarded little when it happened—I'll go and search for one may be of service. But hold ; I see Don Carlos. He'll but disturb us now, let us avoid him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHE.

Don Car. Repulsed again ! this is not to be borne. What though this villain's story be a falsehood, was I to blame to hearken to it ? This usage cannot be supported : how was it she treated thee ?

San. Never was ambassador worse received. Madam, my master asks ten thousand pardons, and humbly begs one moment's

interview :—Begone, you rascal you ! Madam, what answer shall I give my master ?—Tell him he's a villain. Indeed, fair lady, I think this is hasty treatment.—Here, my footmen ! toss me this fellow out at the window ;—and away she went to her devotions.

Don Car. Did you see Jacinta ?

San. Yes ; she saluted me with half-a-score rogues and rascals too. I think our destinies are much alike, sir : and, o' my conscience, a couple of scurvy jades we are hampered with.

Don Car. Ungrateful woman ! to receive with such contempt so quick a return of a heart so justly alarmed.

San. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Don Car. What, no allowance to be made to the first transports of a lover's fury, when roused by so dreadful an appearance ! As just as my suspicions were, have I long suffered 'em to arraign her ?

San. No.

Don Car. Have I waited for oaths or imprecations to clear her ?

San. No.

Don Car. Nay, even now is not the whole world still in suspense about her ? whilst I alone conclude her innocent.

San. 'Tis very true.

Don Car. She might, methinks, through this profound respect,
Observe a flame another would have cherish'd ;
She might support me against groundless fears,
And save me from a rival's tyranny ;
She might release me from these cruel racks,
And would, no doubt, if she could love as I do.

San. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Don Car. But since she don't, what do I whining here ?
Curse on the base humilities of love !

San. Right.

Don Car. Let children kiss the rod that flays 'em,
Let dogs lie down, and lick the shoe that spurns 'em.

San. Ay.

Don Car. I am a man by nature meant for power ;
The sceptre's given us to wield, and we
Betray our trust whenever
We meanly lay it at a woman's feet.

San. True, we are men, boo !—Come, master, let us both be in a passion ; here's my sceptre—[*showing a cudgel.*] Subject Jacinta, look about you. Sir, was you ever in Muscovy ? the women there love the men dearly. Why ? because—[*shaking his stick*—there's your love-powder for you. Ah, sir, were we but wise and stout, what work should we make with them ! But this humble love-making spoils 'em all. A rare way indeed to bring matters about with 'em ! We are like to succeed truly !

Don Car. For my part, I never yet could bear a slight from anything, nor will I now. There's but one way, however, to resent it from a woman, and that's to drive her bravely from your heart, and place a worthier in her vacant throne.

San. Now, with submission to my betters, I have another way, sir; I'll drive my tyrant from my heart, and place myself in her throne. Yes, I will be lord of my own tenement, and keep my household in order. Would you would do so too, master! For, look you, I have been servitor in a college at Salamanca, and read philosophy with the doctors; where I found that a woman, in all times, has been observed to be an animal hard to understand, and much inclined to mischief. Now, as an animal is always an animal, and a captain always a captain, so a woman is always a woman: whence it is that a certain Greek says, her head is like a bank of sand; or, as another, a solid rock; or, according to a third, a dark lantern. Pray, sir, observe, for this is close reasoning; and so as the head is the head of the body; and that the body without a head, is like a head without a tail; and that where there is neither head nor tail, 'tis a very strange body: so I say a woman is by comparison, do you see, (for nothing explains things like comparisons), I say by comparison, as Aristotle has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging sea. For as the sea, when the wind rises, knits its brows like an angry bull, and that waves mount upon rocks, and rocks mount upon waves; that porpoises leap like trouts, and whales skip about like gudgeons; that ships roll like beer-barrels, and mariners pray like saints; just so, I say, a woman—A woman, I say, just so, when her reason is shipwrecked upon her passion, and the hulk of her understanding lies thumping against the rock of her fury; then it is, I say, that by certain immotions, which—um—cause, as one may suppose, a sort of convulsive—yes—hurricanious—um—like—in short, a woman is like the devil.

Don Car. Admirably reasoned indeed, Sancho!

San. Pretty well, I thank Heaven.—But here come the crocodiles to weep us into mercy.

Enter LEONORA and JACINTA.

Master, let us show ourselves men, and leave their briny tears to wash their dirty faces.

Don Car. It is not in the power of charms to move me.

San. Nor me, I hope; and yet I fear those eyes will look out sharp to snatch up such a prize. *[Pointing to JACINTA.]*

Jac. He's coming to us, madam, to beg pardon; but sure you'll never grant it him!

Leo. If I do, may Heaven never grant me mine.

Jac. That's brave.

Don Car. You look, madam, upon me as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual importunities; I'll ease you of that pain, by telling you, my business now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with heaven and hell for seconds; for may the joys of one fly from me, whilst the pains of t'other overtake me, if all your charms displayed e'er shake my resolution; I'll never see you more.

San. Bon !

Leo. You are a man of that nice honour, sir, I know you'll keep your word : I expected this assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for't.

Jac. Very well !

Don Car. You did, imperious dame, you did ! How base is woman's pride ! How wretched are the ingredients it is formed of ! If you saw cause for just disdain, why did you not at first repulse me ? Why lead a slave in chains that could not grace your triumphs ? If I am thus to be contemned, think on the favours you have done the wretch, and hide your face for ever.

San. Well argued.

Leo. I own you have hit the only fault the world can charge me with : the favours I have done to you I am indeed ashamed of ; but, since women have their frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Don Car. 'Tis well, extremely well, madam. I'm happy, however, you at last speak frankly. I thank you for it, from my soul I thank you ; but don't expect me grovelling at your feet again ; don't, for if I do——

Leo. You will be treated as you deserve ; trod upon.

Don Car. Give me patience !—But I don't want it ; I am calm. Madam, farewell ; be happy if you can ; by Heavens I wish you so, but never spread your net for me again ; for if you do——

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Don Car. Rather run headlong into fire and flames ;
Rather be torn with pincers bit from bit ;
Rather be broiled like martyrs upon gridirons !—
But I am wrong ; this sounds like passion, and Heaven can tell I am not angry. Madam, I think we have no farther business together : your most humble servant.

Leo. Farewell t'ye, sir.

Don Car. [*to* SANCHE.] Come along.—[*Goes to the scene and returns.*] Yet once more before I go (lest you should doubt my resolution) may I starve, perish, rot, be blasted, dead, or any other thing that men or gods can think on, if on any occasion whatever, civil or military, pleasure or business, love or hate, or any other accident of life, I, from this moment, change one word or look with you.

[*As he goes off, SANCHE claps him on the back.*]

Leo. Content !—Come away, Jacinta.

Re-enter DON CARLOS.

Don Car. Yet one word, madam, if you please. I have a little thing here belongs to you, a foolish bauble I once was fond of—[*twitching her picture from his breast*]. Will you accept a trifle from your servant ?

Leo. Willingly, sir. I have a bauble too I think you have some claim to ; you'll wear it for my sake.

[*Breaks a bracelet from her arm, and gives it him.*]

Don Car. Most thankfully. 'This too I should restore you, it once

was yours—[*giving her a table-book.*] By your favour, madam—there is a line or two in it I think you did me once the honour to write with your own fair hand. Here it is. [*Reads.*

You love me, Carlos, and would know
The secret movements of my heart,
Whether I give you mine or no,
With yours, methinks, I'd never, never part.

Thus you have encouraged me, and thus you have deceived me.

San. Very true.

Leo. [*pulling out a table-book.*] I have some faithful lines too; I think I can produce 'em. [*Reads.*

How long soe'er, to sigh in vain,
My destiny may prove,
My fate (in spite of your disdain)
Will let me glory in your chain,
And give me leave eternally to love.

There, sir, take your poetry again—[*throwing it at his feet.*] 'Tis not much the worse for my wearing; 'twill serve again upon a fresh occasion.

Jac. Well done!

Don Car. I believe I can return the present, madam, with—a pocketfull of your prose.—There!

[*Throwing a handful of letters at her feet.*

Leo. Jacinta, give me his letters.—There, sir, not to be behind-hand with you.

[*Takes a handful of his letters out of a box, and throws them in his face.*

Jac. And there! and there! and there, sir!

[*JACINTA throws the rest at him.*

San. Bless my life, we want ammunition! but for a shift—there! and there! you saucy slut you!

[*SANCHO pulls a pack of dirty cards out of his pocket, and throws them at her; then they close; he pulls off her headclothes, and she his wig, and then part, she running to her mistress, he to his master.*

Jac. I think, madam, we have clearly the better on't.

Leo. For a proof, I resolve to keep the field.

Jac. Have a care he don't rally and beat you yet though: pray walk off.

Leo. Fear nothing.

San. How the armies stand and gaze at one another after the battle! What think you, sir, of showing yourself a great general, by making an honourable retreat?

Don Car. I scorn it!—O Leonora! Leonora! a heart like mine should not be treated thus!

Leo. Carlos! Carlos! I have not deserved this usage!

Don Car. Barbarous Leonora! but 'tis useless to reproach you;

she that is capable of what you have done, is formed too cruel ever to repent of it. Go on, then, tyrant ; make your bliss complete ; torment me still, for still, alas ! I love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah Carlos ! little do you know the tender movements of that thing you name ; the heart where love presides, admits no thought against the honour of its ruler.

Don Car. 'Tis not to call that honour into doubt,
If, conscious of our own unworthiness,
We interpret every frown to our destruction.

Leo. When jealousy proceeds from such humble apprehensions, it shows itself with more respect than yours has done.

Don Car. And where a heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our debate ; if both have been in fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it ; our separation will do justice on us.

Don Car. But since we are ourselves the judges of our crimes, what if we should inflict a gentler punishment ?

Leo. 'Twould but encourage us to sin again.

Don Car. And if it should——

Leo. 'Twould give a fresh occasion for the pleasing exercise of mercy.

Don Car. Right ; and so
We act the part of earth and heaven together,
Of men and gods, and taste of both their pleasures.

Leo. The banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Don Car. Then let's fall on, and feed upon't for ever.

[Carries her off, embracing her, and kissing her hand.]

Fac. Ah woman ! foolish, foolish woman !

San. Very foolish indeed.

Fac. But don't expect I'll follow her example.

San. You would, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

Fac. I'd sooner tear my eyes out ; ah—that she had a little of my spirit in her !

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her flesh, my charmer ; but 'twon't do ; I am all rock, hard rock, very marble.

Fac. A very pumice stone, you rascal you, if one would try thee ! But to prevent thy humilities, and show thee all submission, would be vain ; to convince thee thou hast nothing but misery and despair before thee, here—take back thy paltry thimble, and be in my debt, for the shirts I have made thee with it.

San. Nay, if y'are at that sport, mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the balance of the presents. There, take thy tobacco-stopper, and stop thy——

Fac. Here ; take thy satin pincushion, with thy curious half-hundred of pins in't, thou madest such a vapouring about yesterday. Tell 'em carefully, there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy ivory-hafted knife again, whet it well ; 'tis so blunt 'twill cut nothing but love.

Jac. And there's thy pretty pocket scissors thou hast honoured me with, they'll cut off a leg or an arm. Heaven bless 'em!

San. Here's the enchanted handkerchief you were pleased to endear with your precious blood, when the violence of your love at dinner t'other day made you cut your fingers.—There.

[Blows his nose in it and gives it her.]

Jac. The rascal so provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry garters from him. D' you see these? You pitiful beggarly scoundrel you!—There, take 'em, there.

[She takes her garters off, and flaps them about his face.]

San. I have but one thing more of thine—*[showing his cudgel.]* I own 'tis the top of all thy presents, and might be useful to me; but that thou mayest have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again with the rest of 'em.

[Lifting it up to strike her, she leaps about his neck.]

Jac. Ah, cruel Sancho!—Now beat me, Sancho, do!

San. Rather, like Indian beggars, beat my precious self.

[Throws away his stick and embraces her.]

Rather let infants' blood about the streets,

Rather let all the wine about the cellar.

Rather let—Oh, Jacinta—thou hast o'ercome.

How foolish are the great resolves of man!

Resolves, which we neither would keep, nor can.

When those bright eyes in kindness please to shine,

Their goodness I must needs return with mine:

Bless my Jacinta in her Sancho's arms—

Jac. And I my Sancho with Jacinta's charms.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter LOPEZ.

Lop. As soon as it is night, says my master to me, though it cost me my life, I'll enter Leonora's lodgings; therefore make haste, Lopez, prepare everything necessary, three pair of pocket-pistols, two wide-mouthed blunderbusses, some six ells of sword-blade, and a couple of dark lanterns. When my master said this to me; Sir, said I to my master, (that is, I would have said it if I had not been in such a fright I could say nothing, however I'll say it to him now, and shall probably have a quiet hearing,) look you, sir, by dint of reason I intend to confound you. You are resolved, you say, to get into Leonora's lodgings, though the devil stand in the doorway?—Yes, Lopez, that's my resolution.—Very well; and what do you intend to do when you are there?—Why, what an injured man should do; make her sensible of—make her sensible of a pudding! don't you see she's a jade?—She'll raise the house

about your ears, arm the whole family, set the great dog at you.—Were there legions of devils to repulse me, in such a cause I could disperse them all.—Why, then, you have no occasion for help, sir, you may leave me at home to lay the cloth.—No; thou art my ancient friend, my fellow traveller, and to reward thy faithful services this night thou shalt partake my danger and my glory.—Sir, I have got glory enough under you already, to content any reasonable servant for his life.—Thy modesty makes me willing to double my bounty; this night may bring eternal honour to thee and thy family.—Eternal honour, sir, is too much in conscience for a serving man; besides, ambition has been many a great soul's undoing.—I doubt thou art afraid, my Lopez; thou shalt be armed with back, with breast, and head-piece.—They will encumber me in my retreat.—Retreat, my hero! thou never shalt retreat.—Then by my troth I'll never go, sir.—But here he comes.

Enter DON LORENZO.

Don Lor. Will it never be night! sure 'tis the longest day the sun e'er travelled.

Lop. Would 'twere as long as those in Greenland, sir, that you might spin out your life t'other half-year. I don't like these nightly projects; a man can't see what he does. We shall have some scurvy mistake or other happen; a brace of bullets blunder through your head in the dark perhaps, and spoil all your intrigue.

Don Lor. Away, you trembling wretch, away!

Lop. Nay, sir, what I say is purely for your safety; for as to myself, I no more value the losing a quart of blood than I do drinking a quart of wine. Besides, my veins are too full, my physician advised me but yesterday to let go twenty ounces for my health. So you see, sir, there's nothing of that in the case.

Don Lor. Then let me hear no other objections; for till I see Leonora I must lie upon the rack. I cannot bear her resentment, and will pacify her this night, or not live to see to-morrow.

Lop. Well, sir, since you are so determined, I shan't be impertinent with any farther advice; but I think you have laid your design to—[coughs]—(I have got such a cold to-day!) to get in privately, have you not?

Don Lor. Yes; and have taken care to be introduced as far as her chamber door with all secrecy.

Lop. [coughing.] This unlucky cough! I had rather have had a fever at another time. Sir, I should be sorry to do you more harm than good upon this occasion: if this cough should come upon me in the midst of the action [coughs] and give the alarm to the family, I should not forgive myself as long as I lived.

Don Lor. I have greater ventures than that to take my chance for, and can't dispense with your attendance, sir.

Lop. This 'tis to be a good servant, and make one's self necessary!

Enter TOLEDO.

Tol. Sir,—I am glad I have found you. I am a man of honour, you know, and do always profess losing my life upon a handsome occasion. Sir, I come to offer you my service. I am informed from unquestionable hands that Don Carlos is enraged against you to a dangerous degree; and that old Alvarez has given positive directions to break the legs and arms of your servant Lopez.

Lop. Look you there now, I thought what 'twould come to! What do they meddle with me for? what have I to do in my master's amours? The old Don's got out of his senses, I think; have I married his daughter?

Don Lor. Fear nothing, we'll take care o' thee.—Sir, I thank you for the favour of your intelligence, 'tis nothing however but what I expected, and am provided for.

Tol. Sir, I would advise you to provide yourself with good friends, I desire the honour to keep your back hand myself.

Lop. 'Tis very kind indeed. Pray, sir, have you ne'er a servant with you could hold a racket for me too?

Tol. I have two friends fit to head two armies; and yet—a word in your ear, they shan't cost you above a ducat a piece.

Lop. Take 'em by all means, sir, you were never offered a better pennyworth in your life.

Tol. Ah, sir!—little Diego—you have heard of him; he'd have been worth a legion upon this occasion. You know, I suppose, how they have served him.—They have hanged him, but he made a noble execution; they clapped the rack and the priest to him at once, but could neither get a word of confession nor a groan of repentance; he died mighty well, truly.

Don Lor. Such a man is indeed much to be regretted: as for the rest of your escort, captain, I thank you for 'em, but shall not use 'em.

Tol. I'm sorry for't, sir, because I think you go in very great danger; I'm much afraid your rival won't give you fair play.

Lop. If he does, I'll be hanged! he's a passionate fellow, and cares not what mischief he does.

Don Lor. I shall give him a very good opportunity; for I'll have no other guards about me but you, sir. So come along.

Lop. Why, sir, this is the sin of presumption; setting heaven at defiance, making jack-pudding of a blunderbuss.

Don Lor. No more, but follow.—Hold! turn this way; I see Camillo there. I would avoid him, till I see what part he takes in this odd affair of his sister's. For I would not have the quarrel fixed with him, if it be possible to avoid it. *[Exit.]*

Lop. Sir!—Captain Toledo! one word if you please, sir. I'm mighty sorry to see my master won't accept of your friendly offer. Look ye, I'm not very rich; but as far as the expense of a dollar went, if you'd be so kind to take a little care of me, it should be at your service.

Tol. Let me see;—a dollar you say? but suppose I'm wounded?

Lop. Why, you shall be put to no extraordinary charge upon that: I have been prentice to a barber, and will be your surgeon myself.

Tol. 'Tis too cheap in conscience; but my land-estate is so ill paid this war time——

Lop. That a little industry may be commendable; so say no more, that matter's fixed. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CAMILLO.

Cam. How miserable a perplexity have I brought myself into! Yet why do I complain? since,
With all the dreadful torture I endure,
I can't repent of one wild step I've made.
O love! what tempests canst thou raise, what storms
Canst thou assuage!
To all thy cruelties I am resign'd. Long years
Through seas of torment I'm content to roll,
So thou wilt guide me to the happy port
Of my Lorenzo's arms,
And bless me there with one calm day at last.

Enter ISABELLA.

What news, dear Isabella? Methinks there's something cheerful in your looks may give a trembling lover hopes. If you have comfort for me, speak, for I indeed have need of it.

Isab. Were your wants yet still greater than they are, I bring a plentiful supply.

Cam. O Heavens! is't possible!

Isab. New mysteries are out, and if you can find charms to win Lorenzo from your sister, no other obstacle is in your way to all you wish.

Cam. Kind messenger from Heaven, speak on.

Isab. Know then, that you are daughter to Alvarez!

Cam. How! daughter to Alvarez!

Isab. You are: the truth this moment's come to light; and till this moment he, although your father, was a stranger to it; nay, did not even know you were a woman. In short, the great estate, which has occasioned these uncommon accidents, was left but on condition of a son; great hopes of one there was, when you destroyed 'em, and to your parents came a most unwelcome guest. To repair the disappointment, you were exchanged for that young Camillo, who few months after died. Your father then was absent, but your mother, quick in contrivance, bold in execution, during that sickness, had resolved his death should not deprive her of those advantages his life had given it; so ordered that with her dexterity, that once again there passed a change. And this (for reasons yet unknown to me) she

husband, and took such wise precautions, that till this hour 'twas so to all the world, except the person from whom I now have heard it.

Cam. This news indeed affords a view of no unhappy termination ; yet there are difficulties still may be of fatal hindrance.

Isab. None, except that one I just now named to you ; for to remove the rest, know I have already unfolded all both to Alvarez and Don Felix.

Cam. And how have they received it ?

Isab. To your wishes both. As for Lorenzo, he is yet a stranger to all has passed, and the two old fathers desire he may some moments longer continue so. They have agreed to be a little merry with the heats he is in, and engage you in a family quarrel with him.

Cam. I doubt, Isabella, I shall act that part but faintly.

Isab. No matter, you'll make amends for it in the scene of reconciliation.

Cam. Pray Heaven it be my lot to act it with him.

Isab. Here comes Don Felix to wish you joy.

Enter DON FELIX.

Don Fel. Come near, my daughter, and with extended arms of great affection let me receive thee.—[*Kisses her.*] Thou art a dainty wench, good faith thou art, and 'tis a mettled action thou hast done ; if Lorenzo don't like thee the better for't, he's a pitiful fellow.

Cam. I'm so encouraged by your forgiveness, sir, methinks I have some flattering hopes of his.

Don Fel. Of his ! egad and he had best ; I believe he'll meet with his match if he don't. What dost think of trying his courage a little, by way of a joke or so ?

Isab. I was just telling her your design, sir.

Don Fel. Why I'm in a mighty witty way upon this whimsical occasion ; but I see him coming. You must not appear yet ; go your way in to the rest of the people there, and I'll inform him what a squabble he has worked himself into here.

[*Exeunt CAMILLO and ISABELLA.*

Re-enter DON LORENZO and LOPEZ.

Lop. Pray, sir, don't be so obstinate now, don't affront Heaven at this rate. I had a vision last night about this business on purpose to forewarn you ; I dreamt of goose-eggs, a blunt knife, and the snuff of a candle ; I'm sure there's mischief towards.

Don Lor. You cowardly rascal, hold your tongue.

Don Fel. Lorenzo, come hither, my boy, I was just going to send for thee. The honour of our ancient family lies in thy hands ; there ~~is~~ ^{is} something preparing, thou must fight, my son.

~~are~~ ^{are} now, did not I tell you ? Oh, dreams are never knew that snuff of a candle fail yet.

Don Lor. Sir, I do not doubt but Carlos seeks my life, I hope he'll do it fairly.

Lop. Fairly, do you hear, fairly ! give me leave to tell you, sir, folks are not fit to be trusted with lives that don't know how to look better after 'em.—Sir, you gave it him, I hope you'll make him take a little more care on't.

Don Fel. My care shall be to make him do as a man of honour ought to do.

Lop. What, will you let him fight then ? Let your own flesh and blood fight ?

Don Fel. In a good cause, as this is.

Lop. *O monstrum horrendum !* Now I have that humanity about me, that if a man but talks to me of fighting, I shiver at the name on't.

Don Lor. What you do on this occasion, sir, is worthy of you ; and had I been wanting to you, in my due regards before, this noble action would have stamped that impression, which a grateful son ought to have for so generous a father.

Lop. [*aside.*] Very generous truly ! gives him leave to be run through for his posterity to brag on a hundred years hence.

Don Lor. I think, sir, as things now stand, it won't be right for me to wait for Carlos's call ; I'll if you please prevent him.

Lop. Ay, pray sir, do prevent him by all means ; 'tis better made up, as you say, a thousand times.

Don Fel. Hold your tongue, you impertinent jack-a-napes ! I will have him fight, and fight like a fury too ; if he don't he'll be worsted, I can tell him that.—For know, son, your antagonist is not the person you name, it is an enemy of twice his force.

Lop. O dear ! O dear ! O dear ! and will nobody keep 'em asunder ?

Don Lor. Nobody shall keep us asunder, if once I know the man I have to deal with.

Don Fel. Thy man then is—Camillo.

Don Lor. Camillo !

Don Fel. 'Tis he ; he'll suffer nobody to decide this quarrel but himself.

Lop. Then there are no seconds, sir ?

Don Fel. None.

Lop. He's a brave man.

Don Fel. No, he says nobody's blood shall be spilled on this occasion but theirs who have a title to it.

Lop. I believe he'll scarce have a lawsuit upon the claim.

Don Fel. In short, he accuses thee of a shameful falsehood, in pretending his sister Leonora was thy wife ; and has upon it prevailed with his father, as thou hast done with thine, to let the debat be ended by the sword 'twixt him and thee.

Lop. And pray, sir, with submission, one short question, if you please ; what may the gentle Leonora say of this business ?

Don Fel. She approves of the combat, and marries Carlos.

Lop. Why, God a-mercy !

Don Lor. Is it possible? sure, she's a devil, not a woman.

Lop. Yes, sir, a devil and a woman both, I think.

Don Fel. Well, thou sha't have satisfaction of some of 'em.—
Here they all come.

*Enter DON ALVAREZ, DON CARLOS, LEONORA, JACINTA
and SANCHO.*

Don Alv. Well, Don Felix, have you prepared your son? for mine, he's ready to engage.

Don Lor. And so is his. My wrongs prepare me for a thousand combats. My hand has hitherto been held by the regard I've had to everything of kin to Leonora; but since the monstrous part she acts has driven her from my heart, I call for reparation from her family.

Don Alv. You'll have it, sir; Camillo will attend you instantly.

Lop. O lack! O lack! will nobody do a little something to prevent bloodshed?—[*To LEONORA*] Why, madam, have you no pity, no bowels? Stand and see one of your husbands stotered before your face? 'Tis an arrant shame.

Leo. If widowhood be my fate, I must bear it as I can.

Lop. Why, did you ever hear the like?

Don Lor. Talk to her no more. Her monstrous impudence is no otherwise to be replied to than by a dagger in her brother's heart.

Leo. Yonder he's coming to receive it. But have a care, brave sir, he does not place it in another's.

Don Lor. It is not in his power. He has a rotten cause upon his sword, I'm sorry he is engaged in't; but since he is he must take his fate.—[*To DON CARLOS.*] For you, my bravo, expect me in your turn.

Don Car. You'll find Camillo, sir, will set your hand out.

Don Lor. A beardless boy! You might have matched me better, sir; but prudence is a virtue.

Don Fel. Nay, son, I would not have thee despise thy adversary neither; thou'lt find Camillo will put thee hardly to't.

Don Lor. I wish we were come to the trial. Why does he not appear.

Jac. Now do I hate to hear people brag thus. Sir, with my lady's leave, I'll hold a ducat he disarms you. [*They laugh.*]

Don Lor. Why, what!—I think I'm sported with. Take heed, I warn you all; I am not to be trifled with.

Re-enter CAMILLO and ISABELLA.

Leo. You shan't, sir; here's one will be in earnest with you.

Don Lor. He's welcome: though I had rather have drawn my sword against another.—I'm sorry, Camillo, we should meet on such bad terms as these; yet more sorry your sister should be the

wicked cause on't ; but since nothing will serve her but the blood either of a husband or brother, she shall be glutted with't. Draw !

Lop. Ah Lard ! ah Lard ! ah Lard !

Don Lor. And yet, before I take this instrument of death into my fatal hand, hear me, Camillo ; hear, Alvarez ; all !

I imprecate the utmost powers of Heaven
To shower upon my head the deadliest of its wrath ;
I ask that all hell's torments may unite
To round my soul with one eternal anguish,
If wicked Leonora ben't my wife.

All. O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord !

Leo. Why then, may all those curses pass him by,
And wrap me in their everlasting pains,
If ever once I had a fleeting thought
Of making him my husband.

Lop. O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord !

Leo. Nay more ; to strike him dumb at once, and show what men with honest looks can practise, know he's married to another.

Don Alv. & Don Fel. How !

Leo. The truth of this is known to some here.

Jac. Nay, 'tis certainly so.

Isab. 'Tis to a friend of mine.

Don Car. I know the person.

Don Lor. 'Tis false ! and thou art a villain for thy testimony.

Cam. Then let me speak ; what they aver is true, and I myself was, in disguise, a witness of its doing.

Don Lor. Death and confusion ! he a villain too !—Have at thy heart. [*He draws.*]

Lop. Ah !—I can't bear the sight on't.

Cam. Put up that furious thing, there's no business for't.

Don Lor. There's business for a dagger, stripling ; 'tis that should be thy recompense.

Cam. Why then to show thee naked to the world, and close thy mouth for ever—I am myself thy wife——

Don Lor. What does the dog mean ?

Cam. To fall upon the earth and sue for mercy.

[*Kneels and lets her periwig fall off.*]

Don Lor. A woman !——

Lop. Ecod, and a pretty one too ; you wags you !

Don Lor. I'm all amazement !—Rise, Camillo, (if I am still to call you by that name,) and let me hear the wonders you have for me.

Isab. That part her modesty will ask from me.
I'm to inform you then, that this disguise
Hides other mysteries besides a woman ;
A large and fair estate was cover'd by't,
Which with the lady now will be resign'd you.
'Tis true, in justice it was yours before ;
But 'tis the god of love has done you right.

To him you owe this strange discovery ;
Through him you are to know the true Camillo's dead, and that this
fair adventurer is daughter to Alvarez.

Don Lor. Incredible ! But go on ; let me hear more.

Don Fel. She'll tell thee the rest herself the next dark night she
meets thee in the garden.

Don Lor. Ha !—Was it Camillo then, that I—

Isab. It was Camillo who there made you happy ; and who has
virtue, beauty, wit, and love—enough to make you so while life shall
last you.

Don Lor. The proof she gives me of her love deserves a large
acknowledgment indeed. Forgive me, therefore, Leonora, if what I
owe this goodness and these charms, I with my utmost care, my life,
my soul, endeavour to repay.

Cam. Is it then possible you can forgive me ?

Don Lor. Indeed I can ; few crimes have such a claim
To mercy. But join with me then, dear Camillo,
(For still I know you by no other name,)
Join with me to obtain your father's pardon.
Yours, Leonora, too, I must implore ;
And yours, my friend, for now we may be such. [To CARLOS.
Of all I ask forgiveness ; and since there is
So fair a cause of all my wild mistakes,
I hope I by her interest shall obtain it.

Don Alv. You have a claim to mine, Lorenzo, I wish I had so
strong a one to yours ; but if by future services, (though I lay down
my life amongst 'em) I may blot out of your remembrance a fault
(I cannot name), I then shall leave the world in peace.

Don Lor. In peace then, sir, enjoy it ; for from this very hour,
whate'er is past with me is gone for ever. Your daughter is too fair
a mediatrix to be refused his pardon, to whom she owes the charms
she pleads with for it.

From this good day, then let all discord cease ;
Let those to come be harmony and peace :
Henceforth let all our different interests join,
Let fathers, lovers, friends, let all combine,
To make each other's days as bless'd as she will mine.
[Exeunt omnes.

THE PLAIN DEALER

(MOLIÈRE'S "LE MISANTHROPE.")

By WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MANLY, of an honest, surly, nice humour, supposed first, in the time of the Dutch War, to have procured the command of a ship, out of honour, not interest; and choosing a sea-life only to avoid the world.

FREEMAN, MANLY'S Lieutenant, a gentleman well educated, but of a broken fortune, a complier with the age.

VERNISH, MANLY'S bosom and only Friend.

NOVEL, a pert railing Coxcomb, and an admirer of novelties, makes love to OLIVIA.

MAJOR OLDFOX, an old impertinent Fop, given to scribbling, makes love to the WIDOW BLACKACRE.

LORD PLAUSIBLE, a ceremonious,

supple, commending Coxcomb, in love with OLIVIA.

JERRY BLACKACRE, a true raw Squire, under age, and his Mother's government, bred to the Law.

OLIVIA, MANLY'S Mistress.

FIDELIA, in love with MANLY, and followed him to sea in man's clothes.

ELIZA, Cousin to OLIVIA.

LETTICE, OLIVIA'S Woman.

WIDOW BLACKACRE, a petulant, litigious Widow, always in Law, and Mother to JERRY.

Lawyers, Knights of the Post, Bailiffs and Aldermen, a Bookseller's Apprentice, a Foot-boy, Sailors, Waiters, and Attendants.

SCENE.—LONDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Manly's Lodging.*

Enter MANLY, surlily, my LORD PLAUSIBLE following him; and two SAILORS behind.

Man. Tell not me, my good Lord Plausible, of your decorums, supercilious forms, and slavish ceremonies! your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for and to one another; not out of love or duty, but your servile fear.

Plaus. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are too passionate; and I must humbly beg your pardon and leave to tell you, they are the arts and rules the prudent of the world walk by.

Man. Let 'em. But I'll have no leading-strings ; I can walk alone : I hate a harness, and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader behind, that another slave may do the like to me.

Plaus. What, will you be singular then, like nobody ? follow, love, and esteem nobody ?

Man. Rather than be general, like you, follow everybody ; court and kiss everybody ; though perhaps at the same time you hate everybody.

Plaus. Why, seriously, with your pardon, my dear friend——

Man. With your pardon, my no friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred or my scorn ; call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths over his shoulder, whilst you have him in your arms.—For such as you, like common women and pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

Plaus. Such as I ! Heavens defend me !—upon my honour——

Man. Upon your title, my lord, if you'd have me believe you.

Plaus. Well, then, as I am a person of honour, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

Man. What, you were afraid ?

Plaus. No ; but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing ; no, faith, I speak well of all mankind.

Man. I thought so ; but know, that speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction, for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike. Now, I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it ; I, that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjust thing.

Plaus. Well, tell not me, my dear friend, what people deserve ; I ne'er mind that. I, like an author in a dedication, never speak well of a man for his sake, but my own ; I will not disparage any man, to disparage myself ; for to speak ill of people behind their backs, is not like a person of honour ; and, truly, to speak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaisant person. But if I did say or do an ill thing to anybody, it should be sure to be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

Man. Very well ; but I, that am an unmannerly sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people (which is very seldom indeed), it should be sure to be behind their backs ; and if I would say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, overlooking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me ; would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an overgrown knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him when his back were turned ; would give fawning slaves the lie whilst they embrace or commend me ; cowards whilst they brag ; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a duke's ; laugh at fools aloud before their mistresses ; and must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesome as they were at first impertinent.

Plaus. I would not have my visits troublesome.

Man. The only way to be sure not to have 'em troublesome, is to

make 'em when people are not at home ; for your visits, like other good turns, are most obliging when made or done to a man in his absence. Why should any one, because he has nothing to do, go and disturb another man's business ?

Plaus. I beg your pardon, my dear friend.—What, you have business ?

Man. If you have any, I would not detain your lordship.

Plaus. Detain me, dear sir !—I can never have enough of your company.

Man. I'm afraid I should be tiresome : I know not what you think.

Plaus. Well, dear sir, I see you'd have me gone.

Man. But I see you won't.

[*Aside.*

Plaus. Your most faithful—

Man. God be wi'ye, my lord.

Plaus. Your most humble—

Man. Farewell.

Plaus. And eternally—

Man. And eternally ceremony.—[*Aside.*] Then the devil take thee eternally.

Plaus. You shall use no ceremony, by my life.

Man. I do not intend it.

Plaus. Why do you stir then ?

Man. Only to see you out of doors, that I may shut 'em against more welcomes.

Plaus. Nay, faith, that shall not pass upon your most faithful humble servant.

Man. Nor this any more upon me.

[*Aside.*

Plaus. Well, you are too strong for me.

Man. [*aside.*] I'd sooner be visited by the plague ; for that only would keep a man from visits, and his doors shut.

[*Exit, thrusting out my* LORD PLAUSIBLE.

1 *Sail.* Here's a finical fellow, Jack ! What a brave fair-weather captain of a ship he would make !

2 *Sail.* He a captain of a ship ! it must be when she's in the dock then ; for he looks like one of those that get the king's commissions for hulls to sell a king's ship, when a brave fellow has fought her almost to a long-boat.

1 *Sail.* On my conscience then, Jack, that's the reason our bully tar sunk our ship ; not only that the Dutch might not have her, but that the courtiers, who laugh at wooden legs, might not make her prize.

2 *Sail.* A plague of his sinking, Tom ! we have made a base, broken, short voyage of it.

1 *Sail.* Ay, your brisk dealers in honour always make quick returns with their ships to the dock, and their men to the hospitals. 'Tis, let me see, just a month since we set out of the river, and the wind was almost as cross to us as the Dutch.

2 *Sail.* Well, I forgive him sinking my own poor truck, if he

would but have given me time and leave to have saved black Kate of Wapping's small venture.

1 *Sail.* Faith, I forgive him, since, as the purser told me, he sunk the value of five or six thousand pound of his own, with which he was to settle himself somewhere in the Indies ; for our merry lieutenant was to succeed him in his commission for the ship back ; for he was resolved never to return again for England.

2 *Sail.* So it seemed, by his fighting.

1 *Sail.* No ; but he was a-weary of this side of the world here, they say.

2 *Sail.* Ay, or else he would not have bid so fair for a passage into t'other.

1 *Sail.* Jack, thou thinkest thyself in the fore-castle, thou'rt so waggish. But I tell you, then, he had a mind to go live and bask himself on the sunny side of the globe.

2 *Sail.* What, out of any discontent ? for he's always as dogged as an old tarpaulin, when hindered of a voyage by a young pantaloon captain.

1 *Sail.* 'Tis true I never saw him pleased but in the fight ; and then he looked like one of us coming from the pay-table with a new lining to our hats under our arms.

2 *Sail.* He's like the bay of Biscay, rough and angry, let the wind blow where 'twill.

1 *Sail.* Nay, there's no more dealing with him, than with the land in a storm, no near——

2 *Sail.* 'Tis a hurry-durry blade. Dost thou remember after we had tugged hard the old leaky long-boat to save his life, when I welcomed him ashore, he gave me a box on the ear, and called me fawning water-dog ?

Re-enter MANLY with FREEMAN.

1 *Sail.* Hold thy peace, Jack, and stand by ; the foul weather's coming.

Man. You rascals ! dogs ! how could this tame thing get through you ?

1 *Sail.* Faith, to tell your honour the truth, we were at hob in the hall, and whilst my brother and I were quarrelling about a cast, he slunk by us.

2 *Sail.* He's a sneaking fellow I warrant for't.

Man. Have more care for the future, you slaves. Go, and with drawn cutlasses stand at the stair-foot, and keep all that ask for me from coming up ; suppose you were guarding the scuttle to the powder-room. Let none enter here, at your and their peril.

1 *Sail.* No, for the danger would be the same : you would blow them and us up, if we should.

2 *Sail.* Must no one come to you, sir ?

Man. No man, sir.

1 *Sail.* No man, sir ; but a woman then, an't like your honour——

Man. No woman neither, you impertinent dog !

2 *Sail.* Indeed, an't like your honour, 'twill be hard for us to deny a woman anything, since we are so newly come on shore.

1 *Sail.* We'll let no old woman come up, though it were our trusting landlady at Wapping.

Man. Would you be witty, you brandy casks you? you become a jest as ill as you do a horse. Begone, you dogs! I hear a noise on the stairs. [Exeunt SAILORS.]

Free. Faith, I am sorry you would let the fop go, I intended to have had some sport with him.

Man. Sport with him! Then why did you not stay? You should have enjoyed your coxcomb, and had him to yourself for me.

Free. No, I should not have cared for him without you neither; for the pleasure which fops afford is like that of drinking, only good when 'tis shared; and a fool, like a bottle, which would make you merry in company, will make you dull alone. But how could you turn a man of his quality down stairs? You use a lord with very little ceremony, it seems.

Man. A lord! What, thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth! but counterfeit honour will not be current with me: I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it.—Here again, you slaves!

Re-enter SAILORS.

1 *Sail.* Only to receive farther instructions, an't like your honour.—What if a man should bring you money, should we turn him back?

Man. All men, I say: must I be pestered with you too?—You dogs, away!

2 *Sail.* Nay, I know one man your honour would not have us hinder coming to you, I'm sure.

Man. Who's that? speak quickly, slaves.

2 *Sail.* Why, a man that should bring you a challenge. For though you refuse money, I'm sure you love fighting too well to refuse that.

Man. Rogue! rascal! dog!

[Kicks the SAILORS out.]

Free. Nay, let the poor rogues have their forecastle jests: they cannot help 'em in a fight, scarce when a ship's sinking.

Man. A plague on their untimely jests! a servant's jest is more sauciness than his counsel.

Free. But what, will you see nobody? not your friends?

Man. Friends!—I have but one, and he, I hear, is not in town; nay, can have but one friend, for a true heart admits but of one friendship, as of one love. But in having that friend, I have a thousand; for he has the courage of men in despair, yet the diffidence and caution of cowards; the secrecy of the revengeful, and

the constancy of martyrs ; one fit to advise, to keep a secret, to fight and die for his friend. Such I think him ; for I have trusted him with my mistress in my absence ; and the trust of beauty is sure the greatest we can show.

Free. Well, but all your good thoughts are not for him alone, I hope ? Pray what d'ye think of me for a friend ?

Man. Of thee ! Why, thou art a latitudinarian in friendship, that is, no friend ; thou dost side with all mankind, but wilt suffer for none. Thou art indeed like your Lord Plausible, the pink of courtesy, therefore hast no friendship ; for ceremony and great professing renders friendship as much suspected as it does religion.

Free. And no professing, no ceremony at all in friendship, were as unnatural and as undecent as in religion ; and there is hardly such a thing as an honest hypocrite, who professes himself to be worse than he is, unless it be yourself ; for though I could never get you to say you were my friend, I know you'll prove so.

Man. I must confess, I am so much your friend, I would not deceive you ; therefore must tell you, not only because my heart is taken up, but according to your rules of friendship, I cannot be your friend.

Free. Why, pray ?

Man. Because he that is, you'll say, a true friend to a man, is a friend to all his friends. But you must pardon me, I cannot wish well to flatterers, detractors, and cowards, stiff-nodding knaves, and supple, pliant, kissing fools. Now, all these I have seen you use like the dearest friends in the world.

Free. Ha ! ha ! ha !—What, you observed me, I warrant, in the galleries at Whitehall, doing the business of the place ? Pshaw ? Court professions, like Court promises, go for nothing, man. But, faith, could you think I was a friend to all those I hugged, kissed, flattered, bowed to ? Ha ! ha !—

Man. You told 'em so, and swore it too ; I heard you.

Free. Ay, but when their backs were turned, did not I tell you they were rogues, villains, rascals, whom I despised and hated ?

Man. Very fine ! But what reason had I to believe you spoke your heart to me, since you professed deceiving so many ?

Free. Why, don't you know, good captain, that telling truth is a quality as prejudicial to a man that would thrive in the world, as square play to a cheat ? Would you have a man speak truth to his ruin ? You are severer than the law, which requires no man to swear against himself. You would have me speak truth against myself I warrant, and tell my promising friend the courtier, he has a bad memory.

Man. Yes.

Free. And so make him remember to forget my business ? And I should tell the great lawyer too, that he takes oftener fees to hold his tongue than to speak ?

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. Ay, and have him hang or ruin me, when he should come

to be a judge, and I before him? And you would have me tell the new officer, who bought his employment lately, that he is a coward?

Man. Ay.

Free. And so get myself cashiered, not him, he having the better friends, though I the better sword? And I should tell the scribbler of honour, that heraldry were a prettier and fitter study for so fine a gentleman than poetry?

Man. Certainly.

Free. And so find myself mauled in his next hired lampoon? And you would have me tell the holy lady, too, she is close with her chaplain?

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. And so draw the clergy upon my back, and want a good table to dine at sometimes? And by the same reason too, I should tell you that the world thinks you a mad man, a brutal, and have you cut my throat, or worse, hate me. What other good success of all my plain-dealing could I have, than what I've mentioned?

Man. Why, first, your promising courtier would keep his word out of fear of more reproaches, or at least would give you no more vain hopes: your lawyer would serve you more faithfully; for he, having no honour but his interest, is truest still to him he knows suspects him: the new officer would provoke thee to make him a coward, and so be cashiered, that thou, or some other honest fellow, who had more courage than money, might get his place: the noble sonneteer would trouble thee no more with his madrigals; and I, instead of hating thee, should love thee for thy plain dealing; and in lieu of being mortified, am proud that the world and I think not well of one another.

Free. Well, doctors differ. You are for plain dealing, I find; but against your particular notions, I have the practice of the whole world. Observe but any morning what people do when they get together on the Exchange, in Westminster-hall, or the galleries in Whitehall.

Man. I must confess, there they seem to rehearse Bayes's grand dance. Here you see a bishop bowing low to a gaudy atheist; a judge to a doorkeeper; a great lord to a fishmonger, or scrivener with a jack-chain about his neck; a lawyer to a sergeant-at-arms; a velvet physician to a threadbare chemist; and a supple gentleman-usher to a surly beefeater; and so tread round in a preposterous huddle of ceremony to each other, whilst they can hardly hold their solemn false countenances.

Free. Well, they understand the world.

Man. Which I do not, I confess.

Free. But, sir, pray believe the friendship I promise you real, whatsoever I have professed to others: try me, at least.

Man. Why, what would you do for me?

Free. I would fight for you.

Man. That you would do for your own honour.—But what else?

Free. I would lend you money, if I had it.

Man. To borrow more of me another time. That were putting your money to interest ; a usurer would be as good a friend.—But what other piece of friendship ?

Free. I would speak well of you to your enemies.

Man. To encourage others to be your friends, by a show of gratitude.—But what else ?

Free. Nay, I would not hear you ill spoken of behind your back by my friend.

Man. Nay, then, thou'rt a friend, indeed.—But it were unreasonable to expect it from thee, as the world goes now, when new friends, like new mistresses, are got by disparaging old ones.

Enter FIDELIA.

But here comes another, will say as much at least.—Dost thou not love me too, my little volunteer, as well as he or any man can ?

Fid. Better than any man can love you, my dear captain.

Man. Look you there, I told you so.

Fid. As well as you do truth or honour, sir, as well.

Man. Nay, good young gentleman, enough, for shame ! Thou hast been a page, by thy flattering and lying, to one of those praying ladies who love flattery so well they are jealous of it ; and wert turned away for saying the same things to the old housekeeper for sweetmeats, as you did to your lady ; for thou flatterest everything and everybody alike.

Fid. You, dear sir, should not suspect the truth of what I say of you, though to you. Fame, the old liar, is believed when she speaks wonders of you : you cannot be flattered, sir, your merit is unspeakable.

Man. Hold, hold, sir, or I shall suspect worse of you, that you have been a cushion-bearer to some State hypocrite, and turned away by the chaplains, for out-flattering their probation-sermons for a benefice.

Fid. Suspect me for anything, sir, but the want of love, faith, and duty to you, the bravest, worthiest of mankind ; believe me, I could die for you, sir.

Man. Nay, there you lie, sir ; did not I see thee more afraid in the fight than the chaplain of the ship, or the purser that bought his place ?

Fid. Can he be said to be afraid, that ventures to sea with you ?

Man. Fie ! fie ! no more ; I shall hate thy flattery worse than thy cowardice, nay, than thy bragging.

Fid. Well, I own then I was afraid, mightily afraid : yet for you I would be afraid again, a hundred times afraid. Dying is ceasing to be afraid, and that I could do sure for you, and you'll believe me one day.

[Weeps.]

Free. Poor youth ! believe his eyes, if not his tongue : he seems to speak truth with them.

Man. What, does he cry? A plague on't! a maudlin flatterer is as nauseously troublesome as a maudlin drunkard.—No more, you little milksop, do not cry, I'll never make thee afraid again; for of all men, if I had occasion, thou shouldst not be my second; and when I go to sea again, thou shalt venture thy life no more with me.

Fid. Why, will you leave me behind then?—[*Aside.*]—If you would preserve my life, I'm sure you should not.

Man. Leave thee behind! ay, ay, thou art a hopeful youth for the shore only. Here thou wilt live to be cherished by fortune and the great ones; for thou mayst easily come to out-flatter a dull poet, outlie a coffee-house or gazette-writer, outswear a knight of the post, outfawn a rook, outpromise a lover, outrail a wit, and outbrag a sea captain:—all this thou canst do, because thou'rt a coward, a thing I hate; therefore thou'lt do better with the world than with me, and these are the good courses you must take in the world. There's good advice, at least, at parting; go, and be happy with't.

Fid. Parting, sir! O let me not hear that dismal word.

Man. If my words frighten thee, begone the sooner; for to be plain with thee, cowardice and I cannot dwell together.

Fid. And cruelty and courage never dwelt together sure, sir. Do not turn me off to shame and misery, for I am helpless and friendless.

Man. Friendless! there are half a score friends for thee then.—[*Offers her gold.*] I leave myself no more: they'll help thee a little. Begone, go, I must be cruel to thee (if thou callest it so) out of pity.

Fid. If you would be cruelly pitiful, sir, let it be with your sword, not gold. [Exit.]

Re-enter First SAILOR.

1 *Sail.* We have, with much ado, turned away two gentlemen, who told us, forty times over, their names were Mr. Novel and Major Oldfox.

Man. Well, to your post again.—[Exit SAILOR.] But how come those puppies coupled always together?

Free. O, the coxcombs keep each other company, to show each other, as Novel calls it; or, as Oldfox says, like two knives, to whet one another.

Man. And set other people's teeth on edge.

Re-enter Second SAILOR.

2 *Sail.* Here is a woman, an't like your honour, scolds and bustles with us, to come in, as much as a seaman's widow at the Navy office: her name is Mrs. Blackacre.

Man. That fiend too!

Free. The widow Blackacre, is it not? that litigious she pettifogger, who is at law and difference with all the world; but I wish I could make her agree with me in the church. They say she has fifteen hundred pounds a year jointure, and the care of her son,—that is, the destruction of his estate.

Man. Her lawyers, attorneys, and solicitors, have fifteen hundred pounds a year, whilst she is contented to be poor, to make other people so. For she is as vexatious as her father was, the great attorney, nay, as a dozen Norfolk attorneys, and as implacable an adversary as a wife suing for alimony, or a parson for his tithes; and she loves an Easter term, or any term, not as other country ladies do, to come up to be fine, and take their pleasure; for she has no pleasure but in vexing others. When she is in town, she lodges in one of the inns of Chancery, where she breeds her son, and is herself his tutoress in law French; and for her country abode, though she has no estate there, she chooses Norfolk.—But, bid her come in, with a plague to her! she is Olivia's kinswoman, and may make me amends for her visit, by some discourse of that dear woman.
[Exit SAILOR.]

Enter WIDOW BLACKACRE with a mantle, and a green bag, and several papers in the other hand: JERRY BLACKACRE, in a gown, laden with green bags, following her.

Wid. I never had so much to do with a judge's doorkeeper as with yours; but——

Man. But the incomparable Olivia, how does she since I went?

Wid. Since you went, my suit——

Man. Olivia, I say, is she well?

Wid. My suit, if you had not returned——

Man. Plague on your suit! how does your cousin Olivia?

Wid. My suit, I say, had been quite lost; but now——

Man. But now, where is Olivia? in town? for——

Wid. For to-morrow we are to have a hearing.

Man. Would you would let me have a hearing to-day!

Wid. But why won't you hear me?

Man. I am no judge, and you talk of nothing but suits; but, pray tell me, when did you see Olivia?

Wid. I am no visitor, but a woman of business; or if I ever visit, 'tis only the Chancery-lane ladies, ladies towards the law; and not any of your lazy, good-for-nothing flirts, who cannot read law-French, though a gallant writ it. But, as I was telling you, my suit——

Man. Out upon these impertinent vexatious people of business, of all sexes! they are still troubling the world with the tedious recitals of their lawsuits; and one can no more stop their mouths than a wit's when he talks of himself, or an intelligencer's when he talks of other people.

Wid. And a plague of all vexatious, impertinent lovers! they are still perplexing the world with the tedious narrations of their love-suits, and discourses of their mistresses! You are as troublesome to a poor widow of business, as a young coxcomby rhyming lover.

Man. And thou art as troublesome to me, as a rook to a losing gamester, or a young putter of cases to his mistress or sempstress, who has love in her head for another.

Wid. Nay, since you talk of putting of cases, and will not hear me speak, hear our Jerry a little ; let him put our case to you, for the trials, to-morrow ; and since you are my chief witness, I would have your memory refreshed and your judgment informed, that you may not give your evidence improperly.—Speak out, child.

Jer. Yes, forsooth— Hem ! hem ! John-a-Stiles——

Man. You may talk, young lawyer, but I shall no more mind you, than a hungry judge does a cause after the clock has struck one.

Free. Nay, you'll find him as peevish too.

Wid. No matter. Jerry, go on.—Do you observe it then, sir ; for I think I have seen you in a gown once. Lord, I could hear our Jerry put cases all day long.—Mark him, sir.

Jer. John-a-Stiles—no—there are first, Fitz, Pere, and Ayle,—no, no, Ayle, Pere, and Fitz ; Ayle is seised in fee of Blackacre ; John-a-Stiles disseises Ayle ; Ayle makes claim, and the disseisor dies ; then the Ayle—no, the Fitz——

Wid. No, the Pere, sirrah.

Jer. Oh, the Pere ! ay, the Pere, sir, and the Fitz—no, the Ayle,—no, the Pere and the Fitz, sir, and——

Man. Damn Pere, Mere, and Fitz, sir !

Wid. No, you are out, child.—Hear me, captain, then. There are Ayle, Pere, and Fitz ; Ayle is seised in fee of Blackacre ; and, being so seised, John-a-Stiles disseises the Ayle, Ayle makes claim, and the disseisor dies ; and then the Pere re-enters, the Pere, sirrah, the Pere—[to JERRY,] and the Fitz enters upon the Pere, and the Ayle brings his writ of disseisin in the post ; and the Pere brings his writ of disseisin in the Pere, and——

Man. Canst thou hear this stuff, Freeman ? I could as soon suffer a whole noise of flatterers at a great man's levée in a morning ; but thou hast servile complacency enough to listen to a quibbling statesman in disgrace, nay, and be beforehand with him, in laughing at his dull no-jest ; but I——

[Offering to go out.]

Wid. Nay, sir, hold ! Where's the subpoena, Jerry ! I must serve you, sir. You are required by this, to give your testimony——

Man. I'll be forsworn to be revenged on thee.

[Exit, throwing away the subpoena.]

Wid. Get you gone, for a lawless companion !—Come, Jerry, I had almost forgot, we were to meet at the master's at three : let us mind our business still, child.

Jer. Ay, forsooth, e'en so let's.

Free. Nay, madam, now I would beg you to hear me a little, a little of my business.

Wid. I have business of my own calls me away, sir.

Free. My business would prove yours too, dear madam.

Wid. Yours would be some sweet business, I warrant. What ! 'tis no Westminster Hall business ?—would you have my advice ?

Free. No, faith, 'tis a little Westminster Abbey business ; I would have your consent.

Wid. O fie, fie, sir! to me such discourse, before my dear minor there!

Jer. Ay, ay, mother, he would be taking livery and seisin of your jointure, by digging the turf; but I'll watch your waters, bully, ifac.—Come away, mother. [*Exit, hatling away his mother.*]

Re-enter FIDELIA.

Fid. Dear sir, you have pity; beget but some in our captain for me.

Free. Where is he.

Fid. Within, swearing as much as he did in the great storm, and cursing you, and sometimes sinks into calms and sighs, and talks of his Olivia

Free. He would never trust me to see her.—Is she handsome?

Fid. No, if you'll take my word; but I am not a proper judge.

Free. What is she?

Fid. A gentlewoman, I suppose, but of as mean a fortune as beauty; but her relations would not suffer her to go with him to the Indies; and his aversion to this side of the world, together with the late opportunity of commanding the convoy, would not let him stay here longer, though to have her.

Free. He loves her mightily then.

Fid. Yes, so well, that the remainder of his fortune (I hear about five or six thousand pounds) he has left her, in case he had died by the way, or before she could prevail with her friends to follow him, which he expected she should do, and has left behind him his great bosom friend to be her convoy to him.

Free. What charms has she for him, if she be not handsome?

Fid. He fancies her, I suppose, the only woman of truth and sincerity in the world.

Free. No common beauty, I confess.

Fid. Or else sure he would not have trusted her with so great a share of his fortune, in his absence, I suppose (since his late loss) all he has.

Free. Why, has he left it in her own custody?

Fid. I am told so.

Free. Then he has showed love to her, indeed, in leaving her, like an old husband that dies as soon as he has made his wife a good jointure. But I'll go into him, and speak for you, and know more from him of his Olivia. [*Exit.*]

Itd. His Olivia indeed, his happy Olivia!
Yet she was left behind, when I was with him
But she was ne'er out of his mind or heart
She has told him she loved him; I have showed it.
And durst not tell him so, till I had done,
Under this habit, such convincing acts
Of loving friendship for him, that through it
He first might find out both my sex and love;
And, when I'd had him from his fair Olivia,

And this bright world of artful beauties here,
Might then have hoped, he would have look'd on me,
Amongst the sooty Indians ; and I could,
To choose, there live his wife, where wives are forced
To live no longer when their husbands die ;
Nay, what's yet worse, to share 'em whilst they live
With many rival wives. But here he comes,
And I must yet keep out of his sight, not
To lose it for ever.

[Exit.]

Re-enter MANLY and FREEMAN.

Free. But pray what strange charms has she that could make you love ?

Man. Strange charms indeed ! She is so perfect a beauty, that art could not better it, nor affection deform it. Yet all this is nothing. Her tongue as well as face ne'er knew artifice ; nor ever did her words or looks contradict her heart. She is all truth, and hates the lying, masking, daubing world, as I do ; for which I love her, and for which I think she dislikes not me. For she has often shut out of her conversation for mine, the gaudy fluttering parrots of the town, apes and echoes of men only, and refused their common-place pert chat, flattery and submissions, to be entertained with my sullen bluntness, and honest love ; and, last of all, swore to me, since her parents would not suffer her to go with me, she would stay behind for no other man ; but follow me without their leave, if not to be obtained. Which oath——

Free. Did you think she would keep ?

Man. Yes ; for she is not (I tell you) like other women, but can keep her promise, though she has sworn to keep it. But, that she might the better keep it, I left her the value of five or six thousand pounds ; for women's wants are generally the most importunate solicitors to love or marriage.

Free. And money summons lovers more than beauty, and augments but their importunity, and their number ; so makes it the harder for a woman to deny 'em. For my part, I am for the French maxim :—*If you would have your female subjects loyal, keep 'em poor.*—But, in short, that your mistress may not marry, you have given her a portion.

Man. She had given me her heart first, and I am satisfied with the security ; I can never doubt her truth and constancy.

Free. It seems you do, since you are fain to bribe it with money. But how come you to be so diffident of the man that says he loves you, and not doubt the woman that says it ?

Man. I should, I confess, doubt the love of any other woman but her, as I do the friendship of any other man but him I have trusted ; but I have such proofs of their faith as cannot deceive me.

Free. Cannot !

Man. Not but I know that generally no man can be a great enemy but under the name of friend ; and if you are cheated in your

fortune, 'tis your friend that does it, for your enemy is not made your trustee : if your honour or good name be injured, 'tis your friend that does it still, because your enemy is not believed against you. Therefore, I rather choose to go where honest, downright barbarity is professed, where men devour one another like generous hungry lions and tigers, not like crocodiles ; where they think the devil white, of our complexion ; and I am already so far an Indian. But if your weak faith doubts this miracle of a woman, come along with me, and believe ; and thou wilt find her so handsome, that thou, who art so much my friend, wilt have a mind to discover what her faith and thine is to me.

When we're in love, the great adversity,
Our friends and mistresses at once we try. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S Lodging.

Enter OLIVIA, ELIZA and LETTICE.

Oliv. Ah, cousin, what a world 'tis we live in ! I am so weary of it.

Eliza. Truly, cousin, I can find no fault with it, but that we cannot always live in't, for I can never be weary of it.

Oliv. O hideous ! you cannot be in earnest sure, when you say you like the filthy world.

Eliza. You cannot be in earnest, sure, when you say you dislike it.

Oliv. You are a very censorious creature, I find.

Eliza. I must confess, I think we women as often discover where we love by railing, as men when they lie by their swearing ; and the world is but a constant keeping gallant, whom we fail not to quarrel with when anything crosses us, yet cannot part with't for our hearts.

Let. A gallant indeed, madam, whom ladies first make jealous, and then quarrel with it for being so ; for if, by her indiscretion, a lady be talked of for a man, she cries presently, '*Tis a censorious world !* if by her vanity the intrigue be found out, '*Tis a prying malicious world !* if by her over-fondness the gallant proves unconstant, '*Tis a false world !* and if by her niggardliness the chamber-maid tells, '*Tis a perfidious world !* But that I'm sure, your ladyship cannot say of the world yet, as bad as 'tis.

Oliv. But I may say, '*Tis a very impertinent world !*—Hold your peace.—And, cousin, if the world be a gallant, 'tis such a one as is my aversion. Pray name it no more.

Eliza. But is it possible the world, which has such variety of charms for other women, can have none for you ? Let's see—first, what d'ye think of dressing and fine clothes ?

Oliv. Dressing ! Fy, fy, 'tis my aversion.—[To LETTICE.] But come hither, you dowdy ; methinks you might have opened this toure better ; O hideous ! I cannot suffer it ! D'ye see how't sits ?

Eliza. Well enough, cousin, if dressing be your aversion.

Oliv. 'Tis so ; and for variety of rich clothes, they are more my aversion.

Let. Ay, 'tis because your ladyship wears 'em too long ; for indeed a gown, like a gallant, grows one's aversion by having too much of it.

Oliv. Insatiable creature ! I'll be sworn I have had this not above three days, cousin, and within this month have made some six more.

Eliza. Then your aversion to 'em is not altogether so great.

Oliv. Alas ! 'tis for my woman only I wear 'em, cousin.

Let. If it be for me only, madam, pray do not wear 'em.

Eliza. But what d'ye think of visits—balls ?

Oliv. Oh, I detest 'em !

Eliza. Of plays ?

Oliv. I abominate 'em ; filthy, obscene, hideous things !

Eliza. What say you to masquerading in the winter, and Hyde-park in the summer ?

Oliv. Insipid pleasures I taste not.

Eliza. Nay, if you are for more solid pleasures, what think you of a rich young husband ?

Oliv. O horrid ! marriage ! what a pleasure you have found out ! I nauseate it of all things.

Let. But what does your ladyship think then of a liberal handsome young lover ?

Eliza. A handsome young fellow, you impudent ! begone out of my sight. Name a handsome young fellow to me ! foh ! a hideous handsome young fellow I abominate !

[Spits.]

Eliza. Indeed ! but let's see—will nothing please you ? what d'ye think of the Court ?

Oliv. How, the Court ! the Court, cousin ! my aversion, my aversion, my aversion of all aversions !

Eliza. How, the Court ! where——

Oliv. Where sincerity is a quality as much out of fashion and as unprosperous as bashfulness : I could not laugh at a quibble, though it were a fat privy councillor's, nor praise a lord's ill verses, though I were myself the subject ; nor an old lady's young looks, though I were her woman ; nor sit to a vain young smile-maker, though he flattered me. In short, I could not glout upon a man when he comes into a room, and laugh at him when he goes out ; I cannot rail at the absent to flatter the standers-by ; I——

Eliza. Well, but railing now is so common, that 'tis no more malice, but the fashion ; and the absent think they are no more the worse for being railed at, than the present think they're the better for being flattered. And for the Court——

Oliv. Nay, do not defend the Court ; for you'll make me rail at it like a trusting citizen's widow.

Eliza. Or like a Holborn lady, who could not get in to the last ball, or was out of countenance in the drawing-room the last Sunday

of her appearance there. For none rail at the Court but those who cannot get into it, or else who are ridiculous when they are there; and I shall suspect you were laughed at when you were last there, or would be a maid of honour.

Oliv. I a maid of honour! To be a maid of honour were yet of all things my aversion.

Eliza. In what sense am I to understand you? But, in fine, by the word aversion, I'm sure you dissemble; for I never knew woman yet used it who did not. Come, our tongues belie our hearts more than our pocket-glasses do our faces. But methinks we ought to leave off dissembling, since 'tis grown of no use to us; for all wise observers understand us now-a-days, as they do dreams, almanacks, and Dutch gazettes, by the contrary; and a man no more believes a woman, when she says she has an aversion for him, than when she says she'll cry out.

Oliv. O filthy! hideous! Peace, cousin, or your discourse will be my aversion; and you may believe me.

Eliza. Yes; for if anything be a woman's aversion, 'tis plain dealing from another woman; and perhaps that's your quarrel to the world; for that will talk, as your woman says.

Oliv. Talk? not of me sure; for what men do I converse with? what visits do I admit?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here's the gentleman to wait upon you, madam.

Oliv. On me! you little unthinking fop; d'ye know what you say?

Boy. Yes, madam, 'tis the gentleman that comes every day to you, who—

Oliv. Hold your peace, you heedless little animal, and get you gone.—[*Exit Boy.*] This country boy, cousin, takes my dancing-master, tailor, or the spruce milliner, for visitors.

Let. No, madam; 'tis Mr. Novel, I'm sure, by his talking so loud: I know his voice too, madam.

Oliv. You know nothing, you baffle-headed stupid creature you: you would make my cousin believe I receive visits. But if it be Mr.— what did you call him?

Let. Mr. Novel, madam; he that—

Oliv. Hold your peace; I'll hear no more of him. But if it be your Mr.— (I cannot think of his name again) I suppose he has followed my cousin hither.

Eliza. No, cousin, I will not rob you of the honour of the visit: 'tis to you, cousin; for I know him not.

Oliv. Nor did I ever hear of him before, upon my honour, cousin; besides, han't I told you, that visits, and the business of visits flattery and detraction, are my aversion? D'ye think then I would admit such a coxcomb as he is? who rather than not rail, will rail at the dead, whom none speak ill of; rather than not flatter, will flatter the poets of the age, whom none will flatter; who affects novelty as much as the fashion, and is as fantastical as changeable, and as

well known as the fashion ; who likes nothing but what is new, nay, would choose to have his friend or his title a new one. In fine, he is my aversion.

Eliza. I find you do know him, cousin ; at least, have heard of him.

Oliv. Yes, now I remember, I have heard of him.

Eliza. Well ; but since he is such a coxcomb, for heaven's sake, let him not come up. Tell him, Mrs. Lettice, your lady is not within.

Oliv. No, Lettice, tell him my cousin is here, and that he may come up. For notwithstanding I detest the sight of him, you may like his conversation ; and though I would use him scurvily, I will not be rude to you in my own lodging : since he has followed you hither, let him come up, I say.

Eliza. Very fine ! pray let him go, I say, for me : I know him not, nor desire it. Send him away, Mrs. Lettice.

Oliv. Upon my word, she shan't : I must disobey your commands, to comply with your desires. Call him up, Lettice.

Eliza. Nay, 'I'll swear she shall not stir on that errand.

[*Holds LETTICE.*

Oliv. Well then, I'll call him myself for you, since you will have it so.—[*Calls out at the door.*] Mr. Novel, sir, sir !

Enter NOVEL.

Nov. Madam, I beg your pardon ; perhaps you were busy : I did not think you had company with you.

Eliza. Yet he comes to me, cousin !

[*Aside to OLIVIA.*

Oliv. Chairs there.

[*They sit.*

Nov. Well ; but, madam, d'ye know whence I come now ?

Oliv. From some melancholy place, I warrant, sir, since they have lost your good company.

Eliza. So !

Nov. From a place where they have treated me at dinner with so much civility and kindness, a plague on them ! that I could hardly get away to you, dear madam.

Oliv. You have a way with you so new and obliging, sir !

Eliza. You hate flattery, cousin !

[*Apart to OLIVIA.*

Nov. Nay, faith, madam, d'ye think my way new ? Then you are obliging, madam. I must confess, I hate imitation, to do anything like other people. All that know me do me the honour to say, I am an original, faith. But, as I was saying, madam, I have been treated to-day with all the ceremony and kindness imaginable at my Lady Autumn's. But, the nauseous old woman at the upper end of her table—

Oliv. Revives the old Grecian custom, of serving in a death's head with their banquets.

Nov. Ha ! ha ! fine, just, i'faith, nay, and new. 'Tis like eating with the ghost in the *Libertine* : she would frighten a man from her dinner with her hollow invitation, and spoil one's stomach—

Oliv. To meat or women. I detest her hollow cherry cheeks: she looks like an old coach new painted; affecting an unseemly smugness, whilst she is ready to drop in pieces.

Eliza. You hate detraction, I see, cousin. [*Apart to OLIVIA.*

Nov. But the silly old fury, whilst she affects to look like a woman of this age, talks——

Oliv. Like one of the last; and as passionately as an old courtier who has outlived his office.

Nov. Yes, madam; but pray let me give you her character. Then she never counts her age by the years, but——

Oliv. By the masques she has lived to see.

Nov. Nay then, madam, I see you think a little harmless railing too great a pleasure for any but yourself; and therefore I've done.

Oliv. Nay, faith, you shall tell me who you had there at dinner.

Nov. If you would hear me, madam.

Oliv. Most patiently; speak, sir.

Nov. Then, we had her daughter——

Oliv. Ay, her daughter; the very disgrace to good clothes, which she always wears but to heighten her deformity, not mend it; for she is still most splendidly, gallantly ugly, and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich frame.

Nov. So! But have you done with her, madam? and can you spare her to me a little now?

Oliv. Ay, ay, sir.

Nov. Then, she is like——

Oliv. She is, you'd say, like a city bride; the greater fortune, but not the greater beauty, for her dress.

Nov. Well: yet have you done, madam? Then she——

Oliv. Then, she bestows as unfortunately on her face all the graces in fashion, as the languishing eye, the hanging or pouting lip. But as the fool is never more provoking than when he aims at wit, the ill-favoured of our sex are never more nauseous than when they would be beauties, adding to their natural deformity the artificial ugliness of affectation.

Eliza. So, cousin, I find one may have a collection of all one's acquaintance's pictures as well at your house as at Mr. Lely's. Only the difference is, there we find 'em much handsomer than they are, and like; here much uglier, and like: and you are the first of the profession of picture-drawing I ever knew without flattery.

Oliv. I draw after the life; do nobody wrong, cousin.

Eliza. No, you hate flattery and detraction.

Oliv. But, Mr. Novel, who had you besides at dinner?

Nov. Nay, the devil take me if I tell you, unless you will allow me the privilege of railing in my turn.—But, now I think on't, the women ought to be your province, as the men are mine; and you must know we had him whom——

Oliv. Him, whom——

Nov. What, invading me already? and giving the character before you know the man?

Eliza. No, that is not fair, though it be usual.

Oliv. I beg your pardon, Mr. Novel ; pray go on.

Nov. Then, I say, we had that familiar coxcomb who is at home wheresoe'er he comes.

Oliv. Ay, that fool——

Nov. Nay then, madam, your servant ; I'm gone. Taking the fool out of one's mouth is worse than taking the bread out of one's mouth.

Oliv. I've done ; your pardon, Mr. Novel : pray proceed.

Nov. I say, the rogue, that he may be the only wit in company, will let nobody else talk, and——

Oliv. Ay, those fops who love to talk all themselves are of all things my aversion.

Nov. Then you'll let me speak, madam, sure. The rogue, I say, will force his jest upon you ; and I hate a jest that's forced upon a man, as much as a glass.

Eliza. Why, I hope, sir, he does not expect a man of your temperance in jesting should do him reason ?

Nov. What ! interruption from this side too ? I must then——

[*Offers to rise.* OLIVIA holds him.]

Oliv. No, sir.—You must know, cousin, that fop he means, though he talks only to be commended, will not give you leave to do't.

Nov. But, madam——

Oliv. He a wit ! Hang him ; he's only an adopter of straggling jests and fatherless lampoons ; by the credit of which he eats at good tables, and so, like the barren beggar-woman, lives by borrowed children.

Nov. Madam——

Oliv. And never was author of anything but his news ; but that is still all his own.

Nov. Madam, pray——

Oliv. An eternal babbler ; and makes no more use of his ears, than a man that sits at a play by his mistress, or in Fop-corner. He's, in fine, a base detracting fellow, and is my aversion.—But who else, prithee Mr. Novel, was there with you ? Nay, you shan't stir.

Nov. I beg your pardon, madam ; I cannot stay in any place where I'm not allowed a little Christian liberty of railing.

Oliv. Nay, prithee Mr. Novel, stay ; and though you should rail at me, I would hear you with patience. Prithee, who else was there with you ?

Nov. Your servant, madam.

Oliv. Nay, prithee tell us, Mr. Novel, prithee do.

Nov. We had nobody else.

Oliv. Nay, faith, I know you had. Come, my Lord Plausible was there too ; who is, cousin, a——

Eliza. You need not tell me what he is, cousin ; for I know him to be a civil, good-natured, harmless gentleman, that speaks well of all the world, and is always in good humour ; and——

Oliv. Hold, cousin, hold ; I hate detraction. But I must tell you, cousin, his civility is cowardice, his good nature want of wit ; and he has neither courage nor sense to rail ; and for his being always in humour, 'tis because he is never dissatisfied with himself. In fine, he is my aversion ; and I never admit his visits beyond my hall.

Nov. No, he visit you ! The cringing, grinning rogue ! if I should see him coming up to you, I would make bold to kick him down again.—Ha !

Enter my LORD PLAUSIBLE.

My dear lord, your most humble servant.

[Rises and salutes PLAUSIBLE, and kisses him.]

Eliza. So, I find kissing and railing succeed each other with the angry men as well as with the angry women ; and their quarrels are like love-quarrels, since absence is the only cause of them ; for as soon as the man appears again, they are over. *[Aside.]*

Plaus. Your most faithful humble servant, generous Mr. Novel. And, madam, I am your eternal slave, and kiss your fair hands ; which I had done sooner, according to your commands, but——

Oliv. No excuses, my lord.

Eliza. What, you sent for him, then, cousin ? *[Apart to OLIVIA.]*

Nov. Ha ! invited ! *[Aside.]*

Oliv. I know you must divide yourself ; for your good company is too general a good to be engrossed by any particular friend.

Plaus. O lord, madam, my company ! your most obliged, faithful, humble servant. But I could have brought you good company indeed ; for I parted at your door with two of the worthiest, bravest men——

Oliv. Who were they, my lord ?

Nov. Who do you call the worthiest, bravest men, pray ?

Plaus. O, the wisest, bravest gentlemen ! men of such honour and virtue ! of such good qualities ? ah !——

Eliza. This is a coxcomb that speaks ill of all people a different way, and libels everybody with dull praise, and commonly in the wrong place ; so makes his panegyrics abusive lampoons. *[Aside.]*

Oliv. But pray let me know who they were ?

Plaus. Ah ! such patterns of heroic virtue ! such——

Nov. Well ; but who were they ?

Plaus. The honour of our nation ! the glory of our age ! Ah, I could dwell a twelvemonth on their praise ; which indeed I might spare by telling their names ; Sir John Current and Sir Richard Court-Title.

Nov. Court-Title ! ha ! ha !

Oliv. And Sir John Current ! Why will you keep such a wretch company, my lord ?

Plaus. O madam, seriously you are a little too severe ; for he is a man of unquestioned reputation in everything.

Oliv. Yes, because he endeavours only with the women to pass for a man of courage, and with the bullies for a wit ; with the wits

for a man of business, and with the men of business for a favourite at Court ; and at Court for city security.

Nov. And for Sir Richard, he——

Plaus. He loves your choice picked company, persons that——

Oliv. He loves a lord indeed ; but——

Nov. Pray, dear madam, let me have but a bold stroke or two at his picture. He loves a lord, as you say, though——

Oliv. Though he borrowed his money, and ne'er paid him again.

Nov. And would bespeak a place three days before at the back-end of a lord's coach to Hyde Park.

Plaus. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are both too severe.

Oliv. Then to show yet more his passion for quality, he makes love to that fulsome coach-load of honour, my Lady Goodly, for he's always at her lodging.

Plaus. Because it is the conventicle-gallant, the meeting-house of all the fair ladies, and glorious superfine beauties of the town.

Nov. Very fine ladies ! there's first——

Oliv. Her honour, as fat as a hostess.

Plaus. She is something plump indeed, a goodly, comely, graceful person.

Nov. Then there's my lady Frances—what d'ye call her ? as ugly——

Oliv. As a citizen's lawfully begotten daughter.

Plaus. She has wit in abundance, and the handsomest heel, elbow, and tip of an ear you ever saw.

Nov. Heel and elbow ! ha ! ha ! And there's my lady Betty, you know——

Oliv. As sluttish and slatternly as an Irish woman bred in France.

Plaus. Ah ! all she has hangs with a loose air indeed, and becoming negligence.

Eliza. You see all faults with lovers' eyes, I find, my lord.

Plaus. Ah, madam, your most obliged, faithful, humble servant to command ! But you can say nothing sure against the superfine mistress——

Oliv. I know who you mean. She is as censorious and detracting a jade as a superannuated sinner.

Plaus. She has a smart way of raillery, 'tis confessed.

Nov. And then for Mrs. Grideline——

Plaus. She, I'm sure, is——

Oliv. One that never spoke ill of anybody, 'tis confessed. For she is as silent in conversation as a country lover, and no better company than a clock, or a weather-glass ; for if she sounds, 'tis but once an hour to put you in mind of the time of day, or to tell you 'twill be cold or hot, rain or snow.

Plaus. Ah, poor creature ! she's extremely good and modest.

Nov. And for Mrs. Bridlechin, she's——

Oliv. As proud as a churchman's wife.

Plaus. She's a woman of great spirit and honour, and will not make herself cheap, 'tis true.

Nov. Then Mrs. Hoyden, that calls all people by their surnames, and is——

Oliv. As familiar a duck——

Nov. As an actress in the tiring-room. There I was once beforehand with you, madam.

Plaus. Mrs. Hoyden! a poor, affable, good-natured soul. But the divine Mrs. Trifle comes thither too. Sure her beauty, virtue, and conduct, you can say nothing to.

Oliv. No!

Nov. No!—Pray let me speak, madam.

Oliv. First, can any one be called beautiful that squints?

Plaus. Her eyes languish a little, I own.

Nov. Languish! ha! ha!

Oliv. Languish!—Then, for her conduct, she was seen at the *Country Wife** after the first day. There's for you, my lord.

Plaus. But, madam, she was not seen to use her fan all the play long, turn aside her head, or by a conscious blush discover more guilt than modesty.

Oliv. Very fine! Then you think a woman modest that sees the hideous *Country Wife* without blushing, or publishing her detestation of it? D'ye hear him, cousin?

Eliza. Yes, and am, I must confess, something of his opinion; and think, that as an over-conscious fool at a play, by endeavouring to show the author's want of wit, exposes his own to more censure, so may a lady call her own modesty in question, by publicly cavilling with the poet's. For all those grimaces of honour and artificial modesty disparage a woman's real virtue, as much as the use of white and red does the natural complexion; and you must use very, very little, if you would have it thought your own.

Oliv. Then you would have a woman of honour with passive looks, ears, and tongue, undergo all the hideous obscenity she hears at nasty plays.

Eliza. Truly, I think a woman betrays her want of modesty, by showing it publicly in a playhouse, as much as a man does his want of courage by a quarrel there; for the truly modest and stout say least, and are least exceptious, especially in public.

Oliv. O hideous, cousin! this cannot be your opinion. But you are one of those who have the confidence to pardon the filthy play.

Eliza. Why, what is there of ill in't, say you?

Oliv. O fy! fy! fy! would you put me to the blush anew? call all the blood into my face again? But to satisfy you then; first, the clandestine obscenity in the very name of *Horner*.

Eliza. Truly, 'tis so hidden I cannot find it out, I confess.

Oliv. O horrid! Does it not give you the rank conception or image of a goat, or town-bull, or a satyr?

* A Play of Wycherley's.

Eliza. What then? I can think of a goat, a bull, or a satyr, without any hurt.

Oliv. Ay; but cousin, one cannot stop there.

Eliza. I can, cousin.

Oliv. O no; for when you have those filthy creatures in your head once, the next thing you think, is what they do. Nay, further——

Eliza. Nay, no farther, cousin. We have enough of your comment on the play, which will make me more ashamed than the play itself.

Oliv. O, believe me, 'tis a filthy play! and you may take my word for a filthy play as soon as another's. But the filthiest thing in that play, or any other play, is——

Eliza. Pray keep it to yourself, if it be so.

Oliv. No, faith, you shall know it; I'm resolved to make you out of love with the play. I say, the lewdest, filthiest thing is his *china*; nay, I will never forgive the beastly author his *china*. He has quite taken away the reputation of poor china itself, and sullied the most innocent and pretty furniture of a lady's chamber; inso-much that I was fain to break all my defiled vessels. You see I have none left; nor you, I hope.

Eliza. You'll pardon me, I cannot think the worse of my china for that of the playhouse.

Oliv. Why, you will not keep any now, sure! 'Tis now as unfit an ornament for a lady's chamber as the pictures that come from Italy and other hot countries; as appears by their nudities, which I always cover, or scratch out, wheresoe'er I find 'em. But china! out upon't, filthy china! nasty, debauched china!

Eliza. All this will not put me out of conceit with china, nor the play, which is acted to-day, or another of the same beastly author's, as you call him, which I'll go see.

Oliv. You will not, sure! nay, you shall not venture your reputation by going, and mine by leaving me alone with two men here: nay, you'll disoblige me for ever, if——

[Pulls her back.

Eliza. I stay!—your servant.

[Exit.

Oliv. But what think you, Mr. Novel, of the play? though I know you are a friend to all that are new.

Nov. Faith, madam, I must confess, the new plays would not be the worse for my advice, but I could never get the silly rogues, the poets, to mind what I say; but I'll tell you what counsel I gave the surly fool you spake of.

Oliv. What was't?

Nov. Faith, to put his play into rhyme; for rhyme, you know, often makes mystical nonsense pass with the critics for wit, and a double-meaning saying with the ladies, for soft, tender, and moving passion. But now I talk of passion, I saw your old lover this morning—Captain——

[Whispers

Enter MANLY, FREEMAN, *and* FIDELIA, *standing behind.*

Oliv. Whom?—nay, you need not whisper.

Man. We are luckily got hither unobserved. How! in a close conversation with these supple rascals, the outcasts of sempstresses' shops!

Free. Faith, pardon her, captain, that, since she could no longer be entertained with your manly bluntness and honest love, she takes up with the pert chat and common-place flattery of these fluttering parrots of the town, apes and echoes of men only.

Man. Do not you, sir, play the echo too, mock me, dally with my own words, and show yourself as impertinent as they are.

Free. Nay, captain——

Fid. Nay, lieutenant, do not excuse her; methinks she looks very kindly upon 'em both, and seems to be pleased with what that fool there says to her,

Man. You lie, sir! and hold your peace, that I may not be provoked to give you a worse reply.

Oliv. Manly returned, d'ye say! and is he safe?

Nov. My lord saw him too.—Hark you, my lord.

[*Whispers to* PLAUSIBLE.]

Man. She yet seems concerned for my safety, and perhaps they are admitted now here but for their news of me: for intelligence indeed is the common passport of nauseous fools, when they go their round of good tables and houses.

[*Aside.*

Oliv. I heard of his fighting only, without particulars, and confess I always loved his brutal courage, because it made me hope it might rid me of his more brutal love.

Man. What's that?

[*Aside.*

Oliv. But is he at last returned, d'ye say, unhurt?

Nov. Ay, faith, without doing his business; for the rogue has been these two years pretending to a wooden leg, which he would take from fortune, as kindly as the staff of a marshal of France, and rather read his name in a gazette——

Oliv. Than in the entail of a good estate.

Man. So!

[*Aside.*

Nov. I have an ambition, I must confess, of losing my heart before such a fair enemy as yourself, madam; but that silly rogues should be ambitious of losing their arms, and——

Oliv. Looking like a pair of compasses.

Nov. But he has no use of his arms but to set 'em on kimbow, for he never pulls off his hat, at least not to me, I'm sure; for you must know, madam, he has a fanatical hatred to good company: he can't abide me.

Plaus. O, be not so severe to him, as to say he hates good company; for I assure you he has a great respect, esteem and kindness for me.

Man. That kind, civil rogue has spoken yet ten thousand times worse of me than t'other.

[*Aside.*

Oliv. Well, if he be returned, Mr. Novel, then shall I be pestered again with his boisterous sea-love ; have my alcove smell like a cabin, my chamber perfumed with his taupaulin Brandenburg ; and hear volleys of brandy-sighs, enough to make a fog in one's room. Foh ! I hate a lover that smells like Thames Street.

Man. [*aside.*] I can bear no longer, and need hear no more.—[*To OLIVIA.*] But since you have these two pulvillio boxes, these essence-bottles, this pair of musk-cats here, I hope I may venture to come yet nearer you.

Oliv. Overheard us then !

Nov. I hope he heard me not.

[*Aside.*

Plaus. Most noble and heroic captain, your most obliged, faithful, humble servant.

Nov. Dear tar, thy humble servant.

Man. Away !—[*Thrusts NOVEL and PLAUSIBLE on each side.*] Madam——

Oliv. Nay, I think I have fitted you for listening.

Man. You have fitted me for believing you could not be fickle, though you were young ; could not dissemble love, though 'twas your interest ; nor be vain, though you were handsome ; nor break your promise, though to a parting lover ; nor abuse your best friend, though you had wit ; but I take not your contempt of me worse than your esteem, or civility for these things here, though you know 'em.

Nov. Things !

Plaus. Let the captain rally a little.

Man. Yes, things ! Canst thou be angry, thou thing ?

[*Coming up to NOVEL.*

Nov. No, since my lord says you speak in raillery ; for though your sea-raillery be something rough, yet, I confess, we use one another too as bad every day at Locket's, and never quarrel for the matter.

Plaus. Nay, noble captain, be not angry with him.—A word with you, I beseech you——

[*Whispers to MANLY.*

Oliv. Well, we women, like the rest of the cheats of the world, when our creditors have found us out, and will or can trust no longer, pay debts and satisfy obligations with a quarrel, the kindest present a man can make to his mistress, when he can make no more presents. For oftentimes in love, as at cards, we are forced to play foul, only to give over the game ; and use our lovers like the cards, when we can get no more by them, throw 'em up in a pet upon the first dispute.

[*Aside.*

Man. My lord, all that you have made me know by your whispering, which I knew not before, is, that you have a stinking breath ; there's a secret for your secret.

Plaus. Pshaw ! pshaw !

Man. But, madam, tell me, pray, what was't about this spark could take you ? Was it the merit of his fashionable impudence ; the briskness of his noise, the wit of his laugh, his judgment, or fancy

in his garniture? or was it a well-trimmed glove, or the scent of it, that charmed you?

Nov. Very well, sir: 'gad these sea-captains make nothing of dressing. But let me tell you, sir, a man by his dress, as much as by anything, shows his wit and judgment; nay, and his courage too.

Free. How, his courage, Mr. Novel?

Nov. Why, for example, by red breeches, tucked-up hair or peruke, a greasy broad belt, and now-a-days a short sword.

Man. Thy courage will appear more by thy belt than thy sword, I dare swear.—Then, madam, for this gentle piece of courtesy, this man of tame honour, what could you find in him? Was it his languishing affected tone? his mannerly look? his second-hand flattery? the refuse of the playhouse tiring-rooms? or his slavish obsequiousness in watching at the door of your box at the play house, for your hand to your chair? or his jaunty way of playing with your fan? or was it the gunpowder spot on his hand, or the jewel in his ear, that purchased your heart?

Oliv. Good jealous captain, no more of your——

Plaus. No, let him go on, madam, for perhaps he may make you laugh; and I would contribute to your pleasure any way.

Man. Gentle rogue!

Oliv. No, noble captain, you cannot sure think anything could take me more than that heroic title of yours, captain; for you know we women love honour inordinately.

Nov. Ha! ha! faith, she is with thee, bully, for thy raillery.

Man. Faith, so shall I be with you, no bully, for your grinning.

[*Aside to NOVEL.*

Oliv. Then that noble lion-like mien of yours, that soldier-like, weather-beaten complexion, and that manly roughness of your voice; how can they otherwise than charm us women, who hate effeminacy!

Nov. Ha! ha! faith I can't hold from laughing.

Man. Nor shall I from kicking anon. [*Aside to NOVEL.*

Oliv. And then, that captain-like carelessness in your dress, but especially your scarf; 'twas just such another, only a little higher tied, made me in love with my tailor as he passed by my window the last training-day; for we women adore a martial man, and you have nothing wanting to make you more one, or more agreeable, but a wooden leg.

Plaus. Nay, i'faith, there your ladyship was a wag, and it was fine, just, and well rallied.

Nov. Ay, ay, madam, with you ladies too, martial men must needs be very killing.

Man. Peace, you Bartholomew-fair buffoons! And be not you vain that these laugh on your side, for they will laugh at their own dull jests; but no more of 'em, for I will only suffer now this lady to be witty and merry.

Oliv. You would not have your panegyric interrupted. I go on then to your humour. Is there anything more agreeable than the

pretty sullenness of that ? than the greatness of your courage, which most of all appears in your spirit of contradiction ? for you dare give all mankind the lie ; and your opinion is your only mistress, for you renounce that too, when it becomes another man's.

Nov. Ha ! ha ! I cannot hold, I must laugh at thee, tar, faith !

Plaus. And i'faith, dear captain, I beg your pardon, and leave to laugh at you too, though I protest I mean you no hurt ; but when a lady rallies, a stander-by must be 'complaisant, and do her reason in laughing. Ha ! ha !

Man. Why, you impudent, pitiful wretches, you presume sure upon your effeminacy to urge me ; for you are in all things so like women, that you may think it in me a kind of cowardice to beat you.

Oliv. No hectoring, good captain.

Man. Or, perhaps, you think this lady's presence secures you ; but have a care, she has talked herself out of all the respect I had for her ; and by using me ill before you, has given me a privilege of using you so before her ; but if you would preserve your respect to her, and not be beaten before her, go, begone immediately.

Nov. Begone ! what ?

Plaus. Nay, worthy, noble, generous, captain——

Man. Begone, I say !

Nov. Begone again ! to us begone !

Man. No chattering, baboons, instantly begone, or——

[*Puts them out of the room : NOVEL struts, PLAUSIBLE cringes.*]

Nov. Well, madam, we'll go make the cards ready in your bed-chamber : sure you will not stay long with him.

[*Exeunt PLAUSIBLE and NOVEL.*]

Oliv. Turn hither your rage, good Captain Swaggerhuff, and be saucy with your mistress, like a true captain ; but be civil to your rivals and betters, and do not threaten anything but me here ; no, not so much as my windows ; nor do not think yourself in the lodgings of one of your suburb mistresses beyond the Tower.

Man. Do not give me cause to think so ; for those less infamous women part with their lovers, just as you did from me, with unforced vows of constancy and floods of willing tears ; but the same winds bear away their lovers and their vows ; and for their grief, if the credulous unexpected fools return, they find new comforters, such as I found here. The mercenary love of those women too suffers shipwreck with their gallants' fortunes ; now you have heard chance has used me scurvily, therefore you do too. Well, persevere in your ingratitude, falsehood, and disdain ; have constancy in something, and I promise you to be as just to your real scorn as I was to your feigned love ; and henceforward will despise, contemn, hate, loathe, and detest you most faithfully.

Enter LETTICE.

Oliv. Get the ombre-cards ready in the next room, Lettice, and——

[*Whispers to LETTICE, who goes out.*]

Free. Bravely resolved, captain !

Fid. And you'll be sure to keep your word, I hope, sir ?

Man. I hope so too.

Fid. Do you but hope it, sir ? If you are not as good as your word, 'twill be the first time you ever bragged, sure.

Man. She has restored my reason with my heart.

Free. But now you talk of restoring, captain, there are other things, which next to one's heart one would not part with ; I mean your jewels and money, which it seems she has, sir ?

Man. What's that to you, sir ?

Free. Pardon me, whatsoever is yours I have a share in't I'm sure, which I will not lose for asking, though you may be too generous or too angry now to do't yourself.

Fid. Nay, then I'll make bold to make my claim, too.

[*Both going towards OLIVIA.*

Man. Hold, you impertinent, officious fops—[*Aside.*] How have I been deceived !

Free. Madam, there are certain appurtenances to a lover's heart, called jewels, which always go along with it.

Fid. And which, with lovers, have no value in themselves, but from the heart they come with. Our captain's, madam, it seems you scorn to keep, and much more will those worthless things without it, I am confident.

Oliv. A gentleman so well made as you are may be confident—us easy women could not deny you anything you ask, if 'twere for yourself ; but, since 'tis for another, I beg your leave to give him my answer.—[*Aside.*] An agreeable young fellow this—and would not be my aversion.—[*Aloud.*] Captain, your young friend here has a very persuading face, I confess ; yet you might have asked me yourself for those trifles you left with me, which (hark you a little, for I dare trust you with the secret ; you are a man of so much honour, I'm sure) I say then, not expecting your return, or hoping ever to see you again, I have delivered your jewels to—

Man. Whom ?

Oliv. My husband.

Man. Your husband ?

Oliv. Ay, my husband. For since you could leave me, I am lately and privately married to one, who is a man of so much honour and experience in the world, that I dare not ask him for your jewels again to restore 'em to you ; lest he should conclude you never would have parted with 'em to me on any other score but the exchange of my honour ; which rather than you'd let me lose, you'd lose I'm sure yourself, those trifles of yours.

Man. Triumphant impudence ! but married too !

Oliv. O, speak not so loud, my servants know it not : I am married ; there's no resisting one's destiny or love, you know.

Man. Why, did you love him too ?

Oliv. Most passionately ; nay, love him now, though I have married him, and he me : which mutual love I hope you are too good,

too generous a man to disturb, by any future claim, or visits to me. 'Tis true, he is now absent in the country, but returns shortly; therefore I beg of you, for your own ease and quiet, and my honour, you will never see me more.

Man. I wish I had never seen you.

Oliv. But if you should ever have anything to say to me hereafter, let that young gentleman there be your messenger.

Man. You would be kinder to him; I find he should be welcome.

Oliv. Alas! his youth would keep my husband from suspicions, and his visits from scandal; for we women may have pity for such as he, but no love; and I already think you do not well to spirit him away to sea; and the sea is already but too rich with the spoil of the shore.

Man. True perfect woman! If I could say anything more injurious to her now, I would; for I could out-rail a kicked coward; but now I think on't, that were rather to discover my love than hatred; and I must not talk, for something I must do. [*Aside.*]

Oliv. I think I have given him enough of me now, never to be troubled with him again. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter LETTICE.

Well, Lettice, are the cards and all ready within? I come then.—Captain, I beg your pardon: you will not make one at ombre?

Man. No, madam, but I'll wish you a little good luck before you go.

Oliv. No, if you would have me thrive, curse me—for that you'll do heartily, I suppose.

Man. Then if you will have it so, may all the curses light upon you women ought to fear, and you deserve!—First, may the curse of loving play attend your sordid covetousness, and fortune cheat you, by trusting to her, as you have cheated me; the curse of pride, or a good reputation, fall on your lust; the curse of affectation on your beauty; the curse of your husband's company on your pleasures; and the curse of scorn, jealousy, or despair on your love; and then the curse of loving on!

Oliv. And to requite all your curses, I will only return you your last; may the curse of loving me still fall upon your proud hard heart, that could be so cruel to me in these horrid curses! but Heaven forgive you! [*Exit.*]

Free. Well, you see now, mistresses, like friends, are lost by letting 'em handle your money; and most women are such kind of witches, who can have no power over a man, unless you give 'em money; but when once they have got any from you, they never leave you till they have all. Therefore I never dare give a woman a farthing.

Man. Well, there is yet this comfort by losing one's money with one's mistress, a man is out of danger of getting another; of being made prize again by love, who, like a pirate, takes you by spreading

false colours ; but when once you have run your ship aground, the treacherous picaroon loofs ; so by your ruin you save yourself from slavery at least.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mrs. Lettice, here's Madam Blackacre come to wait upon her honour. *[Exeunt LETTICE and BOY.]*

Man. D'ye hear that ? Let us begone before she comes : for henceforward I'll avoid the whole sex for ever, and woman as a sinking ship. *[Exeunt MANLY and FIDELIA.]*

Free. And I'll stay, to revenge on her your quarrel to the sex ; for out of love to her jointure, and hatred to business, I would marry her, to make an end of her thousand suits, and my thousand engagements, to the comfort of two unfortunate sort of people, my plaintiffs and her defendants, my creditors and her adversaries.

Enter WIDOW BLACKACRE, led in by MAJOR OLDFOX, and JERRY BLACKACRE following, laden with green bags.

Wid. 'Tis an arrant sea-ruffian ; but I am glad I met with him at last, to serve him again, major ; for the last service was not good in law. Boy, duck, Jerry, where is my paper of memorandums ? Give me, child : so. Where is my cousin Olivia now, my kind relation ?

Free. Here is one that would be your kind relation, madam.

Wid. What mean you, sir ?

Free. Why, faith (to be short), to marry you, widow.

Wid. Is not this the wild, rude person we saw at Captain Manly's ?

Jer. Ay, forsooth, an't please.

Wid. What would you ? What are you ? Marry me !

Free. Ay, faith ; for I am a younger brother, and you are a widow.

Wid. You are an impertinent person ; and go about your business.

Free. I have none, but to marry thee, widow.

Wid. But I have other business, I'd have you to know.

Free. But I'll make you pleasanter business than any you have ; for the business, widow——

Wid. Go, I'm sure you're an idle fellow.

Free. Try me but, widow, and employ me as you find my abilities and industry.

Old. Pray be civil to the lady, Mr. —— ; she is a person of quality, a person that is no person——

Free. Yes, but she's a person that is a widow. Be you mannerly to her, because you are to pretend only to be her squire, to arm her to her lawyer's chambers ; but I will be impudent ; for she must love and marry me.

Wid. Marry come up, you saucy familiar Jack ! Gad forgive me ! now-a-days, every idle, young, hectoring, roaring companion, with a pair of turned red breeches, and a broad back, thinks to

carry away any widow of the best degree. But I'd have you to know, sir, all widows are not got, like places at Court, by impudence and importunity only.

Old. No, no, soft, soft, you are a young man, and not fit——

Free. For a widow? yes sure, old man, the fitter.

Old. Go to, go to; if others had not laid in their claims before you——

Free. Not you, I hope.

Old. Why not I, sir? sure I am a much more proportionable match for her than you, sir; I, who am an elder brother, of a comfortable fortune, and of equal years with her.

Wid. How's that, you unmannerly person? I'd have you to know, I was born in *Ann' unde' Caroli prim'.*

Old. Your pardon, lady, your pardon; be not offended with your very humble servant—But, I say, sir, you are a beggarly younger brother, twenty years younger than her, without any land or stock, but your great stock of impudence; therefore what pretension can you have to her?

Free. You have made it for me; first, because I am a younger brother.

Wid. Why, is that a sufficient plea to a relict? how appears it, sir? by what foolish custom?

Free. By custom time out of mind only. Then, sir, because I have nothing to keep me after her death, I am the likelier to take care of her life. And for my being twenty years younger than her, and having a sufficient stock of impudence, I leave it to her whether they will be valid exceptions to me in her widow's law or equity.

Old. Well, she has been so long in Chancery, that I'll stand to her equity and decree between us. Come, lady, pray snap up this young snap at first, or we shall be troubled with him. Give him a city-widow's answer, that is, with all the ill-breeding imaginable.—[*Aside to the Widow.*] Come, madam.

Wid. Well then, to make an end of this foolish wooing, for nothing interrupts business more; first, for you, major——

Old. You declare in my favour, then?

Free. What, direct the court! Come, young lawyer, thou shalt be a counsel for me. [To JERRY.]

Jer. Gad, I shall betray your cause then, as well as an older lawyer; never stir.

Wid. First, I say, for you, major, my walking hospital of an ancient foundation! thou bag of mummy, that wouldst fall asunder, if 'twere not for cercloths——

Old. How, lady!

Free. Ha! ha!——

Jer. Hey, brave mother! use all suitors thus, for my sake.

Wid. Thou withered, hobbling, distorted cripple; nay, thou art a cripple all over; wouldst thou make me the staff of thy age, the crutch of thy decrepidness? me——

Free. Well said, widow! Faith, thou wouldst make a man love thee now, without dissembling.

Wid. Thou senseless, impertinent, quibbling, drivelling, feeble, paralytic, nincompoop!

Jer. Hey, brave mother, for calling of names, i'fac!

Wid. Wouldst thou make a caudle-maker, a nurse of me? can't you be bedrid without a bedfellow? won't your swan-skins, furs, flannels, and the scorched trencher keep you warm there? would you have me your Scotch warming-pan! me——

Old. O heavens!

Free. I told you I should be thought the fitter man, major.

Jer. Ay, you old fobus, and you would have been my guardian, would you, to have taken care of my estate, that half of't should never come to me, by letting long leases at peppercorn rents?

Wid. If I would have married an old man, 'tis well known I might have married an earl, nay, what's more, a judge, and been covered the winter nights with the lamb-skins, which I prefer to the ermines of nobles. And dost thou think I would wrong my poor minor there for you?

Free. Your minor is a chopping minor, God bless him!

[*Strokes* JERRY on the head.]

Old. Your minor may be a major of horse or foot, for his bigness; and it seems you will have the cheating of your minor to yourself.

Wid. Pray, sir, bear witness;—cheat my minor! I'll bring my action of the case for the slander.

Free. Nay I would bear false witness for thee now, widow, since you have done me justice, and have thought me the fitter man for you.

Wid. Fair and softly, sir, 'tis my minor's case, more than my own; and I must do him justice now on you.

Free. How!

Old. So then.

Wid. You are, first (I warrant), some renegado from the inns of court and the law; and thou'lt come to suffer for't by the law, that is, be hanged.

Jer. Not about your neck, forsooth, I hope.

Free. But, madam——

Old. Hear the Court.

Wid. Thou art some debauched, drunken, lewd, hectoring, gaming companion, and wantest some widow's old gold to nick upon; but I thank you, sir, that's for my lawyers.

Free. Faith, we should ne'er quarrel about that; for guineas would serve my turn. But, widow——

Wid. Thou art a foul-mouthed boaster, a mere braggadocio, and wilt belie thyself more than thou dost women, and art every way a base deceiver of women; and would deceive me too, would you?

Free. Nay, faith, widow, this is judging without seeing the evidence.

Wid. I say, you are worn-out at five-and-twenty, both in body

and fortune ; and in fine, you are a cheating, cozening spendthrift, and having sold your own annuity, would waste my jointure.

Jer. And make havoc of our estate personal, and all our gilt plate ; I should soon be picking up all our mortgaged apostle spoons, bowls, and beakers, out of most of the ale-houses betwixt Hercules-pillars and the Boatswain in Wapping ; nay, and you'd be scouring amongst my trees, and make 'em knock down one another, like routed, reeling watchmen at midnight ; would you say, bully ?

Free. Nay, prithee, widow, hear me.

Wid. No, sir ; I'd have you to know, thou pitiful, paltry, lath-backed fellow, if I would have married a young man, 'tis well known I could have had any young heir in Norfolk, nay, the hopefuller young man this day at the King's-bench bar ; I that am a relict and executrix of known plentiful assets and parts, who understand myself and the law. And would you have me under covert-baron again ? No, sir, no covert-baron for me.

Free. But, dear widow, hear me. I value you only, not your jointure.

Wid. Nay, sir, hold there ; I know your love to a widow is covetousness of her jointure ; and a widow a little stricken in years with a good jointure, is like an old mansion-house in a good purchase, never valued, but take one, take t'other ; and perhaps, when you are in possession, you'd neglect it, let it drop to the ground, for want of necessary repairs or expenses upon't.

Free. No, widow, one would be sure to keep all tight, when one is to forfeit one's lease by dilapidation.

Wid. Fie, fie ! I neglect my business with this foolish discourse of love. Jerry, child, let me see the list of the jury ; I'm sure my cousin Olivia has some relations amongst them. But where is she ?

Free. Nay, widow, but hear me one word only.

Wid. Nay, sir, no more, pray. I will no more hearken to your foolish love-motions, than to offers of arbitration.

[*Exeunt WIDOW and JERRY.*]

Free. Well, I'll follow thee yet ; for he that has a pretension to Court, or to a widow, must never give over for a little ill-usage.

Old. Therefore, I'll get her by assiduity, patience, and long sufferings, which you will not undergo ; for you idle young fellows leave off love when it comes to be business ; and industry gets more women than love.

Free. Ay, industry, the fool's and old man's merit. — But I'll be industrious too, and make a business on't, and get her by law wrangling, and contests, and not by sufferings ; and, because you are no dangerous rival, I'll give thee counsel, major.

If you litigious widow e'er would gain,
Sigh not to her, but by the law complain.

[*Exit FREE.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Westminster Hall.*

Enter MANLY and FREEMAN, two SAILORS behind.

Man. I hate this place worse than a man that has inherited a chancery suit : I wish I were well out on't again.

Free. Why, you need not be afraid of this place ; for a man without money needs no more fear a crowd of lawyers than a crowd of pickpockets.

Man. This, the reverend of the law would have thought the palace or residence of Justice ; but, if it be, she lives here with the state of a Turkish emperor, rarely seen ; and besieged rather than defended by her numerous black-guard here.

Free. Methinks 'tis like one of their own halls in Christmas time, whither from all parts fools bring their money, to try by the dice (not the worst judges) whether it shall be their own or no ; but after a tedious fretting and wrangling, they drop away all their money on both sides ; and, finding neither the better, at last go emptily and lovingly away together to the tavern, joining their curses against the young lawyer's box, that sweeps all, like the old ones.

Man. Spoken like a revelling Christmas lawyer.

Free. Yes, I was one, I confess, but was fain to leave the law, out of conscience, and fall to making false musters : rather choose to cheat the king than his subjects ; plunder rather than take fees.

Man. Well, a plague and a purse-famine light on the law ; and that female limb of it who dragged me hither to-day ! But prithee go see if, in that crowd of daggled gowns there [*pointing to a crowd of LAWYERS at the end of the stage*] thou canst find her.

[*Exit FREEMAN.*]

How hard it is to be a hypocrite !

At least to me, who am but newly so.

I thought it once a kind of knavery,

Nay, cowardice, to hide one's fault ; but now

The common frailty, love, becomes my shame.

He must not know I love the ungrateful still,

Lest he condemn me more than she ; for I,

It seems, can undergo a woman's scorn,

But not a man's——

Enter FIDELIA.

Fid. Sir, good sir, generous captain.

Man. Prithee, kind impertinence, leave me. Why shouldst thou follow me, flatter my generosity now, since thou knowest I have no money left ? if I had it, I'd give it thee, to buy my quiet.

Fid. I never followed yet, sir, reward or fame, but you alone ; nor do I now beg anything but leave to share your miseries. You

should not be a niggard of 'em, since, methinks, you have enough to spare. Let me follow you now, because you hate me, as you have often said.

Man. I ever hated a coward's company, I must confess.

Fid. Let me follow you till I am none, then ; for you, I'm sure, will go through such worlds of dangers, that, I shall be inured to 'em ; nay, I shall be afraid of your anger more than danger, and turn valiant out of fear. Dear captain, do not cast me off till you have tried me once more ; do not, do not go to sea again without me.

Man. Thou to sea ! to court, thou fool ; remember the advice I gave thee : thou art a handsome spaniel, and canst fawn naturally ; go, busk about and run thyself into the next great man's lobby ; first fawn upon the slaves without, and then run into the lady's bedchamber. Go seek, I say, and lose me ; for I am not able to keep thee ; I have not bread for myself.

Fid. Therefore I will not go, because then I may help and serve you.

Man. Thou !

Fid. I warrant you, sir ; for, at worst, I could beg or steal for you.

Man. Nay, more bragging ! Dost thou not know there's venturing your life in stealing ? Go, prithee, away : thou art as hard to shake off as that flattering, effeminating mischief, love.

Fid. Love did you name ? Why, you are not so miserable as to be yet in love, sure ?

Man. No, no, prithee away, begone, or—[*Aside.*] I had almost discovered my love and shame ; well, if I had, that thing could not think the worse of me—or if he did—no—yes, he shall know it—he shall—but then I must never leave him, for they are such secrets that make parasites lords of their masters ; for any slavery or tyranny is easier than love's.—[*Aloud.*] Come hither, since thou art so forward to serve me : hast thou but resolution enough to endure the torture of a secret ? for such to some is insupportable.

Fid. I would keep it as safe as if your dear, precious life depended on't.

Man. Out on your dearness. It concerns more than my life—my honour.

Fid. Doubt it not, sir.

Man. And do not discover it, by too much fear of discovering it ; but have a great care you let not Freeman find it out.

Fid. I warrant you, sir, I am already all joy with the hopes of your commands ; and shall be all wings in the execution of 'em : speak quickly, sir.

Man. You said you'd beg for me.

Fid. I did, sir.

Man. Then you shall beg for me.

Fid. With all my heart, sir.

Man. Make suit for me.

Fid. How, sir?

Man. D've start! Thinkest thou, thou couldst do me any other service? Come, no dissembling honour: I know you can do it handsomely, thou wert made for't. You have lost your time with me at sea, you must recover it.

Fid. Do not, sir, beget yourself more reasons for your aversion to me, and make my obedience to you a fault; I am the unfittest in the world to do you such a service.

Man. Your cunning arguing against it shows but how fit you are for it. No more dissembling; here (I say) you must go use it for me to Olivia.

Fid. To her, sir?

Man. Go flatter, lie, kneel, promise, anything to get her for me: I cannot live unless I have her. Didst thou not say thou wouldst do anything to save my life? and she said you had a persuading face.

Fid. But did not you say, sir, your honour was dearer to you than your life? and would you have me contribute to the loss of that, and carry love from you to the most infamous, most false, and——

Man. And most beautiful!——

[*Sighs aside.*]

Fid. Most ungrateful woman that ever lived; for sure she must be so, that could desert you so soon, use you so basely, and so lately too: do not, do not forget it, sir, and think——

Man. No, I will not forget it, but think of revenge. Go, begone, and prevail for me, or never see me more.

Fid. You scorned her last night.

Man. I know not what I did last night; I dissembled last night.

Fid. Heavens!

Man. Begone, I say, and bring me love or compliance back, or hopes at least, or I'll never see thy face again, by——

Fid. O, do not swear, sir! first hear me.

Man. I'm impatient, away! you'll find me here till twelve.

[*Turns away.*]

Fid. Sir——

Man. Not one word, no insinuating argument more, or soothing persuasion; you'll have need of all your rhetoric with her: go strive to alter her, not me; begone.

[*Retires to the end of the stage, and exits*]

Fid. Should I discover to him now my sex,
And lay before him his strange cruelty,
'Twould but incense it more.—No, 'tis not time.
For his love must I then betray my own?
Were ever love or chance till now severe?
Or shifting woman posed with such a task?
Forced to beg that which kills her, if obtain'd,
And give away her lover not to lose him!

[*Exit.*]

[Enter WIDOW BLACKACRE, in the middle of half-a-dozen LAWYERS, whispered to by a fellow in black, JERRY BLACKACRE following the crowd.]

Wid. Offer me a reference, you saucy companion you ! d'ye know who you speak to ? Art thou a solicitor in Chancery, and offer a reference ? A pretty fellow ! Mr. Serjeant Ploddon, here's a fellow has the impudence to offer me a reference !

Serj. Plod. Who's that has the impudence to offer a reference within these walls ?

Wid. Nay, for a splitter of causes to do't !

Serj. Plod. No, madam ; to a lady learned in the law, as you are, the offer of a reference were to impose upon you.

Wid. No, no, never fear me for a reference, Mr. Serjeant. But come, have you not forgot your brief ? Are you sure you shan't make the mistake of—hark you—[*Whispers.*—Go then, go to your court of Common Pleas, and say one thing over and over again : you do it so naturally, you'll never be suspected for protracting time.

Serj. Plod. Come, I know the course of the court, and your business. [Exit.]

Wid. Let's see, Jerry, where are my minutes ? Come, Mr. Quaint, pray go talk a great deal for me in Chancery ; let your words be easy, and your sense hard ; my cause requires it : branch it bravely, and deck my cause with flowers, that the snake may lie hidden. Go, go, and be sure you remember the decree of my Lord Chancellor, *Tricesimo quart'* of the queen.

Quaint. I will, as I see cause, extenuate, or exemplify matter of fact ; baffle truth with impudence ; answer exceptions with questions, though never so impertinent ; for reasons give 'em words ; for law and equity, tropes and figures ; and so relax and enervate the sinews of their argument with the oil of my eloquence. But when my lungs can reason no longer, and not being able to say anything more for our cause, say everything of our adversary ; whose reputation, though never so clear and evident in the eye of the world, yet with sharp invectives—

Wid. Alias, Billingsgate.

Quaint. With poignant and sour invectives, I say, I will deface, wipe out, and obliterate his fair reputation, even as a record with the juice of lemons ; and tell such a story (for the truth on't is, all that we can do for our client in Chancery is telling a story) a fine story, a long story, such a story—

Wid. Go, save thy breath for the cause ; talk at the bar, Mr. Quaint : you are so copiously fluent, you can weary any one's ears sooner than your own tongue. Go, weary our adversaries' counsel, and the court ; go, thou art a fine-spoken person : adad, I shall make thy wife jealous of me, if you can but court the court into a decree for us. Go, get you gone, and remember—[*Whispers.*]

—[*Exit* QUAIN.]—Come, Mr. Blunder, pray bawl soundly for me, at the King's-bench, bluster, sputter, question, cavil ; but be sure your argument be intricate enough to confound the court ; and then you do my business. Talk what you will, but be sure your tongue never stand still ; for your own noise will secure your sense from censure : 'tis like coughing or hemming when one has got the belly-ache, which stifles the unmannerly noise. Go, dear rogue, and succeed ; and I'll invite thee, ere it be long, to more soused venison.

Blun. I'll warrant you, after your verdict, your judgment shall not be arrested upon if's and and's. [*Exit.*]

Wid. Come, Mr. Petulant, let me give you some new instructions for our cause in the Exchequer. Are the barons sate ?

Pet. Yes, no ; may be they are, may be they are not ; what know I ? what care I ?

Wid. Heyday ! I wish you would but snap up the counsel on t'other side anon at the bar as much ; and have a little more patience with me, that I might instruct you a little better.

Pet. You instruct me ! what is my brief for, mistress ?

Wid. Ay, but you seldom read your brief but at the bar, if you do it then.

Pet. Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and perhaps 'tis time enough ; pray hold yourself contented, mistress.

Wid. Nay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, sir ; though you, I see, will lose my cause for want of speaking, I wo' not : you shall hear me, and shall be instructed. Let's see your brief.

Pet. Send your solicitor to me. Instructed by a woman ! I'd have you to know, I do not wear a bar-gown—

Wid. By a woman ! and I'd have you to know, I am no common woman ; but a woman conversant in the laws of the land, as well as yourself, though I have no bar-gown.

Pet. Go to, go to, mistress, you are impertinent, and there's your brief for you : instruct me ! [*Flings her breviae at her.*]

Wid. Impertinent to me, you saucy Jack, you ! you return my breviae, but where's my fee ? you'll be sure to keep that, and scan that so well, that if there chance to be but a brass half-crown in't, one's sure to hear on't again : would you would but look on your breviae half so narrowly ! But pray give me my fee too, as well as my brief.

Pet. Mistress, that's without precedent. When did a counsel ever return his fee, pray ? and you are impertinent and ignorant to demand it.

Wid. Impertinent again, and ignorant, to me ! Gadsbodikins, you puny upstart in the law, to use me so ! you green-bag carrier, you murderer of unfortunate causes, the clerk's ink is scarce off of your fingers—you that newly come from lamp-blackening the judges' shoes, and are not fit to wipe mine : you call me impertinent and ignorant ! I would give thee a cuff on the ear, sitting the courts, if I were ignorant. Marry-gep, if it had not been for me, thou hadst been yet but a hearing counsel at the bar. [*Exit* PETULANT.]

Enter MR. BUTTONGOWN, crossing the stage in haste.

Mr. Buttongown, Mr. Buttongown, whither so fast? what, won't you stay till we are heard?

But. I cannot, Mrs. Blackacre, I must be at the council, my lord's cause stays there for me.

Wid. And mine suffers here.

But. I cannot help it.

Wid. I'm undone.

But. What's that to me?

Wid. Consider the five-pound fee, if not my cause: that was something to you.

But. Away, away! pray be not so troublesome, mistress: I must be gone.

Wid. Nay, but consider a little: I am your old client, my lord but a new one; or let him be what he will, he will hardly be a better client to you than myself: I hope you believe I shall be in law as long as I live; therefore am no despicable client. Well, but go to your lord; I know you expect he should make you a judge one day; but I hope his promise to you will prove a true lord's promise. But that he might be sure to fail you, I wish you had his bond for't.

But. But what, will you yet be thus impertinent, mistress?

Wid. Nay, I beseech you, sir, stay; if it be but to tell me my lord's case: come, in short——

But. Nay, then——

[*Exit.*]

Wid. Well, Jerry, observe child, and lay it up for hereafter. These are those lawyers who, by being in all causes, are in none: therefore if you would have 'em for you, let your adversary fee 'em; for he may chance to depend upon them; and so, in being against thee, they'll be for thee.

Jer. Ay, mother; they put me in mind of the unconscionable wooers of widows, who undertake briskly their matrimonial business for their money; but when they have got it once, let who's will look to them. Therefore have a care of 'em, forsooth. There's advice for your advice.

Wid. Well said, boy.—Come, Mr. Splitcause, pray go see when my cause in Chancery comes on; and go speak with Mr. Quillit in the King's Bench, and Mr. Quirk in the Common Pleas, and see how our matters go there.

Enter MAJOR OLDFOX.

Old. Lady, a good and propitious morning to you; and may all your causes go as well as if I myself were judge of 'em!

Wid. Sir, excuse me; I am busy, and cannot answer compliments in Westminster Hall. Go, Mr. Splitcause, and come to me again to that bookseller's; there I'll stay for you, that you may be sure to find me.

Old. No, sir, come to the other bookseller's. I'll attend your ladyship thither. [Exit SPLITCAUSE.]

Wid. Why to the other?

Old. Because he's my bookseller, lady.

Wid. What, to sell you lozenges for your catarrh? or medicines for your corns? What else can a major deal with a bookseller for?

Old. Lady, he prints for me.

Wid. Why, are you an author?

Old. Of some few essays; deign you, lady, to peruse 'em.—
[Aside.] She is a woman of parts; and I must win her by showing mine.

Bookseller's Boy. Will you see Culpepper, mistress? Aristotle's Problems?

Wid. No; let's see Dalton, Hughs, Shepherd, Wingate.

B. Boy. We have no law books.

Wid. No! you are a pretty bookseller then.

Old. Come, have you e'er a one of my essays left?

B. Boy. Yes, sir, we have enough, and shall always have 'em.

Old. How so?

B. Boy. Why, they are good, steady, lasting ware.

Old. Nay, I hope they will live; let's see. Be pleased, madam, to peruse the poor endeavours of my pen; for I have a pen, though I say it, that—
[Gives her a book.]

Fer. Pray let me see St. George for Christendom, or, The Seven Champions of England.

Wid. No, no; give him the Young Clerk's Guide.—What, we shall have you read yourself into a humour of rambling and fighting, and studying military discipline, and wearing red breeches.

Old. Nay, if you talk of military discipline, show him my Treatise of the Art Military.

Wid. Hold. I would as willingly he should read a play.

Fer. O, pray forsooth, mother, let me have a play.

Wid. No, sirrah; there are young students of the law enough spoiled already by plays. They would make you in love with your laundress, or, what's worse, some queen of the stage that was a laundress.—[Several crossing the stage.] But stay, Jerry, is not that Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, that goes there, he that offered to sell me a suit in Chancery for five hundred pounds, for a hundred down, and only paying the clerk's fees?

Fer. Ay, forsooth, 'tis he.

Wid. Then stay here, and have a care of the bags, whilst I follow him. Have a care of the bags, I say.

Fer. And do you have a care, forsooth, of the statute against champarty, I say. [Exit WIDOW.]

Re-enter FREEMAN.

Free. [aside.] So, there's a limb of my widow, which was wont to be inseparable from her; she can't be far.—[Aloud.] How now, my pretty son-in-law that shall be, where's my widow?

Fer. My mother, but not your widow, will be forthcoming presently.

Free. Your servant, major. What, are you buying furniture for a little sleeping closet, which you miscall a study? For you only bind your books up neatly and make 'em fine, for other people to use 'em. And your bookseller is properly your upholsterer, for he furnishes your room, rather than your head.

Old. Well, well, good sea-lieutenant, study you your compass; that's more than your head can deal with.—[*Aside.*] I will go find out the widow, to keep her out of his sight, or he'll board her whilst I am treating a peace. [Exit.]

Fer. Nay, prithee, friend, now let me have but the Seven Champions. You shall trust me no longer than till my mother's Mr. Splitcause comes; for I hope he'll lend me wherewithal to pay for't.

Free. Lend thee! here, I'll pay him. Do you want money, squire? I'm sorry a man of your estate should want money.

Fer. Nay, my mother will ne'er let me be at age; and till then, she says——

Free. At age! why, you are at age already to have spent an estate. man. There are younger than you have lost many thousand pounds at play.

Fer. Ay, they are happy sparks! Nay, I know some of my schoolfellows, who, when we were at school, were two years younger than me; but now, I know not how, are grown men before me, and go where they will, and look to themselves. But my curmudgeonly mother won't allow me wherewithal to be a man of myself with.

Free. Why, there 'tis; I knew your mother was in fault. Ask but your schoolfellows what they did to be men of themselves.

Fer. Why, I know they went to law with their mothers; for they say, there's no good to be done upon a widow mother till one goes to law with her; but mine is as plaguy a lawyer as any's of our inn. Then would she marry too, and cut down my trees. Now, I should hate, man, to have my father's wife kissed by another man; and our trees are the purest, tall, even, shady twigs, by my fa——

Free. Come, squire, let your mother and your trees fall as she pleases, rather than wear this gown and carry green bags all thy life, and be pointed at for a Tony. But you shall be able to deal with her yet the common way. Thou shalt make false love to some lawyer's daughter, whose father, upon the hopes of thy marrying her, shall lend thee money and law to preserve thy estate and trees; and thy mother is so ugly nobody will have her, if she cannot cut down thy trees.

Fer. Nay, if I had but anybody to stand by me, I am as stomachful as another.

Free. That will I; I'll not see any hopeful young gentleman abused.

B. Boy. By any but yourself.

[*Aside.*]

Fer. The truth on't is, mine's as arrant a widow-mother to her

poor child as any's in England. She won't so much as let one have sixpence in one's pocket to see a motion, or the dancing of the ropes, or——

Free. Come, you shan't want money ; there's gold for you.

Fer. O lord, sir, two guineas ! D'ye lend me this ? Is there no trick in't ? Well, sir, I'll give you my bond for security.

Free. No, no ; thou hast given me thy face for security : anybody would swear thou dost not look like a cheat. You shall have what you will of me ; and if your mother will not be kinder to you, come to me, who will.

Fer. [*aside.*] By my fa— he's a curious fine gentleman !—[*Aloud.*] But will you stand by one ?

Free. If you can be resolute.

Fer. Can be resolved ! Gad, if she gives me but a cross word, I'll leave her to-night, and come to you. But now I have got money, I'll go to Jack-of-all-Trades, at t'other end of the Hall, and buy the neatest purest things——

Free. [*aside.*] And I'll follow the great boy, and my blow at his mother. Steal away the calf, and the cow will follow you.

[*Exit JERRY, followed by FREEMAN.*]

Re-enter, on the other side, MANLY, WIDOW BLACKACRE and OLDFOX.

Man. Plague on your cause, can't you lose it without me ? which you are like enough to do, if it be, as you say, an honest one : I will suffer no longer for't.

Wid. Nay, captain, I tell you, you are my prime witness ; and the cause is just now coming on, Mr. Splitcause tells me. Lord, methinks you should take a pleasure in walking here, as half you see now do ; for they have no business here, I assure you.

Man. Yes ; but I'll assure you then, their business is to persecute me. But d'ye think I'll stay any longer, to have a rogue, because he knows my name, pluck me aside and whisper a news-book secret to me with a stinking breath ? a second come piping angry from the court, and sputter in my face his tedious complaints against it ? a third law-coxcomb, because he saw me once at a reader's dinner, come and put me a long law case, to make a discovery of his indefatigable dulness and my wearied patience ? a fourth, a most barbarous civil rogue, who will keep a man half an hour in the crowd with a bowed body, and a hat off, acting the reformed sign of the Salutation tavern, to hear his bountiful professions of service and friendship, whilst he cares not if I were dead, and I am wishing him hanged out of my way ?—I'd as soon run t' e gauntlet, as walk t'other turn.

Re-enter JERRY BLACKACRE, without his bags, but laden with trinkets, which he endeavours to hide from his Mother, and followed at a distance by FREEMAN.

Wid. O, are you come, sir? but where have you been, you ass? and how came you thus laden?

Fer. Look here, forsooth, mother; now here's a duck, here's a boar-cat, and here's an owl.

[Making a noise with catcalls and other such like instruments.]

Wid. Yes, there is an owl, sir.

Old. He's an ungracious bird indeed.

Wid. But go, thou trangame, and carry back those trangames, which thou hast stolen or purloined; for nobody would trust a minor in Westminster Hall, sure.

Fer. Hold yourself contented, forsooth: I have these commodities by a fair bargain and sale; and there stands my witness and creditor.

Wid. How's that? What, sir, d'ye think to get the mother by giving the child a rattle?—But where are my bags, my writings, you rascal?

Fer. O la! where are they indeed?

[Aside.]

Wid. How, sirrah? speak, come—

Man. You can tell her, Freeman, I suppose. *[Apart to him.]*

Free. 'Tis true I made one of your salt-water sharks steal 'em whilst he was eagerly choosing his commodities, as he calls 'em, in order to my design upon his mother. *[Apart to him.]*

Wid. Won't you speak? Where were you, I say, you son of a — an unfortunate woman?—O, major, I'm undone! They are all that concern my estate, my jointure, my husband's deed of gift, my evidences for all my suits now depending! What will become of them?

Free. *[aside.]* I'm glad to hear this.—*[Aloud.]* They'll be all safe, I warrant you, madam.

Wid. O where? where? Come, you villain, along with me, and show me where. *[Exeunt WIDOW, JERRY, and OLDFOX.]*

Man. Thou hast taken the right way to get a widow, by making her great boy rebel; for when nothing will make a widow marry, she'll do it to cross her children. But canst thou in earnest marry this harpy, this volume of shrivelled blurred parchments and law, this attorney's desk?

Free. Ay, ay; I'll marry and live honestly, that is, give my creditors, not her, due benevolence—pay my debts.

Man. Thy creditors, you see, are not so barbarous as to put thee in prison; and wilt thou commit thyself to a noisome dungeon for thy life? which is the only satisfaction thou canst give thy creditors by this match.

Free. Why, is not she rich?

Man. Ay; but he that marries a widow for her money, will find

himself as much mistaken as the widow that marries a young fellow for due benevolence, as you call it.

Free. Why, d'ye think I shan't deserve wages?

Man. I tell thee again, he that is the slave in the mine has the least proprietary in the ore. If thou wouldst have her money, rather get to be her trustee than her husband; for a true widow will make over her estate to anybody, and cheat herself rather than be cheated by her children or a second husband.

Re-enter JERRY, running in a fright.

Jer. O la, I'm undone! I'm undone! my mother will kill me;—you said you'd stand by one.

Free. So I will, my brave squire, I warrant thee.

Jer. Ay, but I dare not stay till she comes; for she's as furious, now she has lost her writings, as a bitch when she has lost her puppies.

Man. The comparison's handsome.

Jer. O, she's here!

Free. [to the SAILOR.] Take him, Jack, and make haste with him to your master's lodging; and be sure you keep him up till I come.

[*Exeunt JERRY and SAILOR.*

Re-enter WIDOW BLACKACRE and OLDFOX.

Wid. O my dear writings! Where's this heathen rogue, my minor?

Free. Gone to drown or hang himself.

Wid. No, I know him too well; he'll ne'er be *felo de se* that way; but he may go and choose a guardian of his own head, and so be *felo de ses biens*; for he has not yet chosen one.

Free. Say you so? And he shan't want one. [Aside.

Wid. But, now I think on't, 'tis you, sir, have put this cheat upon me. But I'll play fast and loose with you yet, if there be law, and my minor and writings are not forthcoming; I'll bring my action of detinue or trover. But first, I'll try to find out this guardianless, graceless villain.—Will you jog, major?

Man. If you have lost your evidence, I hope your causes cannot go on, and I may be gone?

Wid. O no; stay but a coughing while (as one may say) and I'll be with you again. [Exeunt WIDOW and OLDFOX.

Free. Well; sure I am the first man that ever began a love intrigue in Westminster Hall.

Man. No, sure; for the love to a widow generally begins here; and as the widow's cause goes against the heir or executors, the jointure-rivals commence their suit to the widow.

Free. Well; but how, pray, have you passed your time here, since I was forced to leave you alone? You have had a great deal of patience.

Man. Is this a place to be alone, or have patience in? But I have had patience, indeed; for I have drawn upon me, since I came, but three quarrels and two lawsuits.

Free. Nay, faith, you are too curst to be let loose in the world : you should be tied up again in your sea-kennel, called a ship. But how could you quarrel here ?

Man. How could I refrain ? A lawyer talked peremptorily and saucily to me, and as good as gave me the lie.

Free. They do it so often to one another at the bar, that they make no bones on't elsewhere.

Man. However, I gave him a cuff on the ear ; whereupon he jogs two men, whose backs were turned to us (for they were reading at a bookseller's,) to witness I struck him, sitting the courts ; which office they so readily promised, that I called 'em rascals and knights of the post. One of 'em presently calls two other absent witnesses, who were coming towards us at a distance ; whilst the other, with a whisper, desires to know my name, that he might have satisfaction by way of challenge, as t'other by way of writ ; but if it were not rather to direct his brother's writ, than his own challenge.—There, you see, is one of my quarrels, and two of my lawsuits.

Free. So !—and the other two ?

Man. For advising a poet to leave off writing, and turn lawyer, because he is dull and impudent, and says or writes nothing now but by precedent.

Free. And the third quarrel ?

Man. For giving more sincere advice to a handsome, well-dressed young fellow, who asked it too.

Free. Nay, if you will be giving your sincere advice to lovers and poets, you will not fail of quarrels.

Man. Or if I stay in this place ; for I see more quarrels crowding upon me. Let's be gone, and avoid 'em.

Enter NOVEL at a distance, coming towards them.

A plague on him, that sneer is ominous to us ; he is coming upon us, and we shall not be rid of him.

Nov. Dear bully, don't look so grum upon me ; you told me just now, you had forgiven me a little harmless raillery upon wooden legs last night.

Man. Yes, yes, pray begone, I am talking of business.

Nov. Can't I hear it ? I love thee, and will be faithful, and always——

Man. Impertinent. 'Tis business that concerns Freeman only.

Nov. Well, I love Freeman too, and would not divulge his secret.—Prithee speak, prithee, I must——

Man. Prithee let me be rid of thee, I must be rid of thee.

Nov. Faith, thou canst hardly, I love thee so. Come, I must know the business.

Man. [*aside.*] So, I have it now.—[*Aloud.*] Why, if you needs will know it, he has a quarrel, and his adversary bids him bring two friends with him : now, I am one, and we are thinking who we shall have for a third.

[*Several crossing the stage.*]

Nov. A plague, there goes a fellow owes me a hundred pounds, and goes out of town to-morrow : I'll speak with him, and come to you presently. [Exit.

Man. No, but you won't.

Free. You are dexterously rid of him.

Re-enter OLDFOX.

Man. To what purpose, since here comes another as impertinent ? I know by his grin he is bound luther.

Old. Your servant, worthy, noble captain. Well, I have left the widow, because she carried me from your company : for, faith, captain, I must needs tell thee thou art the only officer in England, who was not an Edgehill officer, that I care for.

Man. I'm sorry for't.

Old. Why, wouldst thou have me love them ?

Man. Anybody rather than me.

Old. What ! you are modest, I see ; therefore, too, I love thee.

Man. No, I am not modest ; but love to brag myself, and can't patiently hear you fight over the last civil war. Therefore, go look out the fellow I saw just now here, that walks with his sword and stockings out at heels, and let him tell you the history of that scar on his cheek, to give you occasion to show yours got in the field at Bloomsbury, not that of Edgehill. Go to him, poor fellow ; he is fasting, and has not yet the happiness this morning to stink of brandy and tobacco : go, give him some to hear you ; I am busy.

Old. Well, egad, I love thee now, boy, for thy surliness. Thou art no tame captain, I see, that will suffer—

Man. An old fox.

Old. All that shan't make me angry. I consider that thou art peevish, and fretting at some ill-success at law. Prithee, tell me what ill luck you have met with here.

Man. You.

Old. Do I look like the picture of ill-luck ? Nouns, I love thee more and more. And shall I tell thee what made me love thee first ?

Man. Do ; that I may be rid of that quality and thee.

Old. 'Twas thy wearing that broad sword there.

Man. Here, Freeman, let's change I'll never wear it more.

Old. How ! you won't, sure. Prithee, don't look like one of our holiday captains now-a-days, with a bodkin by your side, you martinet rogue.

Man. [aside.] O, then, there's hopes. —[Aloud.] What, d'ye find fault with martinet ? Let me tell you, sir, 'tis the best exercise in the world ; the most ready, most easy, most graceful exercise that ever was used, and the most—

Old. Nay, nay, sir, no more : sir, your servant : if you praise martinet once, I have done with you, sir. Martinet ! martinet !

[Exit.

Free. Nay, you have made him leave you as willingly as ever he did an enemy ; for he was truly for the king and parliament : for the parliament in their list ; and for the king in cheating 'em of their pay, and never hurting the king's party in the field.

Enter a LAWYER towards them.

Man. A plague ! this way : here's a lawyer I know threatening us with another greeting.

Law. Sir, sir, your very servant ; I was afraid you had forgotten me.

Man. I was not afraid you had forgotten me.

Law. No, sir ; we lawyers have pretty good memories.

Man. You ought to have by your wits.

Law. O, you are a merry gentleman, sir ; I remember you were merry when I was last in your company.

Man. I was never merry in thy company, Mr. Lawyer, sure.

Law. Why, I'm sure you joked upon me, and shammed me all night long.

Man. Shammed ! prithee what barbarous law-term is that.

Law. Shamming ! why, don't you know that ? 'tis all our way of wit, sir.

Man. I am glad I do not know it then. Shamming ! what does he mean by't, Freeman ?

Free. Shamming is telling you an insipid dull lie with a dull face, which the sly wag the author only laughs at himself ; and making himself believe 'tis a good jest, puts the sham only upon himself.

Man. So, your lawyer's jest, I find, like his practice, has more knavery than wit in't. I should make the worst shammer in England : I must always deal ingenuously, as I will with you, Mr. Lawyer, and advise you to be seen rather with attorneys and solicitors than such fellows as I am : they will credit your practice more.

Law. No, sir, your company's an honour to me.

Man. No, faith ; go this way, there goes an attorney ; leave me for him ; let it never be said a lawyer's civility did him hurt.

Law. No, worthy, honoured sir ; I'll not leave you for any attorney, sure.

Man. Unless he had a fee in his hand.

Law. Have you any business here, sir ? Try me : I'd serve you sooner than any attorney breathing.

Man. Business—[*aside*]. So, I have thought of a sure way.—[*Aloud.*] Yes, faith, I have a little business.

Law. Have you so, sir ? In what court, sir ? what is't, sir ? Tell me but how I may serve you, and I'll do't, sir, and take it for as great an honour—

Man. Faith, 'tis for a poor orphan of a sea-officer of mine, that has no money. But if it could be followed in *forma pauperis*, and when the legacy's recovered—

Law. *Formâ pauperis*, sir?

Man. Ay, sir.

[*Several crossing the stage.*]

Law. Mr. Bumblecase, Mr. Bumblecase! a word with you.—Sir, I beg your pardon at present; I have a little business——

Man. Which is not in *formâ pauperis*.

[*Exit* LAWYER.]

Free. So, you have now found a way to be rid of people without quarrelling?

Enter ALDERMAN.

Man. But here's a city rogue will stick as hard upon us, as if I owed him money.

Ald. Captain, noble sir, I am yours heartily, d'ye see; why should you avoid your old friends?

Man. And why should you follow me? I owe you nothing.

Ald. Out of my hearty respects to you: for there is not a man in England——

Man. Thou wouldst save from hanging with the expense of a shilling only.

Ald. Nay, nay, but, captain, you are like enough to tell me——

Man. Truth, which you won't care to hear; therefore you had better go talk with somebody else.

Ald. No, I know nobody can inform me better of some young wit, or spendthrift, that has a good dipped seat and estate in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, Essex, or Kent; any of these would serve my turn: now, if you knew of such a one, and would but help——

Man. You to finish his ruin.

Ald. I'faith, you should have a snip——

Man. Of your nose, you thirty-in-the-hundred rascal; would you make me your squire setter?

[*Takes him by the nose.*]

Ald. Oh!

Free. Hold, or here will be your third law-suit.

Ald. Gads-precious, you hectoring person you, are you wild? I meant you no hurt, sir: I begin to think, as things go, land-security best, and have for a convenient mortgage, some ten, fifteen or twenty thousand pounds by me.

Man. Then go lay it out upon an hospital, and take a mortgage of Heaven, according to your city custom; for you think by laying out a little money to hook in that too hereafter. Do, I say, and keep the poor you've made by taking forfeitures, that Heaven may not take yours.

Ald. No, to keep the cripples you make this war. This war spoils our trade.

Man. Plague on your trade! 'tis the better for't.

Ald. What, will you speak against our trade?

Man. And dare you speak against the war, our trade?

Ald. [*aside.*] Well, he may be a convoy of ships I am concerned in.—[*Aloud.*] Come, captain, I will have a fair correspondence with you, say what you will.

Man. Then prithee be gone.

Ald. No, faith ; prithee, captain, let's go drink a dish of laced coffee, and talk of the times. Come, I'll treat you : nay, you shall go, for I have no business here.

Man. But I have.

Ald. To pick up a man to give thee a dinner. Come, I'll do thy business for thee.

Man. Faith, now I think on't, so you may, as well as any man ; for 'tis to pick up a man to be bound with me, to one who expects city security for——

Ald. Nay, then your servant, captain ; business must be done——

Man. Ay, if it can. But, hark you, alderman ; without you——

Ald. Business, sir, I say, must be done ; and there's an officer of the treasury [*several crossing the stage*] I have an affair with—— [*Exit.*

Man. You see now what the mighty friendship of the world is ; what all ceremony, embraces, and plentiful professions come to ! You are no more to believe a professing friend than a threatening enemy ; and as no man hurts you, that tells you he'll do you a mischief, no man, you see, is your servant who says he is so. Why, then, should a man be troubled with the flattery of knaves if he be not a fool ; or with the fondness of fools, if he be not a knave.

Free. Only for his pleasure ; for there is some in laughing at fools, and disappointing knaves.

Man. That's a pleasure, I think, would cost you too dear, as well as marrying your widow to disappoint her. But, for my part, I have no pleasure by 'em but in despising 'em, wheresoe'er I meet 'em ; and then the pleasure of hoping so to be rid of 'em. But now my comfort is, I am not worth a shilling in the world, which all the world shall know ; and then I'm sure I shall have none of 'em come near me.

Free. A very pretty comfort, which I think you pay too dear for. —But is the twenty pound gone since the morning ?

Man. To my boat's crew.—Would you have the poor, honest, brave fellows want ?

Free. Rather than you or I.

Man. Why, art thou without money ? thou who art a friend to everybody ?

Free. I ventured my last stake upon the squire to nick him of his mother ; and cannot help you to a dinner, unless you will go dine with my lord——

Man. No, no ; the ordinary is too dear for me, where flattery must pay for my dinner : I am no herald or poet.

Free. We'll go then to the bishop's——

Man. There you must flatter the old philosophy : I cannot renounce my reason for a dinner.

Free. Why, then, let's go to your alderman's.

Man. Hang him, rogue ! that were not to dine, for he makes you drunk with lees of sack before dinner, to take away your stomach ; and there you must call usury and extortion God's blessing, or the honest turning of the penny ; hear him brag of the leather breeches

in which he trotted first to town, and make a greater noise with his money in his parlour, than his cashiers do in his counting-house, without hopes of borrowing a shilling.

Free. Ay ! 'tis like dining with the great gamesters ; and when they fall to their common dessert, to see the heaps of gold drawn on all hands, without going to twelve. Let us go to my Lady Goodly's.

Man. There to flatter her looks. You must mistake her grandchildren for her own ; praise her cook, that she may rail at him ; and feed her dogs, not yourself.

Free. What d'ye think of eating with your lawyer then ?

Man. Eat with him ! hang him ! To hear him employ his barbarous eloquence in a reading upon the two-and-thirty good bits in a shoulder of veal, and be forced yourself to praise the cold bribe-pie that stinks, and drink law-French wine as rough and harsh as his law-French. I'd rather dine in the Temple-rounds or walks, with the knights without noses, or the knights of the post, who are honester fellows and better company. But let us home and try our fortune ; for I'll stay no longer here for your widow.

Free. Well, let us go home then ; for I must go for my widow, and look after my new charge. Three or four hundred years ago a man might have dined in this hall.

Man. But now the lawyer only here is fed ;
And, bully-like, by quarrels gets his bread.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—MANLY'S *Lodging.*

Enter MANLY and FIDELIA.

Man. Well, there's success in thy face. Hast thou prevailed?
say.

Fid. As I could wish, sir.

Man. So ; I told thee what thou wert fit for, and thou wouldst not believe me. Come, thank me for bringing thee acquainted with thy genius. Well, thou hast mollified her heart for me ?

Fid. No, sir, not so ; but what's better.

Man. How, what's better ?

Fid. I shall harden your heart against her.

Man. Have a care, sir ; my heart is too much in earnest to be fooled with, and my desire at height, and needs no delays to incite it. What, you know how to endear pleasure by withholding it ? But leave off your tricks, sir, and tell me, will she be kind ?

Fid. Kinder than you could wish, sir.

Man. So, then : well, prithee, what said she ?

Fid. She said——

Man. What ? thou'rt so tedious : speak comfort to me : what ?

Fid. That of all things you are her aversion.

Man. How !

Fid. That she would sooner take a bedfellow out of an hospital, and diseases into her arms, than you.

Man. What ?

Fid. That she would rather trust her honour with a dissolute hector, nay worse, with a finical baffled coward, all over loathsome with affectation of the fine gentleman.

Man. What's all this you say ?

Fid. Nay, that my offers of your love to her were more offensive, than when parents woo their daughters to the enjoyment of riches only ; and that you were in all circumstances as nauseous to her as a husband on compulsion.

Man. Hold ! I understand you not.

Fid. So, 'twill work, I see.

[*Aside.*

Man. Did you not tell me——

Fid. She called you ten thousand ruffians.

Man. Hold, I say.

Fid. Brutes——

Man. Hold.

Fid. Sea-monsters——

Man. Out on your intelligence ! Hear me a little now.

Fid. Nay, surly coward she called you too.

Man. Won't you hold yet ? Hold, or——

Fid. Nay, sir, pardon me ; I could not but tell you she had the baseness, the injustice, to call you coward, sir ; coward, coward, sir.

Man. Not yet——

Fid. I've done :—coward, sir.

Man. Did not you say, she was kinder than I could wish her ?

Fid. Yes, sir.

Man. How then ?—O—I understand you now. At first she appeared in rage and disdain ; the truest sign of a coming woman ; but at last you prevailed, it seems ; did you not ?

Fid. Yes, sir.

Man. So then ; let's know that only : come, prithee, without delays. I'll kiss thee for that news beforehand.

Fid. So ; the kiss I'm sure is welcome to me, whatsoe'er the news will be to you.

[*Aside.*

Man. Come, speak, my dear volunteer.

Fid. How welcome were that kind word too, if it were not for another woman's sake !

[*Aside.*

Man. What, won't you speak ? You prevailed for me at last, you say ?

Fid. No, sir.

Man. No more of your fooling, sir ; it will not agree with my impatience or temper.

Fid. Then not to fool you, sir, I spoke to her for you, but prevailed for myself ; she would not hear me when I spoke in your

behalf, but bid me say what I would in my own, though she gave me no occasion, she was so coming, and so was kinder, sir, than you could wish ; which I was only afraid to let you know, without some warning.

Man. How's this? Young man, you are of a lying age ; but I must hear you out, and if——

Fid. I would not abuse you, and cannot wrong her by any report of her, she is so wicked.

Man. How, wicked ! had she the impudence, at the second sight of you only——

Fid. Impudence, sir ! oh, she has impudence enough to put a Court out of countenance.

Man. Why, what said she ?

Fid. Her tongue, I confess, was silent ; but her speaking eyes——

Man. I know there are those whose eyes reflect obscenity ; but there are others, too, who use a little art with their looks, to make 'em seem more beautiful, not more loving ; which vain young fellows like you are apt to interpret in their own favour, and to the lady's wrong.

Fid. Seldom, sir. Pray, have you a care of gloating eyes ; for he that loves to gaze upon 'em will find at last a thousand fools in 'em instead of Cupids.

Man. Very well, sir.—But what, you had only eye-kindness from Olivia ?

Fid. I tell you again, sir, no woman sticks there ; eye-promises of love they only keep ; nay, they are contracts which make you sure of 'em. In short, sir, she seeing me, with shame and amazement dumb, inactive, and resistless, threw her twisting arms about my neck, and smothered me with a thousand tasteless kisses. Believe me, sir, they were so to me.

Man. Why did you not avoid 'em then ?

Fid. I fenced with her eager arms, as you did with the grapples of the enemy's fireship ; and nothing but cutting 'em off could have freed me.

Man. Lost, lost woman, that could be so false and infamous ! and lost, lost heart of mine that cannot yet be false, though so infamous ! What easy, tame, suffering, trampled things does that little god of talking cowards make of us ! but——

Fid. So ; it works, I find, as I expected. [*Aside.*

Man. But she was false to me before, she told me so herself, and yet I could not quite believe it ; but she was, so that her second falseness is a favour to me, not an injury, in revenging me upon the man that wronged me first of her love. Her love !—a witch's love ! —But what, did she not kiss well, sir ? I'm sure I thought her lips—but I must not think of 'em more—but yet they are such I could still kiss—grow to—and then tear off with my teeth, grind 'em into mammoicks, and spit 'em into her false face.

Fid. Poor man, how uneasy he is ! I have hardly the heart to

give so much pain, though withal I give him a cure, and to myself new life. [Aside.]

Man. But what, her kisses sure could not but warm you into a compliance with hers at least?

Fid. Nay, more, I confess—

Man. What more? speak.

Fid. All you could fear had passed between us, if I could have been made to wrong you, sir, in that nature.

Man. Could have been made! you lie, you did.

Fid. Indeed, sir, 'twas impossible for me; besides, we were interrupted by a visit; but I confess, she would not let me stir till I promised to return to her again within this hour, as soon as it should be dark; by which time she would dispose of her visit, and her servants and herself, for my reception; which I was fain to promise, to get from her.

Man. Ha!

Fid. But if ever I go near her again, may you, sir, think me as false to you as she is; hate and renounce me, as you ought to do her, and, I hope, will do now.

Man. Well, but now I think on't, you shall keep your word with your lady. What, a young fellow, and fail the first, nay, so tempting an assignation!

Fid. How, sir?

Man. I say, you shall go to her when 'tis dark, and shall not disappoint her.

Fid. I, sir! I should disappoint her more by going, for—

Man. How so?

Fid. Her impudence and injustice to you will make me disappoint her love, loathe her.

Man. Come, you have my leave; and if you disgust her, I'll go with you, and act love, whilst you shall talk it only.

Fid. You, sir! nay, then I'll never go near her. You act love, sir! You must but act it indeed, after all I have said to you. Think of your honour, sir: love—

Man. Well, call it revenge, and that is honourable: I'll be revenged on her; and thou shalt be my second.

Fid. Not in a base action, sir, when you are your own enemy. O go not near her, sir; for Heaven's sake, for your own, think not of it!

Man. How concerned you are! I thought I should catch you. What, you are my rival at last, and are in love with her yourself; and have spoken ill of her out of your love to her, not me; and therefore would not have me go to her!

Fid. Heaven witness for me, 'tis because I love you only, I would not have you go to her.

Man. Come, come, the more I think on't, the more I'm satisfied you do love her. Those kisses, young man, I knew were irresistible; 'tis certain.

Fid. There is nothing certain in the world, sir, but my truth and your courage.

Man. Your servant, sir. Besides, false and ungrateful as she has been to me, and though I may believe her hatred to me great as you report it, yet I cannot think you are so soon and at that rate beloved by her, though you may endeavour it.

Fid. Nay, if that be all, and you doubt it still, sir, I will conduct you to her; and, unseen, your ears shall judge of her falseness, and my truth to you, if that will satisfy you.

Man. Yes, there is some satisfaction in being quite out of doubt; because 'tis that alone withholds us from the pleasure of revenge.

Fid. Revenge! What revenge can you have, sir? Disdain is best revenged by scorn; and faithless love, by loving another, and making her happy with the other's losings. Which, if I might advise——

Enter FREEMAN.

Man. Not a word more.

Free. What, are you talking of love yet, captain? I thought you had done with't.

Man. Why, what did you hear me say?

Free. Something imperfectly of love, I think.

Man. I was only wondering why fools, rascals, and desertless wretches, should still have the better of men of merit with all women, as much as with their own common mistress, Fortune.

Free. Because most women, like Fortune, are blind, seem to do all things in jest, and take pleasure in extravagant actions. Their love deserves neither thanks, or blame, for they cannot help it; 'tis all sympathy; therefore, the noisy, the finical, the talkative, the cowardly, and effeminate, have the better of the brave, the reasonable, and man of honour; for they have no more reason in their love or kindness, than Fortune herself.

Man. Yes, they have their reason. First, honour in a man they fear too much to love; and sense in a lover upbraids their want of it; and they hate anything that disturbs their admiration of themselves; but they are of that vain number, who had rather show their false generosity, in giving away profusely to worthless flatterers, than in paying just debts. And, in short, all women, like fortune (as you say) and rewards, are lost by too much meriting.

Fid. All women, sir! sure there are some who have no other quarrel to a lover's merit, but that it begets their despair of him.

Man. Thou art young enough to be credulous; but we——

Enter SAILOR.

Sail. Here are now below, the scolding, daggled gentlewoman, and that Major Old—Old—Fop, I think you call him.

Free. Oldfox?—prithee bid 'em come up, with your leave, captain, for now I can talk with her upon the square, if I shall not disturb you.

[*Exit SAILOR.*

Man. No; for I'll begone. Come, volunteer.

Free. Nay, pray stay; the scene between us will not be so tedious to you as you think. Besides, you shall see how I rigged my 'squire out, with the remains of my shipwrecked wardrobe; he is under your sea valet-de-chambre's hands, and by this time dressed, and will be worth your seeing. Stay, and I'll fetch my fool.

Man. No; you know I cannot easily laugh; besides, my volunteer and I have business abroad.

[*Exeunt MANLY and FIDELIA on one side; FREEMAN on the other.*]

Enter MAJOR OLDFOX and WIDOW BLACKACRE.

Wid. What, nobody here! did not the fellow say he was within?

Old. Yes, lady; and he may be perhaps a little busy at present; but if you think the time long till he comes [*unfolding papers*] I'll read you here some of the fruits of my leisure, the overflowings of my fancy and pen. [*Aside.*—To value me right, she must know my parts. [*Aloud.*—Come—

Wid. No, no; I have reading work enough of my own in my bag, I thank you.

Old. Ay, law, madam; but here's a poem, in blank verse, which I think a handsome declaration, of one's passion.

Wid. O, if you talk of declarations, I'll show you one of the prettiest penned things, which I mended too myself, you must know.

Old. Nay, lady, if you have used yourself so much to the reading harsh law, that you hate smooth poetry, here is a character for you, of—

Wid. A character! nay, then, I'll show you my bill in Chancery here, that gives you such a character of my adversary, makes him as black—

Old. Pshaw! away, away, lady! But if you think the character too long, here is an epigram, not above twenty lines, upon a cruel lady, who decreed her servant should hang himself, to demonstrate his passion.

Wid. Decreed! if you talk of decreeing, I have such a decree here, drawn by the finest clerk—

Old. O lady, lady, all interruption and no sense between us, as if we were lawyers at the bar! but I had forgot, Apollo and Littleton never lodge in a head together. If you hate verses, I'll give you a cast of my politics in prose. 'Tis a letter to a friend in the country, which is now the way of all such sober solid persons as myself, when they have a mind to publish their disgust to the times; though perhaps, between you and I, they have no friend in the country. And sure a politic, serious person, may as well have a feigned friend in the country to write to, as an idle poet a feigned mistress to write to. And so here's my letter to a friend, or no friend, in the country, concerning the late conjuncture of affairs, in relation to coffee-houses; or, "The Coffee-man's Case."

Wid. Nay, if your letter have a case in't, 'tis something ; but first I'll read you a letter of mine to a friend in the country, called a letter of attorney.

Re-enter FREEMAN, with JERRY BLACKACRE in an old gaudy suit and red breeches of FREEMAN'S.

Old. What, interruption still ! O the plague of interruption ! worse to an author than the plague of critics. [*Aside.*

Wid. What's this I see ? Jerry Blackacre, my minor, in red breeches ! What, hast thou left the modest seemly garb of gown and cap for this ? and have I lost all my good Inns-of-Chancery breeding upon thee, then ? and thou wilt go a-breeding thyself from our Inn of Chancery and Westminster Hall, at coffee-houses and ordinaries, play-houses, and tennis-courts ?

Jer. Ay, ay, what then ? perhaps I will ; but what's that to you ? Here's my guardian and tutor now, forsooth, that I am out of your huckster's hands.

Wid. How ! thou hast not chosen him for thy guardian yet ?

Jer. No, but he has chosen me for his charge, and that's all one ; and I'll do anything he'll have me, and go all the world over with him ; to ordinaries, and play-houses, or anywhere else.

Wid. To ordinaries and play-houses ! have a care, minor, thou wilt enfeeble there thy estate and body ; do not go to ordinaries and play-houses, good Jerry.

Jer. Why, how come you to know any ill by play-houses ? You never had any hurt by 'em, had you, forsooth ? Pray hold yourself contented ; for you used me so unnaturally, you would never let me have a penny to go abroad with, nor so much as let me play at hotcockles with your maidens, nor have any recreation with 'em, you were so unnatural a mother, so you were.

Free. Ay, a very unnatural mother, faith, squire.

Wid. But, Jerry, consider thou art yet but a minor ; however, if thou wilt go home with me again, and be a good child, thou shalt see——

Free. Madam, I must have a better care of my heir under age, than so ; I would sooner trust him alone with a waiting-woman and a parson, than with his widow-mother and her lover or lawyer.

Wid. Why, thou villain, part mother and minor ! rob me of my child and my writings ! but thou shalt find there's law ; and as in the case of ravishment of guard—Westminster the Second.

Old. Young gentleman squire, pray be ruled by your mother and your friends.

Jer. Yes, I'll be ruled by my friends, therefore not by my mother, so I won't. I'll choose him for my guardian till I am of age ; nay, maybe, for as long as I live.

Wid. Wilt thou so, thou wretch ? and when thou'rt of age, thou wilt sign, seal, and deliver too, wilt thou ?

Jer. Yes, marry will I, if you go there too.

Wid. O do not squeeze wax, son ; rather go to ordinaries and play-houses, than squeeze wax. If thou dost that, farewell the goodly manor of Blackacre, with all its woods, underwoods, and appurtenances whatever ! Oh, oh ! [Weeps.]

Free. Come, madam, in short, you see I am resolved to have a share in the estate, yours or your son's ; if I cannot get you, I'll keep him, who is less coy, you find ; but if you would have your son again, you must take me too. Peace or war ? love or law ? You see my hostage is in my hand ; I'm in possession.

Wid. Nay, if one of us must be ruined, e'en let it be him. By my body, a good one ! Did you ever know yet a widow marry or not marry for the sake of her child ? I'd have you to know, sir, I shall be hard enough for you both yet, without marrying you, if Jerry won't be ruled by me. What say you, booby, will you be ruled : speak.

Fer. Let one alone, can't you ?

Wid. Wilt thou choose him for guardian, whom I refuse for husband ?

Fer. Ay, to choose, I thank you.

Wid. And are all my hopes frustrated ? Shall I never hear thee put cases again to John the butler, or our vicar ? never see thee amble the circuit with the judges ; and hear thee, in our town-hall, louder than the crier ?

Fer. No ; for I have taken my leave of lawyering and pettifogging.

Wid. Pettifogging ! thou profane villain, hast thou so ? Pettifogging—then you shall take your leave of me, and your estate too ; thou shalt be an alien to me and it for ever. Pettifogging !

Fer. O, but if you go there too, mother, we have the deeds and settlements, I thank you. Would you cheat me of my estate, i'fac ?

Wid. No, no, I will not cheat your little brother Bob ; for thou wert not born in wedlock.

Free. How's that ?

Fer. How ? what quirk has she got in her head now ?

Wid. I say, thou canst not, shall not, inherit the Blackacres estate.

Fer. Why ? why, forsooth ? What do you mean, if you go there too ?

Wid. Thou art but my base child ; and according to the law, canst not inherit it. Nay, thou art not so much as bastard *eigne*.

Fer. What, what am I, mother ?

Wid. The law says—

Free. Madam, we know what the law says ; but have a care what you say. Do not let your passion to ruin your son ruin your reputation.

Wid. Hang reputation, sir ! Am not I a widow ? have no husband, nor intend to have any ? Nor would you, I suppose, now have me for a wife. So I think now I'm revenged on my son and you, without marrying, as I told you.

Free. But consider, madam.

Fer. What, have you no shame left in you, mother?

Wid. Wonder not at it, major. 'Tis often the poor pressed widow's case, to give up her honour to save her jointure; and seem to be a light woman, rather than marry. [*Aside to OLDFOX.*]

Free. But one word with you, madam.

Wid. No, no, sir. Come, major, let us make haste now to the Prerogative Court.

Old. But, lady, if what you say be true, will you stigmatize your reputation on record? and if it be not true, how will you prove it?

Wid. Pshaw! I can prove anything; and for my reputation, know, major, a wise woman will no more value her reputation, in disinheriting a rebellious son of a good estate, than she would in getting him to inherit an estate. [*Exeunt WIDOW and OLDFOX.*]

Free. Madam— We must not let her go so, squire.

Fer. Nay, the devil can't stop her though, if she has a mind to't. But come, bully-guardian, we'll go and advise with three attorneys, two proctors, two solicitors, and a shrewd man of Whitefriars, neither attorney, proctor, or solicitor, but as pure a cub of the law as any of 'em; and sure all they will be hard enough for her, for I fear, bully-guardian, you are too good a joker to have any law in your head. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—OLIVIA'S Lodging.

Enter LORD PLAUSIBLE and BOY with a candle.

Plaus. Little gentleman, your most obedient, faithful, humble servant. Where, I beseech you, is that divine person, your noble lady?

Boy. Gone out, my lord; but commanded me to give you this letter. [*Gives him a letter.*]

Enter NOVEL.

Plaus. Which he must not observe. [*Aside. Puts it up.*]

Nov. Hey, boy, where is thy lady?

Boy. Gone out, sir; but I must beg a word with you.

[*Gives him a letter, and exit.*]

Nov. For me? So.—[*Puts up the Letter.*] Servant, servant, my lord; you see the lady knew of your coming, for she is gone out.

Plaus. Sir, I humbly beseech you not to censure the lady's good breeding; she has reason to use more liberty with me than with any other man.

Nov. How, viscount, how?

Plaus. Nay, I humbly beseech you, be not in choler: where there is most love, there may be most freedom.

Nov. Nay, then 'tis time to come to an *eclaircissement* with you, and to tell you, you must think no more of this lady's love.

Plaus. Why, under correction, dear sir?

Nov. There are reasons, reasons, viscount.

Plaus. What, I beseech you, noble sir?

Nov. Prithee, prithee, be not impertinent, my lord; some of you lords are such conceited, well-assured, impertinent rogues.

Plaus. And you noble wits are so full of shamming and drolling, one knows not where to have you seriously.

Nov. Prithee, my lord, be not an ass. Dost thou think to get her from me? I have had such encouragements——

Plaus. I have not been thought unworthy of 'em.

Nov. What, not like mine! Come to an *eclaircissement*, as I said.

Plaus. Why, seriously then, she has told me viscountess sounded prettily.

Nov. And me, that Novel was a name she would sooner change hers for than for any title in England.

Plaus. She has commended the softness and respectfulness of my behaviour.

Nov. She has praised the briskness of my raillery, of all things, man.

Plaus. The sleepiness of my eyes she liked.

Nov. Sleepiness! dulness, dulness. But the fierceness of mine she adored.

Plaus. The brightness of my hair she liked.

Nov. The brightness! no, the greasiness, I warrant. But the blackness and lustre of mine she admires.

Plaus. The gentleness of my smile.

Nov. The subtlety of my leer.

Plaus. The clearness of my complexion.

Nov. The redness of my lips.

Plaus. The whiteness of my teeth.

Nov. My jaunty way of picking them.

Plaus. The sweetness of my breath.

Nov. Ha! ha! nay, then she abused you, 'tis plain; for you know what Manly said:—the sweetness of your pulvillio she might mean; but for your breath! ha! ha! ha! Your breath is such, man, that nothing but tobacco can perfume; and your complexion nothing could mend but the small-pox.

Plaus. Well, sir, you may please to be merry; but, to put you out of all doubt, sir, she has received some jewels from me of value.

Nov. And presents from me; besides what I presented her jauntily, by way of ombre, of three or four hundred pounds value, which I'm sure are the earnest-pence for our love-bargain.

Plaus. Nay, then, sir, with your favour, and to make an end of all your hopes, look you there, sir, she has writ to me——

Nov. How! how! well, well, and so she has to me; look you there——

[*Deliver to each other their letters.*]

Plaus. What's here?

Nov. How's this?

[*Reads out.*—*My dear Lord,—You'll excuse me for breaking my word with you, since 'twas to oblige, not offend you; for I am only gone abroad but to disappoint Novel, and meet you in the drawing-room; where I expect you with as much impatience as when I used to suffer Novel's visits—the most impertinent fop that ever affected the name of a wit, therefore not capable, I hope, to give you jealousy; for, for your sake alone, you saw I renounced an old lover, and will do all the world. Burn the letter, but lay up the kindness of it in your heart, with your—*OLIVIA.

Very fine, but pray let's see mine.

Plaus. I understand it not; but sure she cannot think so of me.

Nov. [*Reads the other letter.*] Hum! ha!—*meet—for your sake—hum—quitted an old lover—world—burn—in your heart—with your—*OLIVIA.

Just the same, the names only altered.

Plaus. Surely there must be some mistake, or somebody has abused her and us.

Nov. Yes, you are abused, no doubt on't, my lord; but I'll to Whitehall and see.

Plaus. And I, where I shall find you are abused.

Nov. Where, if it be so, for our comfort, we cannot fail of meeting with fellow-sufferers enough; for, as Freeman said of another, she stands in the drawing-room, like the glass, ready for all comers, to set their gallantry by her; and, like the glass too, lets no man go from her unsatisfied with himself. [*Exeunt.*

Enter OLIVIA and BOY.

Oliv. Both here, and just gone?

Boy. Yes, madam.

Oliv. But are you sure neither saw you deliver the other a letter?

Boy. Yes, yes, madam, I am very sure.

Oliv. Go then to the Old Exchange, to Westminster, Holborn, and all the other places I told you off; I shall not need you these two hours. Begone, and take the candle with you, and be sure you leave word again below, I am gone out, to all that ask.

Boy. Yes, madam.

[*Exit.*

Oliv. And my new lover will not ask, I'm sure. He has his lesson, and cannot miss me here, though in the dark; which I have purposely designed, as a remedy against my blushing gallant's modesty, for young lovers, like game cocks, are made bolder by being kept without light.

Enter VERNISH, as from a journey.

Ver. Where is she? Darkness everywhere!

[*Softly.*

Oliv. What! come before your time! My soul! my life! your haste has augmented your kindness; and let me thank you for it thus, and thus.—[*Embracing and kissing him.*] And though, my soul, the little time since you left me has seemed an age to my impatience, sure it is yet but seven—

Ver. How ! who's that you expected after seven ?

Oliv. Ha ! my husband returned ! and have I been throwing away so many kind kisses on my husband, and wronged my lover already ?

[*Aside.*

Ver. Speak, I say. Who was't you expected after seven ?

Oliv. [*aside*]. What shall I say ?—oh. [*Aloud.*—Why, 'tis but seven days, is it, dearest, since you went out of town ? and I expected you not so soon.

Ver. No, sure, 'tis but five days since I left you.

Oliv. Pardon my impatience, dearest, I thought 'em seven at least.

Ver. Nay, then——

Oliv. But, my life, you shall never stay half so long from me again ; you shan't indeed, by this kiss you shan't.

Ver. No, no ; but why alone in the dark ?

Oliv. Blame not my melancholy in your absence ; but, my soul, since you went, I have strange news to tell you : Manly is returned.

Ver. Manly returned ! Fortune forbid !

Oliv. Met with the Dutch in the Channel, fought, sunk his ship, and all he carried with him. He was here with me yesterday.

Ver. And did you own our marriage to him ?

Oliv. I told him I was married to put an end to his love and my trouble ; but to whom, is yet a secret kept from him and all the world. And I have used him so scurvily, his great spirit will ne'er return to reason it farther with me : I have sent him to sea again, I warrant.

Ver. 'Twas bravely done. And sure he will now hate the shore more than ever, after so great a disappointment. Be you sure only to keep a while our great secret, till he be gone. In the meantime, I'll lead the easy, honest fool by the nose, as I used to do ; and whilst he stays, rail with him at thee ; and when he's gone, laugh with thee at him. But have you his cabinet of jewels safe ? part not with a seed-pearl to him, to keep him from starving.

Oliv. Nor from hanging.

Ver. He cannot recover 'em ; and, I think, will scorn to beg 'em again.

Oliv. But, my life, have you taken the thousand guineas he left in my name out of the goldsmith's hands ?

Ver. Ay, ay ; they are removed to another goldsmith's.

Oliv. Ay, but, my soul, you had best have a care he find not where the money is ; for his present wants, as I'm informed, are such as will make him inquisitive enough.

Ver. You say true, and he knows the man too ; but I'll remove it to-morrow.

Oliv. To-morrow ! O do not stay till to-morrow ; go to-night, immediately.

Ver. Now I think on't, you advise well, and I will go presently.

Oliv. Presently ! instantly ! I will not let you stay a jot.

Ver. I will then, though I return not home till twelve.

Oliv. Nay, though not till morning, with all my heart. Go, dearest; I am impatient till you are gone.—[*Thrusts him out.*] So, I have at once now brought about those two grateful businesses, which all prudent women do together, secured money and pleasure; and now all interruptions of the last are removed. Go husband, and come up, friend; just the buckets in the well; the absence of one brings the other. But I hope, like them too, they will not meet in the way, jostle, and clash together.

Enter FIDELIA and MANLY, treading softly and staying behind at some distance.

So, are you come? (but not the husband-bucket, I hope, again.)—Who's there? my dearest? [Softly.]

Fid. My life—

Oliv. Right, right.—Where are thy lips! Here, take the dumb and best welcomes, kisses and embraces; 'tis not a time for idle words. In a duel of love, as in others, parleying shows basely. Come, we are alone.

Man. How's this? Why, she makes love like a devil in a play; and in this darkness, which conceals her angel's face, if I were apt to be afraid, I should think her a devil. [Aside.]

Oliv. What, you traverse ground, young gentleman!

[FIDELIA avoiding her.]

Fid. I take breath only.

Man. Good heavens! how was I deceived! [Asside.]

Oliv. Nay, you are a coward; what, are you afraid of the fierceness of my love?

Fid. Yes, madam, lest its violence might presage its change; and I must needs be afraid you would leave me quickly, who could desert so brave a gentleman as Manly.

Oliv. O, name not his name!

Fid. But did you not love him?

Oliv. Never. How could you think it?

Fid. Because he thought it; who is a man of that sense, nice discerning, and diffidency, that I should think it hard to deceive him.

Oliv. No; he that distrusts most the world, trusts most to himself, and is but the more easily deceived, because he thinks he can't be deceived. His cunning is like the coward's sword, by which he is oftener worsted than defended.

Fid. Yet, sure, you used no common art to deceive him.

Oliv. I knew he loved his own singular moroseness so well, as to dote upon any copy of it; wherefore I feigned a hatred to the world too, that he might love me in earnest; but, if it had been hard to deceive him, I'm sure 'twere much harder to love him. A dogged, ill-mannered—

Fid. D'ye hear, sir? pray, hear her.

[Aside to MANLY.]

Oliv. Surly, untractable, snarling brute! He! a mastiff dog were as fit a thing to make a gallant of.

Man. Ay, a goat, or monkey, were fitter for thee. [Aside.]

Fid. I must confess, for my part, though my rival, I cannot but say he has a manly handsomeness in's face and mien.

Oliv. So has a Saracen in the sign.

Fid. Is proper, and well made.

Oliv. As a drayman.

Fid. Has wit.

Oliv. He rails at all mankind.

Fid. And undoubted courage.

Oliv. Like the hangman's; can murder a man when his hands are tied. He has cruelty indeed; which is no more courage than his railing is wit.

Man. Thus women, and men like women, are too hard for us, when they think we do not hear 'em. [Aside.]

Fid. He is——

Oliv. Prithee, no more of him; I thought I had satisfied you enough before, that he could never be a rival for you to apprehend. And you need not be more assured of my aversion to him, than by the testimony of my love to you. Come, my soul, this way.

Fid. But, madam, what could make you dissemble love to him, when 'twas so hard a thing for you; and flatter his love to you?

Oliv. That which makes all the world flatter and dissemble, 'twas his money: I had a real passion for that. Yet I loved not that so well, as for it to take him; for as soon as I had his money I hastened his departure like a wife, who when she has made the most of a dying husband's breath, pulls away his pillow.

Man. Damned money! its master's potent rival still; and corrupts itself the mistress it procures for us. [Aside.]

Oliv. But I did not think with you, my life, to pass my time in talking. Come hither, come; yet stay, till I have locked a door in the other room, that may chance to let us in some interruption; which reciting poets or losing gamesters fear not more than I at this time do. [Exit.]

Fid. Well, I hope you are now satisfied, sir, and will be gone to think of your revenge?

Man. No, I am not satisfied, and must stay to be revenged.

Fid. How, sir? You'll use no violence to her, I hope, and forfeit your own life, to take away hers? that were no revenge.

Man. No, no, you need not fear: my revenge shall only be upon her honour, not her life.

Fid. How, sir? her honour? O heavens! consider, sir, she has no honour. D'ye call that revenge? can you think of such a thing? But reflect, sir, how she hates and loathes you. No, sir, no; to be revenged on her now, were to disappoint her. Pray, sir, let us begone. [Pulls MANLY.]

Man. Hold off! What, you are my rival then! and therefore you shall stay, and keep the door for me, whilst I go in for you;

but when I'm gone, if you dare to stir off from this very board, or breathe the least murmuring accent, I'll cut her throat first ; and if you love her, you will not venture her life.—Nay, then I'll cut your throat too ; and I know you love your own life at least.

Fid. But, sir ; good sir.

Man. Not a word more, lest I begin my revenge on her by killing you.

Fid. But are you sure 'tis revenge that makes you do this ? how can it be ?

Man. Whist !

Fid. 'Tis a strange revenge, indeed.

Man. If you make me stay, I shall keep my word, and begin with you. No more. [*Exit at the same door OLIVIA went out by.*]

Fid. O heavens ! is there not punishment enough
In loving well, if you will have't a crime,
But you must add fresh torments daily to't,
And punish us like peevish rivals still,
Because we fain would find a heaven here ?
But did there never any love like me,
That untried tortures you must find me out ?
Others at worst, you force to kill themselves ;
But I must be self-murderess of my love,
Yet will not grant me power to end my life,
My cruel life ; for when a lover's hopes
Are dead and gone, life is unmerciful.

[*Sits down and weeps.*]

Re-enter MANLY.

Man. I have thought better on't : I must not discover myself now I am without witnesses ; for if I barely should publish it, she would deny it with impudence. Where are you ?

Fid. Here—oh—now I suppose we may be gone.

Man. I will ; but not you. You must stay and act the second part of a lover, that is, talk kindness to her.

Fid. Not I, sir.

Man. No disputing, sir, you must ; 'tis necessary to my design of coming again to-morrow night.

Fid. What, can you come again then hither ?

Man. Yes ; and you must make the appointment, and an apology for your leaving her so soon ; for I have said not a word to her ; but have kept your counsel, as I expect you should do mine. Do this faithfully, and I promise you here, you shall run my fortune still, and we will never part as long as we live ; but if you do not do it, expect not to live.

Fid. 'Tis hard, sir ; but such a consideration will make it easier. You won't forget your promise, sir ?

Man. No, by heavens. But I hear her coming

[*Exit*]

Re-enter OLIVIA.

Oliv. Where is my life? Run from me already! You do not love me, dearest; nay, you are angry with me, for you would not so much as speak a kind word to me within: what was the reason?

Fid. I was transported too much.

Oliv. That's kind. But come, my soul, what make you here? Let us go in again; we may be surprised in this room, 'tis so near the stairs.

Fid. No, we shall hear the better here, if anybody should come up.

Oliv. Nay, I assure you, we shall be secure enough within: come, come—

Fid. I am sick, and troubled with a sudden dizziness; and cannot stir yet.

Oliv. Come, I have spirits within.

Fid. O! don't you hear a noise, madam?

Oliv. No, no; there is none: come, come.

Fid. Indeed there is; and I love you so much, I must have a care of your honour, if you won't, and go; but to come to you to-morrow night, if you please.

Oliv. With all my soul. But you must not go yet; come, prithee.

Fid. Oh!—I'm now sicker, and am afraid of one of my fits.

Oliv. What fits?

Fid. Of the falling sickness; and I lie generally an hour in a trance: therefore pray consider your honour for the sake of my love, and let me go, that I may return to you often.

Oliv. But will you be sure then to come to-morrow night?

Fid. Yes.

Oliv. Swear.

Fid. By our past kindness.

Oliv. Well, go your ways then, if you will, you naughty creature you.—[*Exit FIDELIA.*] These young lovers, with their fears and modesty, make themselves as bad as old ones to us; and I apprehend their bashfulness more than their tattling.

Re-enter FIDELIA.

Fid. O madam, we're undone! There was a gentleman upon the stairs, coming up with a candle, which made me retire. Look you, here he comes!

Re-enter VERNISH and his SERVANT, with a light.

Oliv. How, my husband! Oh, undone indeed! This way.

[*Exit.*

Ver. Ha! you shall not escape me so, sir. [Stops FIDELIA.

Fid. O heavens! more fears, plagues and torments yet in store! [Aside.

Ver. Come, sir, I guess what your business was here, but this must be your business now. Draw. [*Draws.*

Fid. Sir—

Ver. No expostulations ; I shall not care to hear of't. Draw.

Fid. Good sir !

Ver. How, you rascal ! not courage to draw ; yet durst do me the greatest injury in the world ? Thy cowardice shall not save thy life. [*Offers to run at FIDELIA.*

Fid. O hold, sir, and send but your servant down, and I'll satisfy you, sir, I could not injure you as you imagine.

Ver. Leave the light and begone.—[*Exit SERVANT.*] Now, quickly, sir, what have you to say, or—

Fid. I am a woman, sir, a very unfortunate woman.

Ver. How ! a very handsome woman, I'm sure then ; here are witnesses of it too, I confess. [*Aside.*—Well, I'm glad to find the tables turned ; my wife is in more danger of cuckolding than I was.

Fid. Now, sir, I hope you are so much a man of honour as to let me go, now I have satisfied you, sir.

Ver. When you have satisfied me, madam, I will.

Fid. I hope, sir, you are too much a gentleman to urge those secrets from a woman which concern her honour. You may guess my misfortune to be love, by my disguise.

Ver. I may believe love has changed your outside, which could not wrong me ; but why did my wife run away ?

Fid. I know not, sir ; perhaps because she would not be forced to discover me to you, or to guide me from your suspicions, that you might not discover me yourself ; which ungentlemanlike curiosity I hope you will cease to have, and let me go.

Ver. Well, madam, if I must not know who you are, 'twill suffice for me only to know certainly what you are ; which you must not deny me. Come.

Fid. Oh ! what d'ye mean ? Help ! oh !

Ver. I'll show you ; but 'tis in vain to cry out : no one dares help you ; for I am lord here.

Fid. Tyrant here !—But if you are master of this house, which I have taken for a sanctuary, do not violate it yourself.

Ver. No ; I'll preserve you here, and nothing shall hurt you, and will be as true to you as your disguise ; but you must trust me then. Come, come.

Fid. Oh ! oh ! rather than you should drag me to a death so horrid and so shameful, I'll die here a thousand deaths. Oh ! oh ! help ! help !

Re-enter SERVANT.

Ver. You saucy rascal, how durst you come in ? When you heard a woman squeak, that should have been your cue to shut the door.

Serv. I come, sir, to let you know, the alderman coming home

immediately after you were at his house, has sent his cashier with the money, according to your note.

Ver. Plague on his money ! Money never came to any, sure, unseasonably till now. Bid him stay.

Serv. He says, he cannot a moment.

Ver. Receive it you then.

Serv. He says he must have your receipt for it ; he is in haste, for I hear him coming up, sir.

Ver. Help me in here then with this dishonourer of my family.

Fid. Oh ! oh !

Serv. You say she is a woman, sir.

Ver. No matter, sir ; must you prate ?

Fid. Oh Heavens ! Is there——

[*They thrust her in, and lock the door.*]

Ver. Stay there, my prisoner ; you have a short reprieve.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—ELIZA'S Lodgings.

Enter OLIVIA and ELIZA.

Oliv. Ah, cousin ! nothing troubles me but that I have given the malicious world its revenge, and reason now to talk as freely of me as I used to do of it.

Eliza. Faith, then, let not that trouble you ; for, to be plain, cousin, the world cannot talk worse of you than it did before.

Oliv. How, cousin ! I'd have you to know, before this *sauz pas*, this trip of mine, the world could not talk of me.

Eliza. Only that you mind other people's actions so much that you take no care of your own, but to hide 'em ; that, like a thief, because you know yourself most guilty, you impeach your fellow-criminals first, to clear yourself.

Oliv. O wicked world !

Eliza. That you pretend an aversion to all mankind in public, only that their wives and mistresses may not be jealous, and hinder you of their conversation in private

Oliv. Base world !

Eliza. That abroad you fasten quarrels upon innocent men for talking of you, only to bring 'em to ask your pardon at home, and to become dear friends with them, who were hardly your acquaintance before.

Oliv. Abominable world !

Eliza. That you deface the nudities of pictures, and little statues, only because they are not real.

Oliv. O, fie, fie, fie ! hideous, hideous ! Cousin, the obscenity of their censures makes me blush !

Eliza. The truth of 'em, the naughty world would say now.

Enter LETTICE, hastily.

Let. O, madam ! here is that gentleman coming up who now you say is my master.

Oliv. O, cousin ! whither shall I run ? Protect me, or——

[*OLIVIA runs away, and stands at a distance.*]

Enter VERNISH.

Ver. Nay, nay, come——

Oliv. O, sir, forgive me !

Ver. Yes, yes ; I can forgive you being alone in the dark with a woman in man's clothes ; but have a care of a man in woman's clothes.

Oliv. What does he mean ? He dissembles only to get me into his power ; or has my dear friend made him believe he was a woman ? My husband may be deceived by him, but I'm sure I was not. [*Aside.*]

Ver. Come, come, you need not have lain out of your house for this. But perhaps you were afraid, when I was warm with suspicions ; you must have discovered who she was. And, prithee, may I not know it ?

Oliv. She was !——[*Aside.*]——I hope he has been deceived ; and since my lover has played the card I must not renounce.

Ver. Come, what's the matter with thee ? If I must not know who she is, I'm satisfied without. Come hither .

Oliv. Sure you do know her. She has told you herself, I suppose.

Ver. No. I might have known her better but that I was interrupted by the goldsmith, you know, and was forced to lock her into your chamber, to keep her from his sight ; but, when I returned, I found she was got away by tying the window-curtains to the balcony, by which she slid down into the street. For, you must know, I jested with her, and made her believe what she apprehended, it seems, in earnest.

Oliv. Then she got from you ?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. And is quite gone.

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. I'm glad on't. What ! there's guilt in your face ; you blush, too. I could tear out those false eyes, barbarous, unworthy wretch !

Elisa. So, so !

Ver. Prithee hear, my dear.

Oliv. I will never hear you, my plague, my torment !

Ver. I swear—prithee, hear me.

Oliv. I have heard already too many of your false oaths and vows, especially your last in the church. O wicked man ! and

wretched woman that I was ! I wish I had then sunk down into a grave, rather than to have given you my hand. Oh oh.

[Pretends to weep.]

Ver. So, very fine ! just a marriage-quarrel ! which though it generally begins by the wife's fault, yet, in the conclusion, it becomes the husband's ; and whosoever offends at first, he only is sure to ask pardon at last. My dear——

Oliv. Wretch !——

Ver. Come, prithee be appeased, and go home ; I have bespoken our supper betimes. for I could not eat till I found you. Go, I'll give you all kind of satisfactions ; and one, which uses to be a reconciling one, two hundred of those guineas I received last night, to do what you will with.

Oliv. What, would you pay me.

Ver. Nay, prithee no more ; go, and I'll thoroughly satisfy you when I come home ; and then, too, we will have a fit of laughter at Manly, whom I am going to find at the Cock, in Bow Street, where I hear he dined. Go, dearest, go home.

Eliza. A very pretty turn, indeed, this !

[Aside.]

Ver. Now, cousin, since by my wife I have that honour and privilege of calling you so, I have something to beg of you too ; which is not to take notice of our marriage to any whatever yet awhile, for some reasons very important to me. And next, that you will do my wife the honour to go home with her ; and me the favour to use that power you have with her in our reconciliation.

Eliza. That I dare promise, sir, will be no hard matter. Your servant.—[Exit VERNISH.] Well, cousin, this, I confess, was reasonable hypocrisy ; you were the better for't

Oliv. What hypocrisy ?

Eliza. Why, this last, deceit of your husband was lawful, since in your own defence.

Oliv. What deceit ? I'd have you to know I never deceived my husband.

Eliza. You do not understand me, sure ; I say, this was an honest come-off, and a good one. But 'twas a sign your gallant had had enough of your conversation, since he could so dexterously cheat your husband in passing for a woman.

Oliv. What d'ye mean, once more : with my gallant, and passing for a woman ?

Eliza. What do you mean ? you see your husband took him for a woman.

Oliv. Whom !

Eliza. Heyday ! why, the man he found you with, for whom last night you were so much afraid, and who you told me——

Oliv. Lord, you rave sure !

Eliza. Why, did not you tell me last night——

Oliv. I know not what I might tell you last night, in a fright.

Eliza. Ay, what was that fright for ? for a woman ? besides, were you not afraid to see your husband just now ? Nay, did you not

just now, too, own your false step, or trip, as you called it? which was with a woman too! fy, this fooling is so insipid, 'tis offensive!

Oliv. And fooling with my honour will be more offensive. Did you not hear my husband say he found me with a woman in man's clothes? and d'ye think he does not know a man from a woman?

Eliza. Not so well, I'm sure, as you do; therefore I'd rather take your word.

Oliv. What, you grow scurrilous, and are, I find, more censorious than the world! I must have a care of you, I see.

Eliza. No, you need not fear yet, I'll keep your secret.

Oliv. My secret! I'd have you to know, I have no need of confidants, though you value yourself upon being a good one.

Eliza. O admirable confidence! you show more in denying your wickedness, than other people in glorying in't.

Oliv. Confidence, to me! to me such language! nay, then I'll never see your face again. [*Aside.*—I'll quarrel with her, that people may never believe I was in her power; but take for malice all the truth she may speak against me. [*Aloud.*—Lettice, where are you? Let us be gone from this censorious ill woman.

Eliza. [*aside.*] Nay, thou shalt stay a little, to forswear thyself quite. [*Aloud.*—One word first, pray, madam; can you swear that whom your husband found you with——

Oliv. Swear! ay, that whosoever 'twas that stole up, unknown, into my room, when 'twas dark, I know not, whether man or woman, by heavens, by all that's good; or, may I never more have joys here, or in the other world! Nay, may I eternally——

Eliza. Be lost. So, so, you are lost enough already by your oaths; and I enough confirmed, and now you may please to be gone. Yet take this advice with you, in this plain-dealing age, to leave off forswearing yourself; for when people hardly think the better of a woman for her real modesty, why should you put that great constraint upon yourself to feign it?

Oliv. O hideous, hideous advice! let us go out of the hearing of it. She will spoil us, Lettice.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and LETTICE at one door, ELIZA at the other.*

SCENE II.—*The Cock in Bow Street.—A Table and Bottles.*

Enter MANLY and FIDELIA.

Man. How! saved her honour by making her husband believe you were a woman! 'Twas well, but hard enough to do, sure.

Fid. We were interrupted before he could contradict me.

Man. But can't you tell me, d'ye say, what kind of man he was?

Fid. I was so frightened, I confess, I can give no other account of him, but that he was pretty tall, round-faced, and one, I'm sure, I ne'er had seen before.

Man. But she, you say, made you swear to return to-night?

Fid. But I have since sworn, never to go near her again ; for the husband would murder me, or worse, if he caught me again.

Man. No, I will go with you, and defend you to-night, and then I'll swear, too, never to go near her again.

Fid. Nay, indeed, sir, I will not go, to be accessory to your death too. Besides, what should you go again, sir, for ?

Man. No disputing, or advice, sir ; you have reason to know I am unalterable. Go therefore presently, and write her a note, to inquire if her assignation with you holds ; and if not to be at her own house, where else ; and be importunate to gain admittance to her to-night. Let your messenger, ere he deliver your letter, inquire first if her husband be gone out. Go, 'tis now almost six of the clock ; I expect you back here before seven, with leave to see her then. Go, do this dexterously, and expect the performance of my last night's promise, never to part with you.

Fid. Ay, sir ; but will you be sure to remember that ?

Man. Did I ever break my word ? Go, no more replies, or doubts. [Exit FIDELIA.]

Enter FREEMAN.

Where hast thou been ?

Free. In the next room, with my Lord Plausible and Novel.

Man. Ay, we came hither, because 'twas a private house ; but with thee indeed no house can be private, for thou hast that pretty quality of the familiar fops of the town, who, in an eating-house, always keep company with all people in't but those they came with.

Free. I went into their room, but to keep them, and my own fool, the squire, out of your room ; but you shall be peevish now, because you have no money. But why won't you write to those we were speaking of ? Since your modesty, or your spirit, will not suffer you to speak to 'em, to lend you money, why won't you try 'em at last that way ?

Man. Because I know 'em already, and can bear want better than denials, nay, than obligations.

Free. Deny you ! they cannot. All of 'em have been your intimate friends.

Man. No, they have been people only I have obliged particularly.

Free. Very well ; therefore you ought to go to 'em the rather sure.

Man. No, no. Those you have obliged most, most certainly avoid you, when you can oblige 'em no longer ; and they take your visits like so many duns.

Free. Pshaw ! but most of 'em are your relations ; men of great fortune and honour.

Man. Yes ; but relations have so much honour as to think poverty taints the blood, and disown their wanting kindred ; believing, I suppose, that as riches at first make a gentleman, the

want of 'em degrades him. But now I am poor, I'll anticipate their contempt, and disown them.

Free. Well, but noble captain, would you make me believe that you, who know half the town, have so many friends, and have obliged so many, can't borrow fifty or a hundred pounds?

Man. Why, noble lieutenant, you who know all the town, and call all you know friends, methinks should not wonder at it, since you find ingratitude too. For how many lords' families (though descended from blacksmiths or tinkers) hast thou called great and illustrious? how many ill tables called good eating? how many noisy coxcombs wits? how many pert coaching cowards stout? how many tawdry affected rogues well-dressed? how many perukes admired? and how many ill verses applauded? and yet canst not borrow a shilling. Dost thou expect I, who always spoke truth, should?

Free. Nay, now you think you have paid me; but hark you, captain, I have heard of a thing called grinning honour, but never of starving honour.

Man. Well, but it has been the fate of some brave men; and if they won't give me a ship again, I can go starve anywhere with a musket on my shoulder.

Free. Give you a ship! why, you will not solicit it.

Man. If I have not solicited it by my services, I know no other way.

Free. Your servant, sir; nay, then I'm satisfied, I must solicit my widow the closer, and run the desperate fortune of matrimony on shore. [Exit.]

Enter VERNISH.

Man. How!—Nay, here is a friend indeed; and he that has him in his arms can know no wants. [Embraces VERNISH.]

Ver. Dear Sir! and he that is in your arms is secure from all fears whatever; nay, our nation is secure by your defeat at sea, and the Dutch that fought against you have proved enemies to themselves only in bringing you back to us.

Man. Fie! fie! this from a friend? and yet from any other 'twere insufferable; I thought I should never have taken anything ill from you.

Ver. A friend's privilege is to speak his mind, though it be taken ill.

Man. But your tongue need not tell me you think too well of me; I have found it from your heart, which spoke in actions, your unalterable heart. But Olivia is false, my friend, which I suppose is no news to you.

Ver. He's in the right on't. [Aside.]

Man. But couldst thou not keep her true to me?

Ver. Not for my heart, sir.

Man. But could you not perceive it at all before I went; could she so deceive us both?

Ver. I must confess, the first time I knew it was three days after your departure, when she received the money you had left in Lombard Street in her name ; and her tears did not hinder her, it seems, from counting that. You would trust her with all, like a true generous lover.

Man. And she like a mean jilting——

Ver. Traitorous——

Man. Base——

Ver. Vile——

Man. Covetous——

Ver. Mercenary.—[*Aside.*] I can hardly hold from laughing.

Man. Ay, mercenary, indeed ; for she made me pay last night.

Ver. When ?

Man. Last night, about seven or eight of the clock.

Ver. Ha !—[*Aside.*] Now I remember, I thought she spake as if she expected some other rather than me. Traitorous, indeed !

Man. But what, thou wonderest at it ? nay, you seem to be angry too.

Ver. I cannot but be enraged against her, for her usage of you : infamous jade !

Mar. But thou dost not, for so great a friend, take pleasure enough in your friend's revenge, methinks.

Ver. Yes, yes ; I'm glad to know it.

Man. Thou canst not tell who that poor rascal, her husband is ?

Ver. No.

Man. She would keep it from you, I suppose.

Ver. Yes, yes.

Man. Thou wouldst laugh, if thou knewest but all the circumstances. Come, I'll tell thee.

Ver. Out on her ! I care not to hear any more of her.

Man. Faith, thou shalt. You must know——

Re-enter FREEMAN backwards, endeavouring to keep out NOVEL, LORD PLAUSIBLE, JERRY and OLDFOX, who all press upon him.

Free. I tell you he would be private.

Man. So ! a man can't open a bottle in these eating-houses, but presently you have these impudent, intruding, buzzing flies and insects in your glass.—Well, I'll tell thee all anon. In the meantime, prithee go to her, but not from me, and try if you can get her to lend me but a hundred pounds of my money, to supply my present wants ; for I suppose there is no recovering any of it by law.

Ver. Not any ; think not of it. Nor by this way neither.

Man. Go try, at least.

Ver. I'll go ; but I can satisfy you beforehand it will be to no purpose.

Man. However, try her ; put it to her.

Ver. Ay, ay, I'll try her ; put it to her home with a vengeance.

[*Exit.*]

Nov. Nay, you shall be our judge, Manly.—Come, major, I'll speak it to your teeth ; if people provoke me to say bitter things to their faces, they must take what follows ; though, like my Lord Plausible, I'd rather do't civilly behind their backs.

Man. Nay, thou art a dangerous rogue, I've heard, behind a man's back.

Plaus. You wrong him sure, noble captain ; he would do a man no more harm behind his back than to his face.

Free. I am of my lord's mind.

Man. Yes, a fool, like a coward, is the more to be feared behind a man's back more than a witty man ; for, as a coward is more bloody than a brave man, a fool is more malicious than a man of wit.

Nov. A fool, tar,—a fool ! nay, thou art a brave sea-judge of wit ! a fool ! Prithee when did you ever find me want something to say, as you do often ?

Man. Nay, I confess thou art always talking, roaring, or making a noise ; that I'll say for thee.

Nov. Well, and is talking a sign of a fool ?

Man. Yes, always talking, especially too if it be loud and fast, is the sign of a fool.

Nov. Pshaw ! talking is like fencing, the quicker the better ; run 'em down, run 'em down, no matter for parrying ; push on still, sa, sa, sa ! No matter whether you argue in form, push in guard or no.

Man. Or hit or no ; I think thou always talkest without thinking, Novel.

Nov. Ay, ay ; studied play's the worst, to follow the allegory, as the old pedant says.

Old. A young fop !

Man. I ever thought the man of most wit had been like him of most money, who has no vanity in showing it everywhere, whilst the beggarly pusher of his fortune has all he has about him still only to show.

Nov. Well, sir, and make a very pretty show in the world, let me tell you ; nay, a better than your close hunks. Give me ready money in play ! what care I for a man's reputation ? what are we the better for your substantial thrifty curmudgeon in wit, sir ?

Old. Thou art a profuse young rogue indeed.

Nov. So much for talking, which, I think, I have proved a mark of wit ; and so is railing, roaring, and making a noise ; for railing is satire, you know ; and roaring and making a noise, humour.

Re-enter FIDELIA ; she takes MANLY aside, and shows him a paper.

Fid. The hour is betwixt seven and eight exactly : 'tis now half an hour after six.

Man. Well, go then to the Piazza, and wait for me : as soon as it is quite dark, I'll be with you. I must stay here yet a while for my friend.—[*Exit FIDELIA.*] But is railing satire, Novel ?

Free. And roaring and making a noise, humour.

Nov. What, won't you confess there's humour in roaring and making a noise?

Free. No.

Nov. Nor in cutting napkins and hangings?

Man. No, sure.

Nov. Dull fops!

Old. O rogue, rogue, insipid rogue!—Nay, gentlemen, allow him those things for wit; for his parts lie only that way.

Nov. Peace, old fool! I wonder not at thee; but that young fellows should be so dull as to say there's no humour in making a noise, and breaking windows! I tell you there's wit and humour too in both; and a wit is as well known by his frolic as by his smile.

Old. Pure rogue! there's your modern wit for you! Wit and humour in breaking of windows! there's mischief, if you will, but no wit or humour.

Nov. Prithee, prithee, peace, old fool! I tell you, where there's mischief, there's wit. Don't we esteem the monkey a wit amongst beasts, only because he's mischievous? and, let me tell you, as good-nature is a sign of a fool, being mischievous is a sign of a wit.

Old. O rogue, rogue! pretend to be a wit, by doing mischief and railing!

Nov. Why thou, old fool, hast no other pretence to the name of a wit, but by railing at new plays!

Old. Thou, by railing at that facetious noble way of wit, quibbling?

Nov. Thou callest thy dulness gravity; and thy dozing, thinking.

Old. You, sir, your dulness, spleen; and you talk much and say nothing.

Nov. Thou readest much, and understandest nothing, sir.

Old. You laugh loud, and break no jest.

Nov. You rail, and nobody hangs himself; and thou hast nothing of the satire but in thy face.

Old. And you have no jest but your face, sir.

Nov. Thou art an illiterate pedant.

Old. Thou art a fool with a bad memory.

Man. Come, a plague on you both! you have done like wits now: for you wits, when you quarrel, never give over till ye prove one another fools.

Nov. And you fools have never any occasion of laughing at us wits but when we quarrel. Therefore let us be friends, Oldfox.

Man. They are such wits as thou art, who make the name of a wit as scandalous as that of bully, and signify a loud-laughing, talking, incorrigible coxcomb, as bully, a roaring hardened coward.

Free. And would have his noise and laughter pass for wit, as t'other his huffing and blustering for courage.

Re-enter VERNISH.

Man. Gentlemen, with your leave, here is one I would speak with ; and I have nothing to say to you.

[Puts all out of the room except VERNISH.]

Ver. I told you 'twas in vain to think of getting money out of her. She says, if a shilling would do't, she would not save you from starving or hanging, or what you would think worse, begging or flattering ; and rails so at you.

Man. O, friend, never trust for that matter a woman's railing ; for she is no less a dissembler in her hatred than her love.

Ver. He's in the right on't : I know not what to trust to. *[Aside.]*

Man. But you did not take any notice of it to her, I hope ?

Ver. So !—Sure he is afraid I should have disproved him by an inquiry of her : all may be well yet. *[Aside.]*

Man. What hast thou in thy head that makes thee seem so unquiet ?

Ver. Only this base impudent woman's falseness ; I cannot put her out of my head.

Man. O, my dear friend, be not you too sensible of my wrongs ; for then I shall feel 'em too with more pain, and think 'em insufferable. But if thou wouldst ease a little my present trouble, prithee go borrow me somewhere else some money. I can trouble thee.

Ver. You trouble me, indeed, most sensibly, when you command me anything I cannot do. I have lately lost a great deal of money at play, more than I can yet pay ; so that not only my money, but my credit too is gone, and know not where to borrow ; but could rob a church for you. *[Aside.]*—Yet would rather end your wants by cutting your throat.

Man. Nay, then I doubly feel my poverty, since I'm incapable of supplying thee. *[Embraces him.]*

Ver. But, methinks, she——

Nov. *[looking in.]* Hey, tarpaulin, have you done ?

[Retires again.]

Ver. I understand not that point of kindness, I confess.

Man. No, thou dost not understand it, and I have not time to let you know all now ; for these fools, you see, will interrupt us ; but anon, at supper, we'll laugh at leisure together at Olivia's husband, who took a young fellow, that goes between his wife and me, for a woman.

Ver. Ah ?

Man. Senseless easy rascal ! 'twas no wonder she chose him for a husband ; but she thought him, I thank her, fitter than me for that office.

Ver. I could not be deceived.

[Aside.]

Man. What, you wonder the fellow could be such a blind coxcomb.

Ver. Yes, yes.

Nov. [*looking in again.*] Nay, prithee, come to us, Manly. Gad, all the fine things one says in their company, are lost without thee.

Man. Away, fop! I'm busy yet. [*NOVEL retires.*] You see we cannot talk here at our ease; besides, I must be gone immediately, in order to meeting with Olivia again to-night.

Ver. To-night! it cannot be, sure —

Man. I had an appointment just now from her.

Ver. For what time?

Man. At half an hour after seven precisely.

Ver. Don't you apprehend the husband?

Man. He! he a thing to be feared! a husband! the tameſt of creatures!

Ver. Very fine!

[*Aside.*

Man. But, prithee, in the meantime, go try to get me ſome money. Though thou art too moſt to borrow for thyſelf, thou canſt do anything for me, I know. Go; for I muſt be gone to Olivia. Go, and meet me here anon.—Freeman, where art you?

[*Exit.*

Ver. Ay, I'll meet with you, I warrant; but it ſhall be at Olivia's. Sure, it cannot be: ſhe denies it ſo calmly, and with that honeſt moſt aſſurance, it cannot be true—and he does not uſe to lie—but belying a woman when ſhe won't be kind, is the only lie a brave man will leaſt ſcruple. But then the woman in man's clothes, whom he calls a man—well, but I know her to be a woman; but then again, his appointment from her, to meet with him to-night! I am diſtracted more with doubt than jealousy. Well, I have no way to diſabuse or revenge myſelf but by going home immediately, putting on a riding-ſuit, and pretending to my wife the ſame buſineſs which carried me out of town laſt, requires me again to go poſt to Oxford to-night. Then, if the appointment he boaſts of be true, it's ſure to hold, and I ſhall have an opportunity either of clearing her, or revenging myſelf on both. If this be true, he muſt needs diſcover by her my treachery to him; which I'm ſure he will revenge with my death, and which I muſt prevent with his, if it were only but for fear of his too juſt reproaches; for I muſt confeſs, I never had till now any excuſe but that of intereſt, for doing ill to him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MANLY and FREEMAN.

Man. Come hither: only, I ſay, be ſure you miſtake not the time. You know the houſe exactly where Olivia lodges—'tis juſt hard by.

Free. Yes, yes.

Man. Well then, bring 'em all, I ſay, thither, and all you know that may be then in the houſe; for the more witneſſes I have of her infamy, the greater will be my revenge, and be ſure you come ſtraight up to her chamber without more ado. Here, take the watch; you ſee 'tis above a quarter paſt ſeven; be there in half an hour exactly.

Free. You need not doubt my diligence or dexterity ; I am an old scourer. Shan't we break her windows too ?

Man. No, no ; be punctual only.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter WIDOW BLACKACRE, and two KNIGHTS OF THE POST,
a WAITER following with wine.

Wid. Sweetheart, are you sure the door was shut close, that none of those roysterers saw us come ?

Wait. Yes, mistress ; and you shall have a privater room above, instantly. [Exit.

Wid. You are safe enough, gentlemen ; for I have been private in this house ere now, upon other occasions, when I was something younger. Come, gentlemen ; in short, I leave my business to your care and fidelity ; and so, here's to you.

1 Knight. We are ungrateful rogues if we should not be honest to you ; for we have had a great deal of your money.

Wid. And you have done me many a good job for't ; and so, here's to you again.

2 Knight. Why, we have been perjured but six times for you.

1 Knight. Forged but four deeds, with your husband's last deed of gift.

2 Knight. And but three wills.

1 Knight. And counterfeited hands and seals to some six bonds ; I think that's all, brother ?

Wid. Ay, that's all, gentlemen ; and so, here's to you again.

2 Knight. Nay, 'twould do one's heart good to be forsworn for you. You have a conscience in your ways, and pay us well.

1 Knight. You are in the right on't, brother ; one would die for her with all one's heart.

2 Knight. But there are rogues who make us forsworn for 'em ; and when we come to be paid, they'll be forsworn too, and not pay us our wages, which they promised with oaths sufficient.

1 Knight. Ay, a great lawyer that shall be nameless bilked me too.

Wid. That was hard, methinks, that a lawyer should use gentlemen witnesses no better.

2 Knight. A lawyer ! d'ye wonder a lawyer should do t ? I was bilked by a reverend divine, that preaches twice on Sundays, and prays half an hour still before dinner.

Wid. How ! a conscientious divine, and not pay people for damning themselves ! sure then, for all his talking, he does not believe. But, come, to our business. Pray be sure to imitate exactly the flourish at the end of his name. [*Pulls out a deed or two.*

1 Knight. O, he's the best in England at untangling a flourish, madam.

Wid. And let not the seal be a jot bigger. Observe well the dash too, at the end of this name.

2 Knight I warrant you, madam.

Wid. Well, these and many other shifts poor widows are put to sometimes; for everybody would be breaking into her jointure. They think marrying a widow an easy business, like leaping the hedge where another has gone over before. A widow is a mere gap, a gap with them.

Enter MAJOR OLDFOX, with two WAITERS. The KNIGHTS OF THE POST huddle up the writings.

What! he here! Go then, go my hearts, you have your instructions.

[Exeunt KNIGHTS OF THE POST.]

Old. Come, madam, to be plain with you, I'll be fobbed off no longer. *[Aside.]* I'll bind her and gag her but she shall hear me. *[To the WAITERS]* -Look you, friends, there's the money I promised you; and now do you what you promised me: here my garters, and here's a gag. *[To the WIDOW]* You shall be acquainted with my parts, lady, you shall.

Wid. Help! help! What, will you ravish me?

[The WAITERS tie her to the chair, gag her, and exeunt.]

Old. Yes, lady, I will ravish you; but it shall be through the ear, lady, the ear only, with my well-penned acrostics.

Enter FREEMAN, JERRY BLACKACRE, three BAILIFFS, a CONSTABLE, and his ASSISTANTS, with the two KNIGHTS OF THE POST.

What! shall I never read my things undisturbed again?

Jer. O la! my mother bound hand and foot, and gaping as if she rose before her time to-day!

Free. What means this, Oldfox? But I'll release you from him; you shall be no man's prisoner but mine. Bailiffs, execute your writ. *[Unties her.]*

Old. Nay, then, I'll be gone, for fear of being bail, and paying her debts without being her husband. *[Exit.]*

1 Bail. We arrest you in the king's name, at the suit of Mr. Freeman, guardian to Jeremiah Blackacre, Esquire, in an action of ten thousand pounds.

Wid. How, how, in a choke-bail action! What, and the pen-and-ink gentlemen taken too! -Have you confessed, you rogues?

1 Knight. We needed not to confess; for the bailiffs have dogged us hither to the very door, and overheard all that you and we said.

Wid. Undone, undone then! no man was ever too hard for me till now. O Jerry, child, wilt thou vex again the mother that bore thee?

Jer. Ay, for bearing me before wedlock, as you say. But I'll teach you to call a Blackacre bastard, though you were never so much my mother.

Wid. [*aside.*] Well, I'm undone! not one trick left? no law-mesh imaginable? [*To FREEMAN.*—Cruel sir, a word with you, I pray.

Free. In vain, madam; for you have no other way to release yourself, but by the bonds of matrimony.

Wid. How, sir, how! that were but to sue out a habeas corpus, for a removal from one prison to another.—Matrimony!

Free. Well, bailiffs, away with her.

Wid. O stay, sir! can you be so cruel as to bring me under Covert-Baron again, and put it out of my power to sue in my own name. Matrimony to a woman is worse than excommunication, in depriving her of the benefit of the law; and I would rather be deprived of life. But, hark you, sir, I am contented you should have the privileges of a husband, without the dominion; that is, *durante beneplacito*. In consideration of which, I will out of my jointure secure you an annuity of three hundred pounds a year, and pay your debts; and that's all you younger brothers desire to marry a widow for, I'm sure.

Free. Well, widow, if——

Jer. What! I hope, bully-guardian, you are not making agreements without me?

Free. No, no. First, widow, you must say no more than he is a bastard; have a care of that. And, then, he must have a settled exhibition of forty pounds a year, and a nag of assizes, kept by you, but not upon the common; and have free ingress, egress, and regress.

Wid. Well, I can grant all that too.

Jer. Ay, ay, fair words butter no cabbage; but, guardian, make her sign, sign and seal; for otherwise, if you knew her as well as I, you would not trust her word for a farthing.

Free. I warrant thee, squire.—Well, widow, since thou art so generous, I will be generous too; and if you'll secure me four hundred pounds a year, but during your life, and pay my debts, not above a thousand pounds, I'll bate you the husband.

Wid. Have a care, sir, a settlement without a consideration is void in law; you must do something for't.

Free. Prithee, then let the settlement on me be called alimony; and the consideration, our separation. Come, my lawyer, with writings ready drawn, is within, and in haste. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—OLIVIA'S Lodging.

Enter OLIVIA with a candle in her hand.

Oliv. So, I am now prepared once more for my timorous young lover's reception. My husband is gone; and go thou out too, thou next interrupter of love.—[*Puts out the candle.*] Kind darkness, that frees us lovers from scandal and bashfulness, from the censure of our gallants and the world!—So, are you there?

Enter FIDELIA, followed softly by MANLY.

Come, my dear punctual lover, there is not such another in the world ; thou hast beauty and youth to please a wife ; address and wit to amuse and fool a husband ; nay, thou hast all things to be wished in a lover, but your fits. I hope, my dear, you won't have one to-night ; and that you may not, I'll lock the door, though there be no need of it, but to lock out your fits ; for my husband is just gone out of town again. Come, where are you ?

[Goes to the door and locks it.]

Man. Well, thou hast impudence enough to give me fits too, and make revenge itself impotent ; hinder me from making thee yet more infamous, if it can be. *[Aside.]*

Oliv. Come, come, my soul, come.

Fid. Presently, my dear, we have time enough, sure.

Oliv. How, time enough ! True lovers can no more think they ever have time enough, than love enough. Come.

Fid. But won't you let me give you and myself the satisfaction of telling you how I abused your husband last night ?

Oliv. Not when you can give me, and yourself too, the satisfaction of abusing him again to-night. Come.

Fid. Let me but tell you how your husband—

Oliv. O name not his, or Manly's more loathsome name, if you love me ! I forbid 'em last night ; and you know I mentioned my husband but once, and he came. No talking, pray, 'twas ominous to us.—*[A noise at the door.]* You make me fancy a noise at the door already, but I'm resolved not to be interrupted. Where are you ? Come, for rather than lose my dear expectation now, though my husband were at the door, and the bloody ruffian Manly here in the room, with all his awful insolence, I would give myself to this dear hand.—*[The noise at the door increases.]* But what's the noise at the door ? So, I told you what talking would come to. Ha !—O heavens, my husband's voice !—

[Listens at the door.]

Man. *[aside.]* Freeman is come too soon.

Oliv. Oh, 'tis he !—then here's the happiest minute lost that ever a bashful boy or trifling woman fooled away ! I'm undone ! my husband's reconciliation too was false, as my joy all delusion. But come this way, here's a back door. *[Exit, and returns.]*—The officious jade has locked us in, instead of locking others out ; but let us then escape your way, by the balcony ; and whilst you pull down the curtains, I'll fetch from my closet what next will be secure our escape. I have left my key in the door, and 'twill no suddenly be broken open. *[Exit.]*

[A noise as it were people forcing the door.]

Man. Stir not yet, fearing nothing.

Fid. Nothing but your life, sir.

Man. We shall know this happy man she calls husband.

Re-enter OLIVIA.

Oliv. Oh, where are you? What, idle with fear? Come, I'll tie the curtains, if you will hold. Here, take this cabinet and purse, for it is thine, if we escape ;—[*MANLY takes them from her*]—therefore, let us make haste. [*Exit.*]

Man. 'Tis mine indeed now again, and it shall never escape more from me, to you at least.

[*The door broke open, enter VERNISH with a dark lantern and a sword, running at MANLY, who draws, puts by the thrust, and defends himself, whilst FIDELIA runs at VERNISH behind.*]

Ver. So, there I'm right, sure— [*In a low voice.*]

Man. [*softly.*] Sword and dark lantern, villain, are some odds ; but—

Ver. Odds ! I'm sure I find more odds than I expected. What, has my insatiable two seconds at once? But— [*In a low voice.*]

[*Whilst they fight, OLIVIA re-enters, tying two curtains together.*]

Oliv. Where are you now? What, is he entered then, and are they fighting? O do not kill one that can make no defence !—[*MANLY throws VERNISH down and disarms him.*] How ! but I think he has the better on't. Here's his scarf—'tis he. So, keep him down still. I hope thou hast no hurt, my dearest ?

[*Embracing MANLY.*]

Enter FREEMAN, LORD PLAUSIBLE, NOVEL, JERRY BLACKACRE and the WIDOW BLACKACRE, lighted by the two SAILORS with torches.

Ha !—what !—Manly ! and have I been thus concerned for him ! embracing him ! and has he his jewels again too ! What means this. O, 'tis too sure, as well as my shame ! which I'll go hide for ever.

[*Offers to go out. MANLY stops her.*]

Man. No, my dearest ; after so much kindness as has passed between us, I cannot part with you yet.—Freeman, let nobody stir out of the room ; for notwithstanding your lights, we are yet in the dark till this gentleman please to turn his face.—[*Pulls VERNISH by the sleeve.*] How, Vernish ! art thou the happy man then ? thou ! thou ! Speak, I say ; but thy guilty silence tells me all.—Well, I shall not upbraid thee ; for my wonder is striking me as dumb as thy shame has made thee. But what ! my little volunteer hurt, and fainting !

Fid. My wound, sir, is but a slight one in my arm ; 'tis only my fear of your danger, sir, not yet well over.

Man. But what's here ? more strange things !—[*Observing FIDELIA'S hair untied behind, and without a peruke, which she lost in the scuffle.*] What means this long woman's hair, and face ! now all of it appears too beautiful for a man ; which I still thought

womanish indeed ! What, you have not deceived me too, my little volunteer ?

Oliv. Me she has, I'm sure.

[*Aside.*

Man. Speak !

Enter ELIZA and LETTICE.

Eliza. What, cousin, I am brought hither by your woman, I suppose, to be a witness of the second vindication of your honour ?

Oliv. Insulting is not generous. You might spare me—I have you.

Eliza. Have a care, cousin, you'll confess anon too much ; and I would not have your secrets.

Man. Come, your blushes answer me sufficiently, and you have been my volunteer in love. [To FIDELIA.

Fid. I must confess I needed no compulsion to follow you all the world over ; which I attempted in this habit, partly out of shame to own my love to you, and fear of a greater shame, your refusal of it ; for I knew of your engagement to this lady, and the constancy of your nature ; which nothing could have altered but herself.

Man. Dear madam, I desired you to bring me out of confusion, and you have given me more. I know not what to speak to you, or how to look upon you ; the sense of my rough, hard, and ill usage of you (though chiefly your own fault), gives me more pain now 'tis over, than you had when you suffered it ; and if my heart, the refusal of such a woman—[pointing to OLIVIA]—were not a sacrifice to profane your love, and a greater wrong to you than ever yet I did you, I would beg of you to receive it, though you used it as she had done ; for though it deserved not from her the treatment she gave it, it does from you.

Fid. Then it has had punishment sufficient from her already, and needs no more from me ; and, I must confess, I would not be the only cause of making you break your last night's oath to me, of never parting with me, if you do not forget or repent it.

Man. Then take for ever my heart, and this with it—[gives her the cabinet] ; for 'twas given to you before, and my heart was before your due ; I only beg leave to dispose of these few.—Here, madam.

[Takes some of the jewels, and offers them to OLIVIA ; she strikes them down ; PLAUSIBLE and NOVEL take them up.

Plaus. These pendants appertain to your most faithful humble servant.

Nqv. And this locket is mine ; my earnest for love, which she never paid ; therefore my own again.

Wid. By what law, sir, pray ? Cousin Olivia, a word. What do they make a seizure on your goods and chattels, *vi et armis* ? Make your demand. I say, and bring your trover, bring your trover. I'll follow the law for you.

Oliv. And I my revenge.

[*Exit.*

Man. [To VERNISH.] But 'tis, my friend, in your consideration most, that I would have returned part of your wife's portion ; for

'twere hard to take all from thee, since thou has paid so dear for't in being such a rascal. Yet thy wife is a fortune without a portion ; and thou art a man of that extraordinary merit in villany, the world and fortune can never desert thee, though I do ; therefore be not melancholy. Fare you well, sir.—[*Exit VERNISH doggedly.*] Now, madam, I beg your pardon [*turning to FIDELIA*] for lessening the present I made you ; but my heart can never be lessened. This, I confess, was too small for you before ; for you deserve the Indian world ; and I would now go thither, out of covetousness for your sake only.

Fid. Your heart, sir, is a present of that value, I can never make any return to't—[*pulling MANLY from the company*]. But I can give you back such a present as this, which I got by the loss of my father, a gentleman of the north, of no mean extraction, whose only child I was, therefore left me in the present possession of two thousand pounds a year ; which I left, with multitudes of pretenders, to follow you, sir ; having in several public places seen you, and observed your actions thoroughly, with admiration, when you were too much in love to take notice of mine, which yet was but too visible. The name of my family is Grey, my other Fidelity. The rest of my story you shall know when I have fewer auditors.

Man. Nay, now, madam, you have taken from me all power of making you any compliment on my part ; for I was going to tell you, that for your sake only I would quit the unknown pleasure of a retirement ; and rather stay in this ill world of ours still, though odious to me, than give you more frights again at sea, and make again too great a venture there, in you alone. But if I should tell you now all this, and that your virtue (since greater than I thought any was in the world) had now reconciled me to't, my friend here would say, 'tis your estate that has made me friends with the world.

Free. I must confess I should ; for I think most of our quarrels to the world are only because we cannot enjoy her as we would do.

Man. Nay, if thou art a plain dealer too, give me thy hand ; for now I'll say, I am thy friend indeed ; and for your two sakes, though I have been so lately deceived in friends of both sexes—

I will believe there are now in the world
Good-natured friends, who are not blood-suckers,
And handsome women worthy to be friends ;
Yet, for my sake, let no one e'er confide
In tears, or oaths, in love, or friend untried.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE MOCK DOCTOR.

(MOLIÈRE'S "LE MEDECIN MALGRÉ LUI.")

BY HENRY FIELDING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JASPER.
LEANDER.
GREGORY.
ROBERT.
JAMES.
HARRY.

DAVY.
HELLEBOR.
DORCAS.
CHARLOTTE.
MAID.

SCENE.—PARTLY IN A COUNTRY TOWN AND PARTLY IN A WOOD.

SCENE I.—A Wood.

DORCAS, GREGORY.

Greg. I tell you no, I won't comply, and it is my business to talk and to command.

Dorc. And I tell you you shall conform to my will, and that I was not married to you to suffer your ill-humours.

Greg. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life than when he told us "That a wife is worse than a devil."

Dorc. Hear the learned gentleman with his Aristotle!

Greg. And a learned man I am too; find me out a maker of fagots that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

Dorc. An education!

Greg. Ay, hussy, a regular education; first at the charity-school where I learnt to read; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford where I learnt very near as much as my master; from whence I attended a travelling physician six years, under the facetious denomination of a Merry-Andrew, where I learnt physic.

Dorc. O that thou hadst followed him still! Cursed be the hour wherein I answered the parson "I will!"

Greg. And cursed be the parson that asked me the question !

Dorc. You have reason to complain of him, indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment returning thanks to Heaven for that great blessing it sent you when it sent you myself. I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserve such a wife as me ?

Greg. No, really, I don't think I do.

AIR I.—*Bessy Bell.*

Dorc. When a lady like me condescends to agree
To let such a jackanapes taste her,
With what zeal and care should he worship the fair,
Who gives him—what's meat for his master !
His actions should still
Attend on her will.
Hear, sirrah, and take it for warning ;
To her he should be
Each night on his knee,
And so he should be on each morning.

Greg. Come, come, madam ; it was a lucky day for you when you found me out.

Dorc. Lucky, indeed ! a fellow who eats everything I have.

Greg. That happens to be a mistake, for I drink some part on't.

Dorc. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

Greg. You'll rise the earlier.

Dorc. And who from morning till night is eternally in an ale-house.

Greg. It's genteel—the squire does the same.

Dorc. Pray, sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family.

Greg. Whatever you please.

Dorc. My four little children that are continually crying for bread.

Greg. Give 'em a rod ! best cure in the world for crying children.

Dorc. And do you imagine, sot——

Greg. Hark ye, my dear ; you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

Dorc. I laugh at your threats—poor, beggarly, insolent fellow !

Greg. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

Dorc. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally——

Greg. Oh, ho, ho ! you will have it then, I find. [Beats her.

Dorc. O, murder ! murder !

SCENE II.

GREGORY, DORCAS, SQUIRE ROBERT.

Rob. What's the matter here ? Fie upon you, fie upon you, neighbour, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner !

Dorc. Well, sir, and I have a mind to be beat ; and what then ?

Rob. O dear madam ! I give my consent with all my heart and soul.

Dorc. What's that to you, sauce-box ? Is it any business of yours ?

Rob. No, certainly, madam.

Dorc. Here's an impertinent fellow for you, won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife !

AIR II.—*Winchester Wedding.*

Go thrash your own rib, sir, at home,
Nor thus interfere with our strife ;
May misery still be his doom
Who strives to part husband and wife !
Suppose I've a mind he should drub,
Whose bones are they, sir, he's to lick ?
At whose expense is it, you scrub ?
You are not to find him a stick.

Rob. Neighbour, I ask your pardon heartily ; here, take and thrash your wife ; beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, sir, I won't beat her.

Rob. O ! sir, that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I please ; and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and not yours.

Rob. Certainly.

Dorc. Give me the stick, dear husband.

Rob. Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself !

SCENE III.

GREGORY, DORCAS.

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dorc. What, after beating me so ?

Greg. 'Twas but in jest.

Dorc. I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones, not on mine.

Greg. Pshaw ! you know you and I are one ; and I beat one-half of myself when I beat you.

Dorc. Yes ; but, for the future, I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon ; I am sorry for't.

Dorc. For once I pardon you ; but you shall pay for't.

Greg. Pshaw ! pshaw ! child ; these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship : four or five good blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred fagots before I come home again.

Dorc. If I am not revenged on those blows of yours! Oh, that I could but think of some method to be revenged on him! Hang the rogue, he is quite insensible. Oh, that I could find out some invention to get him well drubbed!

SCENE IV.

HARRY, JAMES, DORCAS.

Har. Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are in quest of a dumb doctor?

James. Blame your own cursed memory that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel through the world rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

Har. Was ever such a cursed misfortune? to lose the letter! I should not even know his name if I were to hear it.

Dorc. Can I find no invention to be revenged?—Hey-day! who are these?

James. Harkye, mistress; do you know where—where—where Doctor What-d'ye-call-him lives?

Dorc. Doctor who?

James. Doctor—doctor—What's-his-name?

Dorc. Hey! what, has the fellow a mind to banter me?

Har. Is there no physician hereabouts famous for curing dumbness?

Dorc. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr. Impertinence.

Har. Don't mistake us, good woman—we don't mean to banter you. We are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician who lives hereabouts. We have lost our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

Dorc. There is one Doctor Lazy lives just by; but he has left off practising. You would not get him a mile to save the lives of a thousand patients.

James. Direct us but to him. We'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

Har. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

Dorc. Ha! Heaven has inspired me with one of the most admirable inventions to be revenged on my hangdog! [*Aside.*]—I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her; he's reckoned one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Har. Pray tell us where he lives.

Dorc. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but, if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself with cutting wood.

Har. A physician cut wood !

James. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean.

Dorc. No ; he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world ; he goes dressed like a common clown ; for there is nothing he so much dreads as to be known for a physician.

James. All your great men have some strange oddities about them.

Dorc. Why, he will suffer himself to be beat before he will own himself a physician ; and I'll give you my word you'll never make him own himself one unless you both of you take a good cudgel and thrash him into it ; 'tis what we are all forced to do when we have any need of him.

James. What a ridiculous whim is here !

Dorc. Very true ; and in so great a man !

James. And is he so very skilful a man ?

Dorc. Skilful ! why he does miracles. About half a year ago a woman was given over by all her physicians—nay, she had been dead for some time—when this great man came to her. As soon as he saw her he poured a little drop of something down her throat. He had no sooner done it than she got out of her bed, and walked about the room as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh, prodigious !

Dorc. 'Tis not above three weeks ago that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its skull, its arms, and legs. Our physician was no sooner drubbed into making him a visit, than, having rubbed the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and ran away toplay.

Both. Oh, most wonderful !

Har. Hey ! Gad, James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

James. But can he cure dumbness ?

Dorc. Dumbness ? why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb ; and the doctor, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue till he set it a going, so that in less than a month's time she out-talked her husband.

Har. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dorc. Yonder is the very man I speak of.

James. What, that he, yonder ?

Dorc. The very same. He has spied us, and taken up his bill.

James. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment. Mistress, your servant ; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

Dorc. Be sure and make good use of your sticks.

James. He shan't want that.

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Wood.*

JAMES, HARRY GREGORY.

Greg. Plague on't ! 'tis most confounded hot weather. Hey ! who have we here ?

James. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Greg. Sir, your servant.

James. We are mighty happy in finding you here——

Greg. Ay, like enough.

James. 'Tis in your power, sir, to do us a very great favour. We come, sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I'm very ready to do it.

James. Sir, you are extremely obliging. But, dear sir, let me beg you'd be covered : the sun will hurt your complexion.

Har. For Heaven's sake, sir, be covered.

Greg. These should be footmen by their dress, but should be courtiers by their ceremony. *[Aside.*

James. You must not think it strange, sir, that we come thus to seek after you : men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a fagot.

James. O dear, sir !

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy fagots cheaper elsewhere ; but, if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

James. Don't talk in that matter, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper if 'twas to my father.

James. Dear, sir, we know you very well—don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

James. O pray, sir, leave this idle discourse.—Can a person like you amuse himself in this manner ? Can a learned and famous physician like you try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods ?

Greg. The fellow's a fool.

James. Let me entreat you, sir, not to dissemble with us.

Har. It is in vain, sir ; we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are ?—what do you know of me ?

James. Why, we know you, sir, to be a very great physician.

Greg. Physician in your teeth !—I a physician !

James. The fit is on him. Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to—you know what.

Greg. Plague take me if I know what, sir! but I know this, that I'm no physician.

James. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find. And so you are no physician?

Greg. No.

James. You are no physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

James. Well, if we must, we must.

[*Beat him.*]

Greg. Oh! oh! gentlemen! gentlemen! what are you doing? I am—I am—whatever you please to have me.

James. Why will you oblige us, sir, to this violence?

Har. Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy?

James. I assure you, sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

Greg. I assure you, sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

James. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

Greg. And plague take me if I am.

Harry. You are no physician?

Greg. May I be hanged if I am!—[*They beat him.*—Oh! oh!—dear gentlemen; oh! for Heaven's sake, I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me; I had rather be anything than be knocked 'o the head.

James. Dear sir, I am rejoiced to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you have forced us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceived myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

James. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

Greg. Indeed!

Har. A physician that has cured all sorts of distempers.

Greg. The deuce I have!

James. That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

Har. That set a child upon its legs immediately after it had broken 'em.

James. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Har. Look ye, sir, you shall have content; my master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

James. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am physician without doubt: I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself. Well, and what is the distemper I am to cure?

James. My young mistress, sir, has lost her tongue.

Greg. I haven't found it! But come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit, for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig than without a fee. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—SIR JASPER'S *house*.

SIR JASPER, JAMES.

Jasp. Where is he?—where is he?*James.* Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, sir; for, were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again. He makes no more of bringing a patient to life than other physicians do of killing him.*Jasp.* 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humours you mentioned.*James.* 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself. Here he is.

SCENE VII.

SIR JASPER, JAMES, GREGORY, HARRY.

Har. Sir, this is the doctor.*Jasp.* Dear sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.*Greg.* Hippocrates says we should both be cover'd.*Jasp.* Ha! does Hippocrates say so?—In what chapter, pray?*Greg.* In his chapter of hats.*Jasp.* Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.*Greg.* Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the highway of letters——*Jasp.* Doctor, pray whom do you speak to?*Greg.* To you, doctor.*Jasp.* Ha, ha!—I am a knight, thank the King's grace for it; but no doctor.*Greg.* What, you're no doctor?*Jasp.* No, upon my word.*Greg.* You're no doctor?*Jasp.* Doctor! no.*Greg.* There—'tis done.[*Beats him.*]*Jasp.* Done, plague on you! what's done?*Greg.* Why, now you're made a doctor of physic—I am sure it's all the degrees I ever took.*Jasp.* What ruffian of a fellow have you brought here?*James.* I told you, sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.*Jasp.* Whims, quotha!—Egad, I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behaviour, if he has any more of these whims.*Greg.* Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.*Jasp.* Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.*Greg.* I am sorry for those blows——*Jasp.* Nothing at all, nothing at all, sir.*Greg.* Which I was obliged to have the honour of laying on so thick upon you.

Jasp. Let us talk no more of 'em, sir. My daughter, doctor, has fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoyed to hear it ; and I wish, with all my heart, that you and your whole family had the same occasion for me as your daughter, to show the great desire I have to serve you.

Jasp. Sir, I am obliged to you.

Greg. I assure you, sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

Jasp. I do believe you, sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your daughter's name ?

Jasp. My daughter's name is Charlot.

Greg. Are you sure she was christened Charlot ?

Jasp. No, sir, she was christened Charlotta.

Greg. Hum ! I had rather she should have been christened Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient ; and, I can tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient as the physician is.

SCENE VIII.

SIR JASPER, GREGORY, CHARLOT, MAID.

Jasp. Sir, my daughter's here.

Greg. Is that my patient ? Upon my word she carries no distemper in her countenance—and I fancy a healthy young fellow would sit very well beside her.

Jasp. You make her smile, doctor.

Greg. So much the better ; 'tis a very good sign where we can bring a patient to smile ; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say.—Well, child, what's the matter with you ? What's your distemper ?

Charl. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say ?

Charl. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what ?

Charl. Han, hi, hon.

Greg. Han ! hon ! honin ha !—I don't understand a word she says. Han ! hi ! hon ! What sort of a language is this ?

Jasp. Why, that's her distemper, sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause—and this distemper, sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage ! Why so ?

Jasp. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cured.

Greg. O Lud ! was ever such a fool, that would not have his wife dumb !—Would to heaven my wife was dumb ! I'd be far from desiring to cure her.—Does this distemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppress her very much ?

Jasp. Yes, sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great pains ?

Jasp. Very great.

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—ha—a very dumb pulse indeed.

Jasp. You have guessed her distemper.

Greg. Ay, sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately ; I know some of the college would call this the Boree, or the Coupee, or the Sinkee, or twenty other distempers ; but I give you my word, sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb. So I'd have you be very easy ; for there is nothing else the matter with her.—If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Jasp. But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds ?

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for. Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Jasp. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech ?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Jasp. But, if you please, dear sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has, upon that subject, said very fine things—very fine things.

Jasp. I believe it, doctor.

Greg. Ah ! he was a great man, he was indeed, a very great man—a man who upon that subject was a man that—But to return to our reasoning : I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humours which our great physicians call—humours—Ah ! you understand Latin—

Jasp. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand Latin ?

Jasp. No, indeed, doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci thuram cathalimus, singulariter nom. Hæc musa hic, hæc, hoc, genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc musæ. Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus ? Etiam. Quia substantivo et adjectivum concordat in generi numerum et casus sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, et similibus.

Jasp. Ah ! Why did I neglect my studies ?

Har. What a prodigious man is this !

Greg. Besides, sir, certain spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, Whiskerus, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, Jackbootos, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, Perriwiggus, meet in the road with the said spirits which fill the ventricles of the Omotaplasumus ; and because the said humours have—you comprehend me well, sir ? And because the said humours have a certain malignity.—Listen seriously, I beg you.

Jasp. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity that is caused—Be attentive, if you please.

Jasp. I am.

Greg. That is caused, I say, by the acrimony of the humour engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arises that these vapours, *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*—This, sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Har. O that I had but his tongue!

Jasp. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear sir, there is one thing—I always thought till now that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, sir, so they were formerly; but we have changed all that. The college at present, sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Jasp. I ask your pardon, sir.

Greg. O, sir! there's no harm; you're not obliged to know so much as we do.

Jasp. Very true. But, doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is that you immediately put her into a bed warmed with a brass warming-pan; cause her to drink one quart of spring-water, mixed with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double-refined sugar.

Jasp. Why, this is punch, doctor.

Greg. Punch, sir? ay, sir—And what's better than punch to make people talk?—Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, you—your—this and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time.—I love to do business all at once.

Jasp. Doctor, I ask pardon; you shall be obeyed.

[Gives money.]

Greg. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has had on her. But hold; there's another young lady here that I must apply some little remedies to.

Maid. Who, me? I was never better in my life, I thank you, sir.

Greg. So much the worse, madam; so much the worse.—'Tis very dangerous to be very well; for when one is very well, one has nothing else to do but to take physic and bleed away.

Jasp. Oh, strange! What, bleed when one has no distemper?

Greg. It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome. Besides, madam, it is not your case, at present, to be very well; at least, you cannot possibly be well above three days longer; and it is always best to cure a distemper before you have it; or, as we say in Greek, *Distemperum bestum est curare ante habestum.*—What I shall prescribe you at present is, to take every six hours one of these boluses.

Maid. Ha, ha, ha! Why, doctor, these look exactly like lumps of loaf-sugar.

Greg. Take one of these boluses, I say, every six hours, washing it down with six spoonfuls of the best Hollands Geneva.

Jasp. Sure you are in jest, doctor!—This wench does not show any symptoms of distemper.

Greg. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physic : I shall prepare something for you.

Jasp. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, doctor, I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto ; and I am resolved the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, sir? Why then, if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere ; and so humbly beggo te domine domitii veniam goundi foras.

Jasp. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours.

SCENE IX.—*The Street.*

LEANDER, *solus.*

Ah, Charlot ! thou hast no reason to apprehend my ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy torment by my own. Oh, how much more justifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you !

AIR III.

O cursed power of gold,
For which all honour's sold,
And honesty's no more !
For thee we often find
The great in leagues combined
To trick and rob the poor.

By thee the fool and knave
Transcend the wise and brave,
So absolute they reign :
Without some help of thine,
The greatest beauties shine,
And lovers plead in vain.

SCENE X.

LEANDER, GREGORY.

Greg. Upon my word, this is a good beginning ; and since——

Lean. I have waited for you, doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your assistance.

Greg. Ah, you have need of assistance, indeed ! What a pulse is here ! What do you out o' your bed ? *[Feels his pulse.]*

Lean. Ha, ha, ha ! Doctor, you're mistaken ! I am not sick, I assure you.

Greg. How, sir ! not sick ! Do you think I don't know when a man is sick better than he does himself ?

Lean. Well, if I have any distemper, it is the love of that young lady, your patient, from whom you just now come ; and to whom if you can convey me, I swear, dear doctor, I shall be effectually cured.

Greg. Do you take me for a go-between, sir ? a physician for a go-between ?

Lean. Dear sir, make no noise.

Greg. Sir, I will make a noise : you are an impertinent fellow.

Lean. Softly, good sir !

Greg. I shall show you, sir, that I'm not such a sort of person, and that you are an insolent, saucy—[*LEANDER gives a purse*]—I'm not speaking to you, sir ; but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world that take people for what they are not—which always puts me, sir, into such a passion, that—

Lean. I ask pardon, sir, for the liberty I have taken.

Greg. O, dear sir ! no offence in the least. Pray, sir, how am I to serve you ?

Lean. This distemper, sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feigned. The physicians have reasoned upon it, according to custom, and have derived from the brain, from the bowels, from the liver, lungs, lights, and every part of the body ; but the true cause of it is love, and is an invention of Charlot's to deliver her from a match which she dislikes.

Greg. Hum !—Suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary ?

Lean. I'm not very well known to her father ; therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

Greg. Go, then, disguise yourself immediately ; I'll wait for you here.—Ha ! methinks I see a patient. [*Exit LEANDER.*]

SCENE XI.

GREGORY, JAMES, DAVY.

Greg. Gad, matters go swimmingly. I'll even continue a physician as long as I live.

James [*speaking to DAVY.*] Fear not ; if he relapse into his humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the physician again. Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

Davy. My poor wife, doctor, has kept her bed these six months. [*GREGORY holds out his hand.*]—If your worship would find out some means to cure her—

Greg. What's the matter with her ?

Davy. Why, she has had several physicians : one says 'tis the dropsy ; another 'tis the what-d'ye-call-it ? the tumpany ; a third says 'tis a slow fever ; a fourth says the rheumatiz ; a fifth—

Greg. What are the symptoms ?

Davy. Symptoms, sir ?

Greg. Ay, ay, what does she complain of ?

Davy. Why, she is always craving and craving for drink ; eats nothing at all. Then her legs are swelled up as big as a good handsome post, and as cold they be as a stone.

Greg. Come to the purpose, speak to the purpose, my friend.

[*Holding out his hand.*

Davy. The purpose is, sir, that I am come to ask what your worship pleases to have done with her.

Greg. Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw ! I don't understand one word what you mean.

James. His wife is sick, doctor ; and he has brought you a guinea for your advice. Give it the doctor, friend.

[*DAVY gives the guinea.*

Greg. Ay, now I understand you ; here's a gentleman explains the case. You say your wife is sick of the dropsy ?

Davy. Yes, an't please your worship.

Greg. Well, I have made a shift to comprehend your meaning at last ; you have the strangest way of describing a distemper ! You say your wife is always calling for drink : let her have as much as she desires ! She can't drink too much ; and, d'ye hear ? give her this piece of cheese.

Davy. Cheese, sir !

Greg. Ay, cheese, sir ! The cheese of which this is a part has cured more people of a dropsy than ever had it.

Davy. I give your worship a thousand thanks ; I'll go make her take it immediately.

[*Exit.*

Greg. Go ; and, if she dies, be sure to bury her after the best manner you can.

SCENE XII.

GREGORY, DORCAS.

Dorc. I am like to pay severely for my frolic, if I have lost my husband by it.

Greg. O, physic and matrimony ! my wife !

Dorc. For, though the rogue used me a little roughly, he was as good a workman as any in five miles of his head.

AIR IV.—*Thomas, I cannot.*

A fig for the dainty civil spouse,
 Who's bred at the court of France ;
 He treats his wife with smiles and bows,
 And minds not the good main chance.
 Be Gregory
 The man for me,
 Though given to many a maggot ;
 For he would work
 Like any Turk ;
 None like him e'er handled a fagot, a fagot,
 None like him e'er handled a fagot.

Greg. What evil stars have sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a physician to some purpose.—Come hider, shild, letta me feela your pulse.

Dorc. What have you to do with my pulse?

Greg. I am de French physicion, my dear; and I am to feel a de pulse of the pation.

Dorc. Yes, but I am no pation, sir; nor want no physicion, good Doctor Ragou.

Greg. Begar, you must be putta to bed, and take a de peel; me sal give you de litle peel dat sal cure you, as you have more distempreden evere were hered off.

Dorc. What's the matter with the fool? If you feel my pulse any more, I shall feel your ears for you.

Greg. Begar, you must taka de peel.

Dorc. Begar, I shall not taka de peel.

Greg. I'll take this opportunity to try her. [*Aside.*]—Maye dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you sal cura me; you sal be my physicion, and I will give you de fee. [*Holds out a purse.*]

Dorc. Ay, my stomach does not go against those pills. And what must I do for your fee?

Greg. Oh! begar, me vill show you; me vill teacha you what you sal doe. You must come kissa me now; you must come kissa me.

Dorc. [*kisses him.*] As I live, my very hang-dog! I've discovered him in good tune, or he had discovered me.—[*Aside.*] Well, doctor, and are you cured now?

Greg. [*aside*].—Dis is not a propre place; dis is too public; for, sud any one pass by while I take dis physic, it vill preventa de opperation.

Dorc. What physic, doctor?

Greg. In your ear dat.

[*Whispers.*]

Dorc. And in your ear dat, sirrah.—[*hitting him a box.*] Do you dare affront my virtue, you villain? Do you think the world should bribe me? There, take your purse again.

Greg. But where's the gold?

Dorc. The gold I'll keep as an eternal monument of my virtue.

Greg. Oh, what a happy dog am I, to find my wife so virtuous a woman when I least expected it! Oh, my injured dear! behold your Gregory, your own husband!

Dorc. Ha!

Greg. Oh me! I'm so full of joy, I cannot tell thee more than that I am as much the happiest of men as thou art the most virtuous of women.

Dorc. And art thou really my Gregory? And hast thou any more of these purses?

Greg. No, my dear, I have no more about me; but 'tis probable in a few days I may have a hundred: for the strangest accident has happened to me.

Dorc. Yes, my dear ; but I can tell you whom you are obliged to for that accident. Had you not beaten me this morning, I had never had you beaten into a physician.

Greg. Oh, ho ! then 'tis to you I owe all that drubbing ?

Dorc. Yes, my dear, though I little dreamt of the consequence.

Greg. How infinitely I'm obliged to thee !—But hush !

SCENE XIII.

GREGORY, HELLEBOR.

Hel. Are not you the great doctor just come to this town, so famous for curing dumbness.

Greg. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then, sir, I should be glad of your advice.

Greg. Let me feel your pulse.

Hel. Not for myself, good doctor : I am myself, sir, a brother of the faculty—what the world calls a mad doctor. I have at present under my care a patient whom I can by no means prevail with to speak.

Greg. I shall make him speak, sir.

Hel. It will add, sir, to the great reputation you have already acquired ; and I am happy in finding you.

Greg. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. You see that woman there : she is possessed with a more strange sort of madness, and imagines every man she sees to be her husband. Now, sir, if you will but admit her into your house——

Hel. Most willingly, sir.

Greg. The first thing, sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty ounces of her blood ; then, sir, you are to shave off all her hair ; all her hair, sir ; after which you are to make a very severe use of your rod twice a day ; and take particular care that she have not the least allowance beyond bread and water.

Hel. Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of so great a man ; nor can I help approving of your method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

Greg. [*to his wife.*] My dear, that gentleman will conduct you to my lodging. Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady.

Hel. You may depend on't, sir, nothing in my power shall be wanting ; you have only to inquire for Dr. Hellebor.

Dorc. 'Twon't be long before I see you, husband ?

Hel. Husband ! This is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with. [*Exit with DORCAS.*]

SCENE XIV.

GREGORY, LEANDER.

Greg. I think I shall be revenged of you now, my dear. So, sir.

Lean. I think I make a pretty good apothecary now.

Greg. Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I am a physician ; and if you please I'll convey you to the patient.

Lean. If I did but know a few physical hard words.

Greg. A few physical hard words ! why, in a few physical hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, sir ? Come along, come along. Hold, let me go first ; the doctor must always go before the apothecary.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XV.—SIR JASPER'S *House.*

SIR JASPER, CHARLOT, MAID, GREGORY, LEANDER.

Jasp. Has she made no attempt to speak yet ?

Maid. Not in the least, sir ; so far from it, that, as she used to make a sort of noise before, she is now quite silent.

Jasp. [*Looking on his watch.*] 'Tis almost the time the doctor promised to return. Oh ! he is here. Doctor, your servant.

Greg. Well, sir, how does my patient ?

Jasp. Rather worse, sir, since your prescription.

Greg. So much the better ; 'tis a sign that it operates.

Jasp. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you ?

Greg. An apothecary, sir. Mr. Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply that song I prescribed.

Jasp. A song, doctor ? prescribe a song !

Greg. Prescribe a song, sir ! Yes, sir, prescribe a song, sir. Is there anything so strange in that ? Did you never hear of pills to purge melancholy ? If you understand these things better than I, why did you send for me. Yes, sir, this song would make a stone speak. But if you please, sir, you and I will confer at some distance during the application ; for this song will do you as much harm as it will do your daughter good. Be sure, Mr. Apothecary, to pour it down her ears very closely.

AIR V.

Lean. Thus, lovely patient Charlot sees
Her dying patient kneel :
Soon cured will be your feigned disease,
But what physician e'er can ease
The torments which I feel ?
Think, skilful nymph, while I complain,
Ah, think what I endure ;
All other remedies are vain ;
The lovely cause of all my pain
Can only cause my cure.

Greg. It is, sir, a great and subtle question among the doctors, whether women are more easy to be cured than men. I beg you

would attend to this, sir, if you please. Some say no ; others say yes ; and for my part I say both yes and no, forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women are the cause that the brutal part will always prevail over the sensible. One sees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon ; and as the sun, that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds——

Charl. No, I am not at all capable of changing my opinion.

Jasp. My daughter speaks ! my daughter speaks ! Oh, the great power of physic ! Oh, the admirable physician ! How can I reward thee for such a service ?

Greg. This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble.

[Traversing the stage in a great heat, the apothecary following.]

Charl. Yes, sir, I have recovered my speech ; but I have recovered it to tell you that I never will have any husband but Leander.

[Speaks with great eagerness, and drives SIR JASPER round the stage.]

Jasp. But——

Charl. Nothing is capable to shake the resolution I have taken.

Jasp. What !

Charl. Your rhetoric is in vain, all your discourses signify nothing.

Jasp. I——

Charl. I am determined, and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my inclinations.

Jasp. I have——

Charl. I never will submit to this tyranny ; and, if I must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

Jasp. You shall have Mr. Dapper——

Charl. No, not in any manner, not in the least, not at all ; you throw away your breath, you lose your time ; you may confine me, beat me, bruise me, destroy me, kill me, do what you will, use me as you will, but I never will consent ; nor all your threats, nor all your blows, nor all your ill-usage, never shall force me to consent ; so far from giving him my heart, I never will give him my hand ; for he is my aversion, I hate the very sight of him ; I had rather see the devil, I had rather touch a toad ; you may make me miserable any other way, but with him you shan't, that I'm resolved.

Greg. There, sir—there, I think, we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

Jasp. Consistency, quotha ! why, there is no stopping her tongue. Dear doctor, I desire you would make her dumb again.

Greg. That's impossible, sir ; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

Jasp. And do you think——

Charl. All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

Jasp. You shall marry Mr. Dapper this evening.

Charl. I'll be buried first.

Greg. Stay, sir, stay; let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

Jasp. It is impossible, sir, than you can cure the distempers of the mind.

Greg. Sir, I can cure anything. Hark ye, Mr. Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is entirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary: for my part, I know of but one, which is a dose of purgative running-away, mixed with two drachms of pills matrimoniac, and three large handfuls of arbor vitæ; perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able apothecary I shall trust you for the success: go, make her walk in the garden: be sure you lose no time: to the remedy, quick, to the remedy specific.

SCENE XVI.

SIR JASPER, GREGORY.

Jasp. What drugs, sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before?

Greg. They are some, sir, lately discovered by the Royal Society.

Jasp. Did you ever see anything equal to her insolence?

Greg. Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too headstrong.

Jasp. You cannot imagine, sir, how foolishly fond she is of that Leander.

Greg. The heat of blood, sir, causes that in young minds.

Jasp. For my part, the moment I discovered the violence of her passion I have always kept her locked up.

Greg. You have done very wisely.

Jasp. And I have prevented them from having the least communication together, for who knows what might have been the consequence? Who knows but she might have taken it into her head to have run away with him.

Greg. Very true.

Jasp. Ay, sir, let me alone for governing girls; I think I have some reason to be vain on that head; I think I have shown the world that I understand a little of women I think I have; and let me tell you, sir, there is not a little art required. If this girl had had some fathers, they had not kept her out of the hands of so vigilant a lover as I have done.

Greg. No, certainly, sir.

SCENE XVII.

SIR JASPER, DORCAS, GREGORY.

Dorc. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician?*Jasp.* Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now?*Dorc.* Oh, sirrah! sirrah!—would you have destroyed your wife, you villain! Would you have been guilty of murder, dog?*Greg.* Hoity, toity!—What mad woman is this?*Jasp.* Poor wretch! for pity's sake cure her, doctor.*Greg.* Sir, I shall not cure her unless somebody gives me a fee. If you will give me a fee, Sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.*Dorc.* I'll fee you, you villain.—Cure me!

AIR VI.

If you hope by your skill
To give Dorcas a pill,
You are not a deep politician :
Could wives but be brought
To swallow the draught,
Each husband would be a physician.

SCENE XVIII.

SIR JASPER, GREGORY, DORCAS, JAMES.

James. Oh, sir! undone, undone! Your daughter is run away with her lover Leander, who was here disguised like an apothecary; and this is the rogue of a physician who has contrived all the affair.*Jasp.* How! am I abused in this manner? Here, who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper: I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.*James.* Indeed, my good doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hanged for stealing an heiress.*Greg.* Yes, indeed, I believe I shall take my degrees now.*Dorc.* And are they going to hang you, my dear husband?*Greg.* You see, my dear wife.*Dorc.* Had you finished the fagots it had been some consolation.*Greg.* Leave me, or you'll break my heart.*Dorc.* No, I'll stay to encourage you at your death—nor will I budge an inch till I've seen you hanged.

SCENE XIX.

To them, LEANDER, CHARLOT.

Lean. Behold, sir, that Leander, whom you had forbid your house, restores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, sir, only at your hands. I have received letters

by which I have learned the death of an uncle, whose estate far exceeds that of your intended son-in-law.

Jasp. Sir, your virtue is beyond all estates, and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure in the world.

Lean. Now, my fortune makes me happy indeed, my dear Charlotte. And, doctor, I'll make thy fortune too.

Greg. If you would be so kind to make me a physician in earnest, I should desire no other fortune.

Lean. Faith, doctor, I wish I could do that in return for you having made me an apothecary; but I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

Dorc. So, so, our physician, I find, has brought about fine matters. And is it not owing to me, sirrah, that you have been a physician at all?

Jasp. May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not—or what the devil you are?

Greg. I think, sir, after the miraculous cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask whether I am a physician or no. And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness.

Dorc. Why, thou puffed up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

AIR VII.—*We've cheated the parson, &c.*

When tender young virgins look pale and complain,
You may send for a dozen great doctors in vain;
All give their opinion, and pocket their fees;
Each writes her a cure, though all miss her disease:
Powders, drops,
Juleps, slops,
A cargo of poison from physical shops.

Though they physic to death the unhappy poor maid,
What's that to the doctor—since he must be paid?
Would you know how you may manage her right?
Our doctor has brought you a nostrum to-night:
Never vary
Nor miscarry,
If the lover be but the apothecary.

THE MISER.

(MOLIÈRE'S "L'AVARE.")

BY HENRY FIELDING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LOVEGOLD, *the miser.*
FREDERICK, *his son.*
CLEMONT.
RAMILIE, *servant to Frederick.*
MR. DECOY, *a broker.*
MR. FURNISH, *an upholsterer.*
MR. SPARKLE, *a jeweller.*
MR. SATTIN, *a mercer.*

MR. LIST, *a tailor.*
CHARLES BUBBLEBOY, *a lawyer.*
HARRIET, *daughter to Lovegold.*
MRS. WISELY.
MARIANA.
LAPPET, *maid to Harriet.*
WHEEDLE, *maid to Mariana.*
SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE.—LONDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LOVEGOLD'S *House.*

LAPPET, RAMILIE.

Lap. I'll hear no more. Perfidious fellow! Have I for thee slighted so many good matches? Have I for thee turned off Sir Oliver's steward, and my Lord Landy's butler, and several others, thy betters, and all to be affronted in so public a manner?

Ram. Do but hear me, madam.

Lap. If thou would'st have neglected me, was there nobody else to dance a minuet with but Mrs. Susan Cross-stich, whom you know to be my utter aversion?

Ram. Curse on all balls! henceforth I shall hate the sound of a violin.

Lap. I have more reason, I am sure, after having been the jest of the whole company: what must they think of me when they see you, after I have countenanced your addresses in the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

Ram. I'm sure the world must think worse of me, did they imagine, madam, I could prefer any other to you.

Lap. None of your wheedling, sir; that won't do. If you ever hope to speak to me more, let me see you affront the little minx in the next assembly you meet her.

Ram. I'll do it ; and luckily, you know, we are to have a ball at my Lord Landy's the first night he lies out of town, where I'll give your revenge ample satisfaction.

Lap. On that condition I pardon you this time ; but if ever you do the like again——

Ram. May I be banished for ever from those dear eyes, and be turned out of the family while you live in it !

SCENE II.

LAPPET, WHEEDLE, RAMILIE.

Whe. Dear Mrs. Lappet !

Lap. My dear, this is extremely kind.

Whe. It is what all your acquaintance must do that expect to see you. It is in vain to hope for the favour of a visit.

Lap. Nay, dear creature, now you are barbarous ; my young lady has staid at home so much, I have not had one moment to myself ; the first time I had gone out, I am sure, madam, would have been to wait on Mrs. Wheedle.

Whe. My lady has staid at home too pretty much lately. Oh, Mr. Ramilie, are you confined too ? your master does not stay at home, I am sure ; he can find the way to our house though you can't.

Ram. That is the only happiness, madam, I envy him ; but, faith ! I don't know how it is in this parliament time, one's whole days are so taken up in the Court of Request, and one's evenings at quadrille, the deuce take me if I have seen one opera since I came to town. Oh ! now I mention operas, if you have a mind to see Cato, I believe I can steal my master's silver ticket ; for I know he is engaged to-morrow with some gentlemen who never leave their bottle for music.

Lap. Ah, the savages !

Whe. No one can say that of you, Mr. Ramilie ; you prefer music to everything——

Ram. ——But the ladies—[*bell rings.*] So, there's my summons.

Lap. Well, but shall we never have a party of quadrille more !

Whe. O, don't name it. I have worked my eyes out since I saw you ; for my lady has taken a whim of flourishing all her old cambric pinnars and handkerchiefs ; in short, my dear, no journey-woman sempstress is half so much a slave as I am.

Lap. Why do you stay with her ?

Whe. La, child, where can one better oneself ? all the ladies of our acquaintance are just the same. Besides, there are some little things that make amends ; my lady has a whole train of admirers.

Ram. That, madam, is the only circumstance wherein she has the honour of resembling you—[*bell rings louder.*] You hear, madam, I am obliged to leave you—[*bell rings.*] So, so, so : would the bell were in your guts !

SCENE III.

LAPPET, WHEEDLE.

Lap. Oh! Wheedle! I am quite sick of this family; the old gentleman grows more covetous every day he lives. Everything is under lock and key: I can scarce ask you to eat or drink.

Whe. Thank you, my dear; but I have drank half a dozen dishes of chocolate already this morning.

Lap. Well; but, my dear, I have a whole budget of news to tell you. I have made some notable discoveries.

Whe. Pray let us hear them. I have some secrets of our family too, which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in having a friend to tell these things to!

Lap. You know, my dear, last summer my young lady had the misfortune to be overset in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, saved her life at the hazard of his own. Oh! I shall never forget the figure she made at her return home, so wet, so draggled—ha, ha, ha!

Whe. Yes, my dear, I know how all your fine ladies look when they are never so little disordered—they have no need to be so vain of themselves.

Lap. You are no stranger to my master's way of rewarding people. When the poor gentleman brought Miss home, my master meets them at the door, and, without asking any question, very civilly shuts it against him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards I was continually entertained with the young spark's bravery, and gallantry, and generosity, and beauty.

Whe. I can easily guess; I suppose she was rather warmed than cooled by the water. These mistresses of ours, for all their pride, are made of just the same flesh and blood as we are.

Lap. About a month ago my young lady goes to the play in an undress, and takes me with her. We sat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom should we meet with but this very gentleman! her blushes soon discovered to me who he was; in short, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much mistake if ever she was so agreeably entertained in her life. Well, as we were going out, a rude fellow thrusts his hand into my lady's bosom; upon which her champion fell upon him, and did so maul him! My lady fainted away in my arms; but as soon as she came to herself—had you seen how she looked on him! Ah! sir, says she, in a mighty pretty tone, sure you were born for my deliverance: he handed her into a hackney coach, and set us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both sides.

Whe. And you took care to see the post paid, I hope?

Lap. Never fear that. And now, what do you think we have contrived among us? We have got this very gentleman into the house in the quality of my master's clerk.

Whe. So ! here's fine billing and cooing, I warrant : Miss is in a fine condition.

Lap. Her condition is pretty much as it was yet. How long it will continue so I know not. I am making up my matters as fast as I can ; for this house holds not me after the discovery.

Whe. I think you have no great reason to lament the loss of a place where the master keeps his own keys.

Lap. The deuce take the first inventor of locks, say I ! but come, my dear, there is one key which I keep, and that, I believe, will furnish us with some sweetmeats ; so, if you will walk in with me, I'll tell you a secret which concerns your family. It is in your power, perhaps, to be serviceable to me ; I hope, my dear, you will keep these secrets safe ; for one would not have it known that one publishes all the affairs of a family, while one stays in it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Garden.*

CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Cler. Why are you melancholy, my dear Harriet ? do you repent that promise of yours which has made me the happiest of mankind ?

Har. You little know my heart, if you can think it capable of repenting anything I have done towards your happiness ; if I am melancholy, it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

Cler. Thou art too bounteous. Every tender word from those dear lips lays obligations on me I never can repay ; but if to love, to dote on you more than life itself, to watch your eyes that I may obey your wishes before you speak them, can discharge me from any part of that vast debt I owe you. I will be punctual in the payment.

Har. It were ungenerous in me to doubt you ; and when I think what you have done for me, believe me, I must think the balance on your side.

Cler. Generous creature ! and dost thou not for me hazard the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the censures of the world, who always blame the conduct of the person who sacrifices interest to any consideration ?

Har. As for the censures of the world, I despise them, while I do not deserve them ; folly is forwarder to censure wisdom than wisdom folly. I were weak indeed not to embrace real happiness, because the world does not call it so.

Cler. But see, my dearest, your brother is come into the garden.

Har. Is it not safe, think you, to let him into our secret ?

Cler. You know, by outwardly humouring your father, in railing against the extravagance of young men, I have brought him to look on me as his enemy : it will be first proper to set him right in that point. Besides, in managing the old gentleman, I shall still be obliged to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not

bear ; therefore I think it not advisable to trust him, at least yet—he will observe us. Adieu, my heart's only joy !

Har. Honest creature ! What happiness may I propose in a life with such a husband ! What is there in grandeur to recompense the loss of him ? Parents choose as often ill for us as we for ourselves. They are too apt to forget how seldom true happiness lives in a palace, or rides in a coach and six.

SCENE V.

FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Fred. Dear Harriet, good-morrow ; I am glad to find you alone, for I have an affair to impart to you that I am ready to burst with.

Har. You know, brother, I am a trusty confidant.

Fred. As ever wore petticoats ; but this is an affair of such consequence——

Har. Or it were not worth your telling me.

Fred. Nor your telling again : in short, you never could discover it ; I could afford you ten years to guess it in. I am—you will laugh immoderately when you know it. I am—it is impossible to tell you. In a word—I am in love.

Har. In love !

Fred. Violently, to distraction !—so much in love, that, without more hopes than I at present see any possibility of obtaining, I cannot live three days.

Har. And has this violent distemper, pray, come upon you of a sudden ?

Fred. No, I have bred it a long time. It hath been growing these several weeks. I stifled it as long as I could ; but it is now come to a crisis, and I must either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

Har. But who is this woman ? for you have concealed it so well that I can't even guess.

Fred. In the first place, she is a most intolerable coquette.

Har. That is a description I shall never find her out by. There are so many of her sisters, you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

Fred. Secondly, she is almost eternally at cards.

Har. You must come to particulars. I shall never discover your mistress till you tell more than that she is a woman and lives in this town.

Fred. Her fortune is very small.

Har. I find you are enumerating her charms.

Fred. Oh ! I have only shown you the reverse ; but were you to behold the medal on the right side, you would see beauty, wit, gentleness, politeness—in a word, you would see Mariana.

Har. Mariana ! ha, ha, ha ! you have started a wild-goose chase, indeed ! But, if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on

it, it is an arrant impossibility to prevail on my father, and you may easily imagine what success a disinherited son may likely expect with a woman of her temper.

Fred. I know 'tis difficult, but nothing's impossible to love, at least nothing's impossible to woman ; and therefore, if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but lay your heads together in my favour, I shall be far from despairing ; and in return, sister, for this kindness——

Har. And in return, brother, for this kindness, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the same nature.

Love. [*without.*] Rogue ! villain !

Har. So ! what's the matter now ? what can have thrown my father into this passion ?

Fred. The loss of an old slipper, I suppose, or something of equal consequence. Let us step aside into the next walk, and talk more of our affairs.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGOLD, RAMILIE.

Love. Answer me not, sirrah ; but get you out of my house.

Ram. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not yours, sir ; and I won't go out of the house, sir, unless I am turned out by my proper master, sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is ; he has no need of a servant while he is in my house ; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expense than a prudent man might clothe a large family at ; it's plain enough what use he keeps you for ; but I will have no spy upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ram. Steal ! a likely thing, indeed, to steal from a man who locks up everything he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night.

Love. I'm all over in a sweat lest this fellow should suspect something of my money—[*aside.*] Harkee, rascal, come hither ; I would advise you not to run about the town and tell everybody you meet that I have money hid.

Ram. Why, have you any money hid, sir ?

Love. No, sirrah, I don't say I have ; but you may raise such a report, nevertheless.

Ram. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter, sirrah ? Get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

Ram. Well, sir, I am going.

Love. Come back ; let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ram. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I would see. These bootsleeves were certainly intended to be the receivers of stolen goods, and I wish the tailor had been hanged who invented them. Turn your pockets inside out, if you please; but you are too practised a rogue to put anything there. These bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ram. Give me my bag, sir; I am in the most danger of being robbed.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ram. Ay, sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ram. No really, sir.

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

Ram. Ay, anywhere from such an old covetous curmudgeon.

Love. So, there's one plague gone; now I will go pay a visit to my dear casket.

SCENE VII.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Love. In short, I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in which I received yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum.—O heavens! I have betrayed myself! my passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! What's the matter?

Fred. The matter, sir?

Love. Yes, the matter, sir; I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard——

Fred. What, sir?

Love. That——

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Har. Pardon me, sir, we really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself, in this great scarcity of money, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one; I tell you this that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas!

Fred. We enter not into your affairs, sir.

Love. Ah! would I had those three thousand guineas!

Fred. In my opinion——

Love. It would make my affairs extremely easy.

Fred. Then it is very easily in your power to raise them, sir; that the whole world knows.

Love. I raise them! I raise three thousand guineas easily! My

children are my greatest enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by the extravagant expenses they run into, be the occasion that, one of these days, somebody will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

Fred. What expense, sir, do I run into?

Love. How! have you the assurance to ask me that, sir? when, if one was but to pick those fine feathers of yours off, from head to foot, one might purchase a very comfortable annuity out of them! a fellow here, with a very good fortune upon his back, wonders that he is called extravagant. In short, sir, you must rob me to appear in this manner.

Fred. How, sir! rob you?

Love. Ay, rob me; or how could you support this extravagance?

Fred. Alas, sir! there are fifty young fellows of my acquaintance that support greater extravagancies, and no one knows how. Ah, sir, there are ten thousand pretty ways of living in this town without robbing one's father.

Love. What necessity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the first hand too, I warrant you. If you will be fine, is there not such a place as Monmouth Street in this town, where a man may buy a suit for the third part of the sum which his tailor demands? And then, periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs when he may wear his own hair. I dare swear a good perwig can't cost less than fifteen or twenty shillings. Heyday! what, are they making signs to one another which shall pick my pocket?

Har. My brother and I, sir, are disputing which shall speak to you first, for we have both an affair of consequence to mention to you.

Love. And I have an affair of consequence to mention to you both. Pray, son, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much among the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana, sir?

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her, sir?

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Why, I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Would she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

Love. Does she not promise to make a good housewife?

Fred. Oh! the best housewife upon earth.

Love. Might not a husband, think ye, live very easy and happy with her?

Fred. Doubtless, sir.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of; that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh, sir! consider her merit, and you may easily make an

abatement in her fortune ; for Heaven's sake, sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there ; however, there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency ; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occasion, perhaps the difference, in some time, might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father, I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful, good boy ; and, since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha ! you resolved to marry Mariana ?

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Har. Who, you, you, you ?

Love. Yes, I, I, I

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, sir ; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire.

SCENE VIII.

LOVEGOLD, HARRIET.

Love. This, daughter, is what I have resolved for myself ; as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him ; and you, my dear, shall marry our good neighbour, Mr. Spindle.

Har. I marry Mr Spindle !

Love. Yes ; he is a prudent, wise man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the Funds.

Har. I thank you, my dear papa, but I had rather not marry, if you please. [*Curtseying.*]

Love. [*mimicking her curtsey.*] I thank you, my good daughter, but I had rather you should marry him, if you please.

Har. Pardon me, dear sir.

Love. Pardon me, dear madam.

Har. Not all the fathers on earth shall force me to it.

Love. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father ?

Har. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter after such a manner ? In short, sir, I have ever been obedient to you ; but, as this affair concerns my happiness only, and not yours, I hope you will give me leave to consult my own inclination.

Love. I would not have you provoke me ; I am resolved upon the match.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Cler. Some people, sir, upon justice business, desire to speak with your worship.

Love. I can attend to no business, this girl has so perplexed me. Hussy, you shall marry as I would have you, or——

Cler. Forgive my interposing; dear sir, what's the matter? Madam, let me entreat you not to put your father into a passion.

Love. Clermont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter, who refuses the most advantageous match that ever was offered, both to her and to me. A man of a vast estate offers to take her without a portion.

Cler. Without a portion! Consider, dear madam; can you refuse a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion?

Love. Ay, consider what that saves your father.

Har. Yes, but I consider what I am to suffer.

Cler. That's true, indeed; you will think on that, sir. Though money be the first thing to be considered in all affairs of life, yet some little regard should be had in this case to inclination.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. You are in the right, sir; that decides the thing at once; and yet I know there are people who, on this occasion, object against a disparity of age and temper, which too often make the married state utterly miserable.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Ah! there is no answering that. Who can oppose such a reason as that? And yet there are several parents who study the inclinations of their children more than any other thing, that would by no means sacrifice them to interest, and who esteem, as the very first article of marriage, that happy union of affections which is the foundation of every blessing attending on a married state, and who——

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Very true; that stops your mouth at once. Without a portion! Where is the person who can find an argument against that?

Love. Ha! is not that the barking of a dog? Some villains are in search of my money. Don't stir from hence; I'll return in an instant.

Cler. My dearest Harriet, how shall I express the agony I am in on your account?

Har. Be not too much alarmed, since you may depend on my resolution. It may be in the power of fortune to delay our happiness, but no power shall force me to destroy your hopes by any other match.

Cler. Thou kindest, lovely creature.

Love. Thank Heaven, it was nothing but my fear.

Cler. Yes, a daughter must obey her father; she is not to consider the shape, or the air, or the age of a husband; but when a man offers to take her without a portion, she is to have him, let him be what he will.

Love. Admirably well said, indeed.

Cler. Madam, I ask your pardon if my love for yourself and your

family carries me a little too far. Be under no concern, I dare swear I shall bring her to it. [To LOVEGOLD.

Love. Do, do ; I'll go in and see what these people want with me. Give her a little more now, while she's warm ; you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

Cler. When a lover offers, madam, to take a daughter without a portion, one should inquire no farther ; everything is contained in that one article ; and "without a portion," supplies the want of beauty, youth, family, wisdom, honour, and honesty.

Love. Gloriously said ! spoke like an oracle. [Exit.

Cler. So, once more we are alone together. Believe me, this is a most painful hypocrisy ; it tortures me to oppose your opinion, though I am not in earnest, nor suspected by you of being so. Oh, Harriet ! how is the noble passion of love abused by vulgar souls, who are incapable of tasting its delicacies ! When love is great as mine,

None can its pleasures, or its pains declare ;
We can but feel how exquisite they are. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

Fred. What is the reason, sirrah, you have been out of the way when I gave you orders to stay here ?

Ram. Yes, sir, and here did I stay, according to your orders, till your good father turned me out ; and it is, sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again.

Fred. Well, sir, and what answer have you brought touching the money ?

Ram. Ah, sir ! it is a terrible thing to borrow money ; a man must have dealt with the devil to deal with a scrivener.

Fred. Then it won't do, I suppose.

Ram. Pardon me, sir. Mr. Decoy, the broker, is a most industrious person ; he says he has done everything in his power to serve you, for he has taken a particular fancy to your honour.

Fred. So then I shall have the five hundred, shall I ?

Ram. Yes, sir, but there are some trifling conditions which your honour must submit to before the affair can be finished.

Fred. Did he bring you to the speech of the person that is to lend the money ?

Ram. Ah, sir ! things are not managed in that manner ; he takes more care to conceal himself than you do ; there are greater mysteries in these matters than you imagine ; why, he would not so much as tell me the lender's name ; and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in some third person's house, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your estate and family. I dare swear the very name of your father will make all things easy.

Fred. Chiefly the death of my mother, whose jointure no one can hinder me of.

Ram. Here, sir, I have brought the articles ; Mr. Decoy told me he took them from the mouth of the person himself. Your honour will find them extremely reasonable ; the broker was forced to stickle hard to get such good ones. In the first place, the lender is to see all his securities ; and the borrower must be of age, and heir apparent to a large estate, without flaw in the title, and entirely free from all incumbrance ; and, that the lender may run as little risk as possible, the borrower must insure his life for the sum lent ; if he be an officer in the army, he is to make over his whole pay for the payment of both principal and interest, which, that the lender may not burthen his conscience with any scruples, is to be no more than thirty per cent.

Fred. Oh, the conscientious rascal !

Ram. But, as the said lender has not by him at present the sum demanded, and that to oblige the borrower he is himself forced to borrow of another at the rate of four per cent., he thinks it but reasonable that the first borrower, over and above the thirty per cent. aforesaid, shall also pay this four per cent., since it is for his service only that the sum is borrowed.

Fred. Plague on him ! what a Jew is here !

Ram. You know, sir, what you have to do—he can't oblige you to these terms.

Fred. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money without them ; and you know that I must have it, let the conditions be what they will.

Ram. Ay, sir, why that was what I told him.

Fred. Did you so, rascal ? no wonder he insists on such conditions if you laid open my necessities to him.

Ram. Alas ! sir, I only told it to the broker, who is your friend, and has your interest very much at heart.

Fred. Well, is this all, or are there any more reasonable articles ?

Ram. Of the five hundred pounds required, the lender can pay down in cash no more than four hundred ; and for the rest, the borrower must take in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

Fred. What, in the name of nonsense, is the meaning of all this ?

Ram. Imprimis. One large yellow camblet bed, lined with satin, very little eaten by the moths, and wanting only one curtain. Six stuffed chairs of the same, a little torn, and the frames worm-eaten ; otherwise not in the least the worse for wearing. One large pier-glass, with only one crack in the middle. One suit of tapestry hangings, in which are curiously wrought the loves of Mars and Venus, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Psyche, with many other amorous stories, which make the hangings very proper for a bedchamber.

Fred. What the deuce is here ?

Ram. *Item*, One suit of drugget, with silver buttons, the buttons only the worse for wearing. *Item*, Two muskets, one of which only wants the lock. One large silver watch, with Tompion's name to it. One snuff-box, with a picture in it, bought at Mr. Deard's ; a proper present for a mistress. Five pictures without frames ; it not originals, all copies by good hands ; and one fine frame without a picture.

Fred. Oons ! what use have I for all this !

Ram. Several valuable books, amongst which are ail the journals printed for these five years last past, handsomely bound and lettered. The whole works in divinity of—

Fred. Read no more ; confound the rascally extortioner ! I shall pay 100 per cent.

Ram. Ah, sir ! I wish your honour would consider of it in time.

Fred. I must have money. To what straits are we reduced by the hard avarice of fathers ! Well may we wish them dead, when their death is the only introduction to our living.

Ram. Such a father as yours, sir, is enough to make one do something more than wish him dead. For my part, I have never had any inclination towards hanging ; and, I thank heaven, I have lived to see whole sets of my companions swing out of the world, while I have had address enough to quit all manner of gallantries the moment I smelt the halter ; I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp ; but this rogue of a father of yours, sir—sir, I ask your pardon—has so provoked me, that I have often wished to rob him, and rob him I shall in the end, that's certain.

Fred. Give me that paper, that I may consider a little these moderate articles.

SCENE II.

LOVEGOLD, DECOY, RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

Dec. In short, sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and so pressed by his necessities, that you may bring him to what terms you please.

Love. But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger ? Do you know the name, the family, and the estate of the borrower ?

Dec. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greatest accident in the world that he was recommended to me ; but you will learn all these from his own lips ; and his man assured me you would make no difficulty the moment you knew the name of his father. All that I can tell you is, that his servant says the old gentleman is extremely rich ; he called him a covetous old rascal.

Love. Ay, that is the name which these spendthrifts, and the rogues their servants, give to all honest prudent men who know the world and the value of their money.

Dec. This young gentleman is an only son, and is so little afraid

of any future competitors, that he offers to be bound, if you insist on it, that his father shall die within these eight months.

Love. Ay, there's something in that ; I believe then I shall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity obliges us to serve our neighbour, I say, when we are no losers by so doing.

Dec. Very true indeed.

Ram. Heyday ! what can be the meaning of this ? our broker talking with the old gentleman !

Dec. So, gentlemen ! I see you are in great haste ; but who told you, pray, that this was the lender ? I assure you, sir, I neither discovered your name nor your house. But, however, there is no great harm done ; they are people of discretion, so you may freely transact the affair now.

Love. How !

Dec. This, sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

Love. How ! rascal, is it you that abandon yourself to these intolerable extravagancies ?

Fred. I must even stand buff, and outface him.—[*Aside*]. And is it you, father, that disgrace yourself by these scandalous extortions ?

[*RAMILIE and DECOY sneak off.*]

Love. Is it you that would ruin yourself by taking up money at such interest ?

Fred. Is it you that would enrich yourself by lending at such interest ?

Love. How dare you after this appear before my face ?

Fred. How dare you after this appear before the face of the world ?

Love. Get you out of my sight, villain ; get out of my sight.

Fred. Sir, I go ; but give me leave to say——

Love. I'll not hear a word. I'll prevent your attempting anything of this nature for the future. Get out of my sight, villain. I am not sorry for this accident ; it will make me henceforth keep a strict eye over his actions.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in LOVEGOLD'S House.*

HARRIET, MARIANA.

Mar. Nay, Harriet, you must excuse me ; for of all people upon earth you are my greatest favourite ; but I have had such an intolerable cold, child, that it is a miracle I have recovered ; for, my dear, would you think it ? I have had no less than three doctors.

Har. Nay, then it is a miracle you recovered indeed !

Mar. O ! child, doctors will never do me any harm ; I never take anything they prescribe : I don't know how it is, when one's ill one can't help sending for them ; and you know, my dear, my mamma loves physic better than she does anything but cards.

Har. Were I to take as much of cards as you do, I don't know which I should nauseate most.

Mar. Oh! child, you are quite a tramontane; I must bring you to like dear spadille. I protest, Harriet, if you'd take my advice in some things, you would be the most agreeable creature in the world.

Har. Nay, my dear, I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

Mar. That would be the happiest thing in the world for you; and I dare swear you would like them extremely, for they would be exactly opposite to every command of your father's.

Har. By that, now, one would think you were married already.

Mar. Married, my dear!

Har. Oh, I can tell you of such a conquest: you will have such a lover within these four-and-twenty hours.

Mar. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off somebody to make room for him; but I believe I have listed him already. Oh, Harriet! I have been so plagued, so pestered, so fatigued, since I saw you with that dear creature, your brother. In short, child, he has made arrant downright love to me; if my heart had not been harder than adamant itself, I had been your sister by this time.

Har. And if your heart be not harder than adamant, you will be in a fair way of being my mother shortly, for my good father has this very day declared such a passion for you——

Mar. Your father!

Har. Ay, my dear. What say you to a comely old gentleman of not much above threescore, that loves you so violently? I dare swear he will be constant to you all his days.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! I shall die. Ha! ha! ha! You extravagant creature! how could you throw away all this jest at once? It would have furnished a prudent person with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charmed with my conquest; I am quite in love with him already. I never had a lover yet above half his age.

Har. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot, if you will but come into it, and counterfeit an affection for him.

Mar. Why, child, I have a real affection for him: Oh! methinks I see you on your knees already.—Pray, mamma, please to give me your blessing. Oh! I see my loving bridegroom, in his threefold night-cap, his flannel shirt; methinks I see him approach me with all the lovely gravity of age; I hear him whisper charming sentences of morality in my ear, more instructive than all my grandmother ever taught me. Oh! I smell him sweeter; oh! sweeter than even hartshorn itself. Ha, ha, ha! See, child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover! would not any one think now we had been a happy couple together, Heaven knows how long?

Har. Well, you dear, mad creature! but do you think you can maintain any of this fondness to his face? for I know some women

who speak very fondly of a husband to other people, but never say one civil thing to the man himself.

Mar. Oh ! never fear it ! one can't indeed bring oneself to be civil to a young lover ; but as for those old fellows, I think one may play as harmlessly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and must be kept at a distance ; the old ones are mere lapdogs ; and, when they have agreeable tricks with them, one is equally fond of both.

Har. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to speak a word or two seriously in favour of my poor brother.

Mar. Oh ! I shall hate you if you are serious. Ah ! see what your wicked words have occasioned ; I protest you are a conjurer, and certainly deal with the devil.

SCENE IV.

FREDERICK, MARIANA, HARRIET.

Har. Oh, brother ! I am glad you are come to plead your own cause ; I have been your solicitor in your absence.

Fred. I am afraid, like other clients, I shall plead much worse for myself than my advocate has done.

Mar. Persons who have a bad cause should have very artful counsel.

Fred. When the judge is determined against us all, art will prove of no effect.

Mar. Why then, truly, sir, in so terrible a situation, I think the sooner you give up the cause the better.

Fred. No, madam, I am resolved to persevere ; for, when one's whole happiness is already at stake, I see nothing more can be hazarded in the pursuit. It might be, perhaps, a person's interest to give up a cause wherein part of his fortune was concerned ; but when the dispute is about the whole, he can never lose by persevering.

Mar. Do you hear him, Harriet ! I fancy this brother of yours would have made a most excellent lawyer. I protest, when he is my son-in-law, I'll even send him to the Temple ; though he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

Fred. I hope, madam, diligence may succeed in love as well as law ; sure, Mariana is not a more crabbed study than Coke upon Littleton ?

Mar. Oh, the wretch ! he has quite suffocated me with his comparison : I must have a little air : dear Harriet, let us walk in the garden.

Fred. I hope, madam, I have your leave to attend you ?

Mar. My leave ! no, indeed, you have no leave of mine ; but if you will follow me, I know no way to hinder you ?

Har. Ah, brother, I wish you had no greater enemy in this affair than your mistress,

SCENE V.

RAMILIE, LAPPET.

Lap. This was, indeed, a most unlucky accident ; however, I dare lay a wager I shall succeed better with him, and get some of those guineas you would have borrowed.

Ram. I am not, madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity ; but if you get anything out of him I shall think you a match for the devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him, I would engage to extract religion from a hypocrite, honesty from a lawyer, health from a physician, sincerity from a courtier, or modesty from a poet. I think, my dear, you have lived long enough in this house to know that gold is a very dear commodity here.

Lap. Ah ! but there are some certain services which will squeeze it out of the closest hands ; there is one trade, which, I thank Heaven, I am no stranger to, wherein all men are dabblers ; and he who will scarce afford himself either meat or clothes, will still pay for the commodities I deal in.

Ram. Your humble servant, madam ; I find you don't know our good master yet ; there is not a woman in the world, who loves to hear her pretty self talk never so much, but you may easier shut her mouth, than open his hands : as for thanks, praises, and promises, no courtier upon earth is more liberal of them ; but for money, the devil a penny : there's nothing so dry as his caresses, and there is no husband who hates the word wife half so much as he does the word give ; instead of saying I give you a good-morrow, he always says I lend you a good-morrow.

Lap. Ah, sir ! let me alone to drain a man ; I have the secret to open his heart, and his purse too.

Ram. I defy you to drain the man we talk of of his money ; he loves that more than anything you can procure him in exchange ; the very sight of a dun throws him into convulsions ; 'tis piercing him in the only sensible part ; 'tis touching his heart, tearing out his vitals, to ask him for a farthing. But here he is, and if you get a shilling out of him I'll marry you without any other fortune.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Love. All's well, hitherto ; my dear mney is safe. Is it you, Lappet ?

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you, sir ; why, you look so young and vigorous——

Love. Do I ? do I ?

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, sir ; you never looked half so young in your life, sir, as you do now. Why, sir, I know fifty young fellows of five-and-twenty that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead ; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well, and what's ten years above fifty ; 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding ; but I am afraid, could I take off twenty years, it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana ? Have you mentioned anything about what her mother can give her ? For, now-a-days, nobody marries a woman unless she bring something with her besides a petticoat.

Lap. Sir ! why, sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a-year as ever was told.

Love. How ! a thousand pounds a-year ?

Lap. Yes, sir : there's in the first place the article of a table ; she has a very little stomach, she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight ; and then, as to the quality of what she eats, you'll have no need of a French cook upon her account : as for sweetmeats, she mortally hates them ; so there is the article of desserts wiped off all at once. You'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half a dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds' worth at a meal : this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a-year at least. *Item*, For clothes, she has been bred up at such a plainness in them, that, should we allow but for three birth-night suits a-year saved, which are the least a town-lady would expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a-year more. For jewels (of which she hates the very sight), the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them would amount to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter detestation for play, at which I have known several moderate ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a-year : now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred ; to which, if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, sir, your thousand pounds a-year in hard money.

Love. Ay, ay, these are pretty things, it must be confessed, very pretty things ; but there's nothing real in 'em.

Lap. How, sir ! is it not something real to bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play ?

Love. This is downright raillery, Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expenses she won't put me to. I assure you, madam, I shall give no acquittance for what I have not received : in short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real. I have heard them talk of a certain country where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad to touch it ;

but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company : it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, sir, how little do you know of her ! This is another particularity that I had to tell you off : she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you, above all things, to take care not to appear too young ; she insists on sixty at least. She says that fifty-six years are not able to content her.

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther, sir, than can be imagined ; she has in her chamber several pictures ; but what do you think they are ? None of your smug-faced young fellows, your Adonises, your Cephaluses, your Parises, and your Apollos. No, sir, you see nothing there but your handsome figures of Saturn, King Priam, old Nestor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

Love. Admirable ! This is more than I could have hoped. To say the truth, had I been a woman, I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff, indeed, to be in love with your young fellows ! Pretty masters, indeed, with their fine complexions and their fine feathers ? Now, I should be glad to taste the savour that is in any of them.

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable ?

Lap. Tolerable ! you are ravishing ! If your picture was drawn by a good hand, sir, it would be invaluable ! Turn about a little, if you please ; there, what can be more charming ? Let me see you walk ; there's a person for you—tall, straight, free, and *dégagée* ! Why, sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many ; hem, hem ! not many, I thank Heaven ; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah, sir, that's nothing ; your catarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person ?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it ; and I assure you, sir, I have not been backward, on all such occasions, to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

Lap. But, sir, I have a small favour to ask of you. I have a law-suit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money.—[*He looks gravely.*] And you could easily procure my success, if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you.—[*He looks pleased.*] Ah ! how you will delight her ! how your venerable mien will charm her ! She will never be able to withstand you. But, indeed, sir, this law-suit will be of a terrible consequence to me.—

[*He looks grave again.*] I am ruined if I lose it, which a very small matter might prevent. Ah, sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you !—[*He resumes his gaiety.*] How pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities. In short, to discover a secret to you, which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part ; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, sir.—[*He looks serious.*] It will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell ! I'll go and finish my despatches.

Lap. I assure you, sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go give some orders about a particular affair.

Lap. I would not importune you, sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turned, and with new buttons, for a wedding suit ?

Lap. For pity's sake, sir, don't refuse me this small favour ; I shall be undone, indeed, sir. If it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, sir.

Love. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds, sir ; but three pounds, sir ; nay, sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two.

[*As he offers to go out on either side, she intercepts him.*]

Love. I must go ; I can't stay. Hark there ; somebody calls me. I'm very much obliged to you ; indeed, I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. Go to the gallows, like a covetous, good-for-nothing villain, as you are ! Ramilie is in the right ; however, I shall not quit the affair ; for, though I get nothing out of him, I am sure of my reward from the other side.

Fools only to one party will confide ;
Good politicians will both parties guide,
And, if one fails, they're fee'd on t'other side.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. I think, sir, you have given my sister a very substantial proof of your affection. I am sorry you could have had such a suspicion of me as to imagine I could have been an enemy to one who has approved himself a gentleman and a lover.

Cler. If anything, sir, could add to my misfortunes, it would be

to be thus obliged, without having any prospect of repaying the obligation.

Fred. Every word you speak is a farther conviction to me that you are what you have declared yourself; for there is something in a generous education which it is impossible for persons who want that happiness to counterfeit; therefore, henceforth I beg you to believe me sincerely your friend.

Har. Come, come, pray, a truce with your compliments; for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

SCENE II.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Love. So, so, this is just as I would have it. Let me tell you, children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converse too much with him. He will teach you, sir, for all you hold your head so high, better sense than to borrow money at fifty *per cent*. And you, madam, I dare say he will infuse good things into you too, if you will but hearken to him.

Fred. While you live, sir, we shall want no other instructor.

Love. Come hither, Harriet. You know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour, Mr. Spindle. Now, I intend to take this opportunity of saving the expense of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I observe that, take what care one will, there is always more victuals provided on these occasions than is ate; and an additional guest makes no additional expense.

Cler. Very true, sir; besides, though they were to rise hungry, no one ever calls for more at another person's table.

Love. Right, honest Clermont; and to rise with an appetite is one of the wholesomest things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately and carry the invitation: you may walk thither, and they will bring you back in a coach.

Har. I shall obey you, sir.

Love. Go, that's my good girl. And you, sir, I desire you would behave yourself civilly at supper.

Fred. Why should you suspect me, sir?

Love. I know, sir, with what eyes such sparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but, if you hope for my forgiveness of your late exploit, I would advise you to behave to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable.

Fred. I cannot promise, sir, to be overjoyed at her being my mother-in-law; but this I will promise you, I will be as civil to her as you could wish. I will behold her with as much affection as you can desire me; that is an article upon which you may be sure of a most punctual obedience.

Love. That, I think, is the least I can expect.

Fred. Sir, you shall have no reason to complain.

SCENE III.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, JAMES.

Jas. Did you send for me, sir?*Love.* Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.*Jas.* Whom, sir, did you want? your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.*Love.* I want my cook, sir.*Jas.* I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starved. But your cook, sir, shall wait on you in an instant.*[Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.]**Love.* What's the meaning of this folly?*Jas.* I am ready for your commands, sir.*Love.* I am engaged this evening to give a supper.*Jas.* A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half-year. I have, indeed, now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but, for a supper, I have not dressed one so long, that I am afraid my hand is out.*Love.* Leave off your saucy jesting, sirrah, and see that you provide me a good supper.*Jas.* That may be done, sir, with a good deal of money.*Love.* What! is the devil in you? Always money. Can you say nothing else but money, money, money? All my servants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than money.*Cler.* I never heard so ridiculous an answer. Here's a miracle for you, indeed, to make a good supper with a good deal of money! Is there anything so easy? Is there any one who can't do it? Would a man show himself to be a good cook, he must make a good supper out of a little money.*Jas.* I wish you would be so good, sir, as to show us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourself.*Love.* Peace, sirrah, and tell me what we can have.*Jas.* There's a gentleman, sir, who can furnish you out a good supper with a little money.*Love.* Answer me yourself.*Jas.* Why, sir, how many will there be at table?*Love.* About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight; for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.*Jas.* Suppose, sir, you have at one end of the table a good handsome soup; at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal roasted; and on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which, I believe, may be bought for a guinea, or thereabouts——

Love. What ! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen ?

Jas. Then, sir, for the second course a leash of pheasants, a leash of fat poulards, half a dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen——

Love. [*putting his hand before JAMES'S mouth.*] Ah, villain ! you are eating up all I am worth.

Jas. Then a ragout——

Love. [*stopping his mouth again.*] Hold your extravagant tongue, sirrah.

Cler. Have you a mind to burst them all ? Has my master invited people to cram them to death ? Or do you think his friends have a mind to eat him up at one supper ? Such servants as you, Mr. James, should be often reminded of that excellent saying of a very wise man, " We must eat to live, and not live to eat."

Love. Excellently well said, indeed ! it is the finest sentence I ever heard in my life. " We must live to eat, and not eat to——" No, that is not it ; how did you say ?

Cler. That " we must eat to live, and not live to eat."

Love. Extremely fine ; pray, write them out for me ; for I'm resolved to have 'em done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney.

Jas. You have no need to do any more, sir ; people talk enough of you already.

Love. Pray, sir, what do people say of me ?

Jas. Ah, sir, if I could but be assured that you would not be angry with me——

Love. Not at all ; so far from it, you will very much oblige me ; for I am always very glad to hear what the world says of me.

Jas. Well, sir, then since you will have it, I will tell you freely that they make a jest of you everywhere ; nay, of your very servants, upon your account. They make ten thousand stories of you : one says that you have always a quarrel ready with your servants at quarter-day, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuse to give them nothing. Another says that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses ; for which your coachman very handsomely belaboured your back. In a word, sir, one can go nowhere, where you are not the byword ; you are the laughing-stock of all the world, and you are never mentioned but by the names of covetous, scraping, stingy——

Love. Impertinent, impudent rascal ! Beat him for me, Clermont.

Cler. Are not you ashamed, Mr. James, to give your master this language ?

Jas. What's that to you, sir ? I fancy this fellow's a coward ; if he be I will handle him.

Cler. It does not become a servant to use such language to his master.

Jas. Who taught you, sir, what becomes ? If you trouble your

head with my business, I shall thresh your jacket for you. If I once take a stick in hand, I shall teach you to hold your tongue for the future, I believe. If you offer to say another word to me I'll break your head for you. [*Drives CLERMONT to the farther end of the stage.*]

Cler. How rascal! break my head!

Jas. I did not say I'd break your head.

[*CLERMONT drives him back again.*]

Cler. Do you know, sirrah, that I shall break yours for this impudence?

Jas. I hope not, sir! I give you no offence, sir.

Cler. That I shall show you the difference between us.

Jas. Ha, ha, ha! sir, I was but in jest.

Cler. Then I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future. [*Kicks him off the stage.*]

Jas. Nay, sir, can't you take a jest? Why, I was but in jest all the while.

Love. How happy am I in such a clerk!

Cler. You may leave the ordering of the supper to me, sir; I will take care of that.

Love. Do so; see and provide something to cloy their stomachs; let there be two great dishes of soup-meagre, a good large suet pudding, some dainty fat pork-pie or pasty, a fine small breast of mutton, not too fat; a salad, and a dish of artichokes; which will make plenty and variety enough.

Cler. I shall take a particular care, sir, to provide everything to your satisfaction.

Love. But be sure there be plenty of soup; be sure of that. This is a most excellent young fellow; but now I will go and pay a visit to my money.

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*

RAMILIE and LAPPET, meeting.

Ram. Well, madam, what success? Have I been a false prophet, and have you come at the old hunch's purse? or have I spoke like an oracle, and is he as closefisted as usual?

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used. All my rhetoric availed nothing; while I was talking to him about the lady, he smiled and was pleased, but the moment I mentioned money to him his countenance changed, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting?

Ram. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet sir, that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

Ram. What affair, prithee ?

Lap. What should it be but the old one, matrimony ? In short, your master and his father are rivals.

Ram. I'm glad on't, and I wish the old gentleman success with all my heart.

Lap. How ! are you your master's enemy ?

Ram. No, madam, I am so much his friend, that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant ; which must be the case, for I am determined against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.

Lap. Why, truly, when one considers the case thoroughly, I must be of an opinion that it would be more your master's interest to be this lady's son-in-law than her husband ; for, in the first place she has but little fortune, and, if she was once married to his son, I dare swear the old gentleman would never forgive the disappointment of his love.

Ram. And is the old gentleman in love ?

Lap. Oh, profoundly ! delightfully ! Oh that you had but seen him as I have ! with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering ! His old trunk was shaken with a fit of love, just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ram. He will have more cold fits than hot, I believe.

Lap. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that should open his father's heart to him than a wife that should shut it against him ? Besides, it will be the better for us all ; for if the husband were as covetous as the devil, he could not stop the hands of an extravagant wife. She will always have it in her power to reward them who keep her secrets ; and when the husband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather, she has always secrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it. So, faith, I will even set about that in earnest which I have hitherto intended only as a jest.

Ram. But do you think you can prevail with her ? Will she not be apt to think she loses that by the exchange which he cannot make her amends for ?

Lap. Ah ! Ramilie ! the difficulty is not so great to persuade a woman to follow her interest. We generally have that more at heart than you men imagine ; besides, we are extremely apt to listen to one another ; and whether you would lead a woman to ruin, or preserve her from it, the surest way of doing either is by one of her own sex. We are generally decoyed into the net by birds of our own feathers.

Ram. Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true, you did mention it first ; but I thought of it first ; I am sure I must have thought of it ; but I will not lose a moment's time ; for, notwithstanding all I have said, young fellows

are perils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue, and, should he get access to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I shall be never able to undo as long as I live.

SCENE V.—LOVEGOLD'S *House*.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA.

Love. You see, madam, what it is to marry extremely young. Here are a couple of tall branches for you, almost the age of man and woman ; but ill weeds grow apace.

Mrs. W. When children come to their age, Mr. Lovegold, they are no longer any trouble to their parents ; what I have always dreaded was to have married into a family where there were small children.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady ; I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles : it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition ; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty that is the finest, brightest, and most glorious of all stars.

Mar. Harriet, I shall certainly burst. Oh ! nauseous, filthy fellow !

Love. What does she say to you, Harriet ?

Har. She says, sir, if she were a star, you would be sure of her kindest influence.

Love. How can I return this great honour you do me ?

Mar. Ah ! what an animal ! what a wretch !

Love. How vastly am I obliged to you for these kind sentiments.

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out unless you keep him at a greater distance.

Love. [*listening*.] I shall make them both keep their distance, madam. Harkee, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father ?

Fred. My father has indeed, madam, much reason to be vain of his choice. You will be doubtless a very great honour to our family. Notwithstanding which, I cannot dissemble my real sentiments so far as to counterfeit any joy I shall have in the name of son-in-law ; nor can I help saying that, if it were in my power, I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it ; indeed, were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law ?

Fred. Well, sir, since you will have me talk in another style—suffer me, madam, to put myself in the place of my father ; and believe me when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming ; that I can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing you ; that to be called your husband would be, to my ears, a title more blessed, more glorious, than that of the greatest of

princes. The possession of you is the most valuable gift in the power of fortune. That is the lovely mark to which all my ambition tends ; there is nothing which I am not capable of undertaking to attain so great a blessing ; all difficulties, when you are the prize in pursuit——

Love. Hold, hold, sir ; softly, if you please.

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant, sir ; I have a tongue to say civil things with myself. I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet sir.

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats, sir, and tokay, in the next room ; I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. W. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. [*to MARIANA.*] Did you ever see, madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger ?

Mar. It seems, indeed, to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave, sir.—[*takes it off from his father's finger and gives it to MARIANA.*] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mrs. W. and Mar. It is really a prodigious fine one.

Fred. [*preventing MARIANA, who is going to return it.*] No, madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, madam, intends it as a present to you ; therefore I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present ! I !

Fred. Is it not, sir, your request to this lady that she would wear this bauble for your sake ?

Love. [*to his son.*] Is the devil in you ?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not, upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark staring mad.

Mar. I must insist on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him ; let me entreat you, madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree.

Mrs. W. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh ! that the devil would but fly away with this fellow !

Fred. See, madam, what agonies he is in, lest you should return it. It is not my fault, dear sir ; I do all I can to prevail with——but she is obstinate. For pity's sake, madam, keep it.

Love. [*to his son.*] Infernal villain !

Fred. My father will never forgive me, madam, unless I succeed ; on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The cut-throat !

Mrs. W. Daughter, I protest you make me ashamed of you ; come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone ; I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

SCENE VI.

To them, JAMES.

Jas. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy ; bid him come another time ; bid him leave his business with you.

Jas. Must he leave the money he has brought with him, sir ?

Love. No, no, stay ; tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately.

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning ?

Mar. I have eat too much fruit already this afternoon.

Mrs. W. Really, sir, this is an unnecessary trouble ; but, since the tokay is provided, I will taste one glass.

Har. I'll wait on you, madam.

SCENE VII.

FREDERICK, MARIANA.

Mar. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door, Harriet. Is it a family-piece, my dear ? I think it has a great deal of you in it. Are not you generally thought very like it ? Heyday ! where is my mamma and your sister gone ?

Fred. They thought, madam, we might have some business together, and so were willing to leave us alone.

Mar. Did they so ? but as we happen to have no business together we may as well follow them.

Fred. When a lover has no other obstacles to surmount but those his mistress throws in his way, she is in the right not to become too easy a conquest ; but, were you as kind as I could wish, my father would still prove a sufficient bar to our happiness ; therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

Mar. Our happiness ! how came your happiness and mine to depend so on one another, pray, when that of the mother and son-in-law are usually so very opposite ?

Fred. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindness to him comes from the same spring as your cruelty to me.

Mar. Modest enough ! then, I suppose, you think both fictitious.

Fred. Faith, to be sincere, I do without arrogance, I think ; I

have nothing in me so detestable as should make you deaf to all I say, or blind to all I suffer. This I am certain, there is nothing in him so charming as to captivate a woman of your sense in a moment.

Mar. You are mistaken, sir ; money, money, the most charming of all things ; money, which will say more in one moment than the most elegant lover can in years. Perhaps you will say a man is not young ; I answer he is rich. He is not genteel, handsome, witty, brave, good-humoured ; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich, rich ; that one word contradicts everything you can say against him ; and if you were to praise a person for a whole hour, and end with, " But he is poor," you overthrow all you have said ; for it has long been an established maxim that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

Fred. These principles are foreign to the real sentiments of Mariana's heart. I vow, did you but know how ill a counterfeit you are, how awkwardly ill-nature sits upon you, you'd never wear it. There is not one so abandoned but that she can affect what is amiable better than you can what is odious. Nature has painted in you the complexion of virtue in such lively colours, that nothing but what is lovely can suit you, or appear your own.

SCENE VIII.

MARIANA, FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Har. I left your mamma, Mariana, with Mr. Clermont, who is showing her some pictures in the gallery. Well, have you told him ?

Mar. Told him what ?

Har. Why, what you told me this afternoon ; that you loved him.

Mar. I tell you I loved him !—Oh ! barbarous falsehood !

Fred. Did you ? could you say so ? Oh ! repeat it to my face, and make me blessed to that degree.

Har. Repeat it to him, can't you ? How can you be so ill-natured to conceal anything from another which would make him happy to know ?

Mar. The lie would choke me, were I to say so.

Har. Indeed, my dear, you have said you hated him so often that you need not fear that. But, if she will not discover it to you herself, take my word for it, brother, she is your own without any possibility of losing. She is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peevish, foolish coyness in women, who will suffer a worthy lover to languish and despair, when they need only put themselves to the pain of telling truth to make them easy.

Mar. Give me leave to tell you, Miss Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, especially in your own house, madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betrayed, and that

you had entered into a plot with your brother against my reputation.

Har. We form a plot against your reputation! I wish you could see, my dear, how prettily these airs become you. Take my word for it, you would have no reason to be in love with your fancy.

Mar. I should indeed have no reason to be in love with my fancy if it were fixed where you have insinuated it to be placed.

Har. If you have any reason, madam, to be ashamed of your choice, it is from denying it. My brother is every way worthy of you, madam; and give me leave to tell you, if I can prevent it, you shall not render him as ridiculous to the town as you have some other of your admirers.

Fred. Dear Harriet, carry it no further; you will ruin me for ever with her.

Har. Away! you do not know the sex. Her vanity will make you play the fool till she despises you, and then contempt will destroy her affection for you—It is a part she has often played.

Mar. I am obliged to you, however, madam, for the lesson you have given me, how far I may depend on a woman's friendship. It will be my own fault if ever I am deceived hereafter.

Har. My friendship, madam, naturally cools when I discover its object less worthy than I imagined her. I can never have any violent esteem for one who would make herself unhappy to make the person who dotes on her more so; the ridiculous custom of the world is a poor excuse for such a behaviour. And, in my opinion, the coquette, who sacrifices the ease and reputation of as many as she is able to an ill-natured vanity, is a more odious—I am sure she is a more pernicious creature—than the wretch whom fondness betrays to make her lover happy at the expense of her own reputation.

SCENE IX.

To them, MRS. WISELY, CLERMONT.

Mrs. W. Upon my word, sir, you have a most excellent taste for pictures.

Mar. I can bear this no longer; if you have been base enough to have given up all friendship and honour, good breeding should have restrained you from using me after this inhuman, cruel, barbarous manner.

Mrs. W. Bless me, child, what's the matter.

Har. Let me entreat you, Mariana, not to expose yourself; you have nothing to complain of on his side, and therefore pray let the whole be a secret.

Mar. A secret! no, madam. The whole world shall know how I have been treated. I thank Heaven I have it in my power to be revenged on you; and if I am not revenged on you—

Fred. See, sister, was I not in the right? Did I not tell you you would ruin me? and now you have done it.

Har. Courage! all will go well yet. You must not be frightened at a few storms. These are only blasts that carry a lover to his harbour.

SCENE X.

To them, LOVEGOLD.

Love. I ask you pardon; I have despatched my business with all possible haste.

Mrs. W. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we were invited hither, that your children intended to affront us.

Love. Has any one affronted you, madam?

Mrs. W. Your children, sir, have used my poor girl so ill, that they have brought tears into her eyes. I can assure you we are not used to be treated in this manner. My daughter is of as good a family——

Love. Out of my sight, audacious, vile wretches! and let me never see you again.

Fred. Sir, I——

Love. I won't hear a word, and I wish I may never hear you more. Was ever such impudence, to dare, after what I have told you——

Har. Come, brother; perhaps I may give you some comfort.

Fred. I fear you have destroyed it for ever.

SCENE XI.

LOVEGOLD, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA, CLERMONT.

Love. How shall I make you amends for the rudeness you have suffered? Poor, pretty creature! had they stolen my purse, I would almost as soon have pardoned them.

Mrs. W. The age is come to a fine pass, indeed, if children are to control the wills of their parents. If I would have consented to a second match, I would have been glad to have seen a child of mine oppose it.

Love. Let us be married immediately, my dear; and if after that they ever dare to offend you, they shall stay no longer under my roof.

Mrs. W. Lookee, Mariana; I know your consent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether conform to those nice rules of decorum of which I have been all my life so strict an observer; but this is so prudent a match, that the world will be apt to give you a dispensation. When women seem too forward to run away with idle young fellows, the world is, as it ought to be, very severe on them; but when they only consult their interest in their consent, though it be never so quickly given, we say, La! who suspected it? it was mighty privately carried on.

Mar. I resign myself entirely over to your will, madam, and am at your disposal.

Mrs. W. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little shy on this occasion; you know your courtship has not been of any long date; but she has considered your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her consent.

Love. And shall I? hey? I begin to find myself the happiest man upon earth. Od, madam, you shall be a grandmother within these ten months. I am a very young fellow.

Mar. If you were five years younger I should utterly detest you.

Love. The very creature she was described to be. No one, sure, ever so luckily found a mass of treasure as I have. My pretty sweet, if you will walk a few minutes in the garden I will wait on you. I must give some necessary orders to my clerk.

Mrs. W. We shall expect you with impatience.

SCENE XII.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT.

Love. Clermont, come hither. You see the disorder my house is likely to be in this evening. I must trust everything to your care. See that matters be managed with as small expense as possible. My extravagant son has sent for fruit, sweetmeats, and tokay. Take care what is not eat or drank be returned to the tradespeople. If you can save a bottle of the wine, let that be sent back too, and put up what is left; if part of a bottle, in a pint: that I will keep for my own drinking when I am sick. Be sure that the servants of my guests be not asked to come further than the hall, for fear some of mine should ask them to eat. I trust everything to you.

Cler. I shall take all the care possible, sir. But there is one thing in this entertainment of yours which gives me inexpressible pain.

Love. What is that, prithee?

Cler. That is the cause of it. Give me leave, sir, to be free on this occasion. I am sorry a man of your years and prudence should be prevailed on to so indiscreet an action as I fear this marriage will be called.

Love. I know she has not quite so great a fortune as I might expect.

Cler. Has she any fortune, sir?

Love. Oh! yes, yes, I have been very well assured that her mother is in very good circumstances; and you know she is her only daughter. Besides, she has several qualities which will save a fortune; and a penny saved is a penny got. Since I find I have great occasion for a wife, I might have searched all over this town and not have got one cheaper.

Cler. Sure, you are in a dream, sir; she save a fortune!

Love. In the article of a table at least two hundred pounds a year.

Cler. Sure, sir, you do not know——

Love. In clothes two hundred more.

Cler. There is not, sir, in the whole town——

Love. In jewels, one hundred ; play, five hundred ; these have been all proved to me ; besides all that her mother is worth. In short, I have made a very prudent choice.

Cler. Do but hear me, sir.

Love. Take a particular care of the family, my good boy. Pray, let there be nothing wasted.

SCENE XIII.

CLERMONT, *alone.*

How vainly do we spend our breath while passion shuts the ears of those we talk to ! I thought it impossible for anything to have surmounted his avarice, but I find there is one little passion which reigns triumphant in every mind it creeps into ; and whether a man be covetous, proud, or cowardly, it is in the power of woman to make him liberal, humble, and brave. Sure this young lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch she despises ; but, as she is a coquette, there is no answering for any of her actions. I will hasten to acquaint Frederick with what I have heard. Poor man ! how little satisfaction he finds in his mistress compared to what I meet in Harriet ! Love to him is misery ; to me perfect happiness. Women are always one or the other ; they are never indifferent.

Whoever takes for better and for worse
Meets with the greatest blessing or the greatest curse.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in LOVEGOLD'S House.*

FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

Fred. How ! Lappet my enemy ! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father ?

Ram. Sir, upon my honour it is true. She told it me in the highest confidence—a trust, sir, which nothing but the inviolable friendship I have for you could have prevailed with me to have broken.

Fred. Sir, I am your most humble servant ; I am infinitely obliged to your friendship.

Ram. Oh ! sir ; but really I did withstand pretty considerable offers ; for, would you think it, sir ? the jade had the impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair. I believe, sir, you would have been pleased to have heard the answer I gave her. Madam, says I, do you think, if I had no more honour, I should have no

greater regard to my interest? It is my interest, madam, says I, to be honest; for my master is a man of that generosity, that liberality, that bounty, that I am sure he will never suffer any servant of his to be a loser by being true to him. No, no, says I, let him alone for rewarding a servant when he is but once assured of his fidelity.

Fred. No demands now, Ramilie; I shall find a time to reward you.

Ram. That was what I told her, sir. Do you think, says I, this old rascal (I ask your pardon, sir), that this hunk, my master's father, will live for ever? and then, says I, do you think my master will not remember his old friends?

Fred. Well, but, dear sir, let us have no more of your rhetoric—go and fetch Lappet hither. I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ram. Bring her over! a fig for her, sir! I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with your father. I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ram. Never fear it, sir; I'll warrant my lies keep even pace with hers. But, sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ram. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, sir, if you have any qualms of conscience, you may return it him again. Your having possession of it will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well. I believe there is little danger of thy stealing anything from him. So about the first affair. It is that only which causes my present pain.

Ram. Fear nothing, sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend.

SCENE II.

FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one.

Cler. Oh! Frederick, I have been looking for you all over the house. I have news for you, which will give me pain to discover, though it is necessary you should know it. In short, Mariana has determined to marry your father this evening.

Fred. How! Oh, Clermont! is it possible? woe be to the politics of my sister; she is the innocent occasion of this. And can Mariana from a pique to her throw herself away? Dear Clermont, give me some advice; think on some method by which I may prevent, at least defer, this match; for that moment which gives her to my father will strike a thousand daggers in my heart.

Cler. Would I could advise you ; but here comes one who is more likely to invent some means for your deliverance.

Fred. Ha ! Lappet !

SCENE III.

LAPPET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Lap. Heyday ! Mr. Frederick, you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the house, instead of a wedding.

Fred. This wedding, madam, will prove the occasion of my funeral ; I am obliged to you for being instrumental to it.

Lap. Why, truly, if you consider the case rightly, I think you are. It will be much more to your interest to——

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done ; prevent this match which you have forwarded, or by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours——

Lap. For Heaven's sake, sir, you do not intend to kill me ?

Fred. What could drive your villainy to attempt to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life ? What could urge thee, when I trusted thee with my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could sway thee to betray me ?

Lap. As I hope to be saved, sir, whatever I have done was intended for your service.

Fred. It is in vain to deny it ; I know thou hast used thy utmost art to persuade my father into this match.

Lap. If I did, sir, it was all with a view towards your interest ; if I have done anything to prevent your having her, it was because I thought you would do better without her.

Fred. Would'st thou, to save my life, tear out my heart ? And dost thou, like an impudent inquisitor, while thou art destroying me, assert it is for my own sake ?

Lap. Be but appeased, sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.

Cler. Dear Frederick, adjourn your anger for a while at least ; I am sure Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in her heart ; and whatever she has done, if it has not been for your sake, this I dare confidently affirm, it has been for her own. And I have so good an opinion of her, that, the moment you show her it will be more her interest to serve you than to oppose you, you may be secure of her friendship.

Fred. But has she not already carried it beyond retrieval ?

Lap. Alas ! sir, I never did anything yet so effectually, but that I have been capable of undoing it ; nor have I ever said anything so positively, but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often forget which side of the question it is of. Besides, I look on it to be so

very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me entreat you, dear madam, to lose no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities, but consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be.

Cler. My own ears were witnesses to her consent.

Lap. That indeed may be—but for the marriage it cannot be, nor it shall not be.

Fred. How ! how will you prevent it !

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, sir, Mr. Clermont was mentioning a certain little word called interest, just now. I should not repeat it to you, sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much a better will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, sir ; if they were half married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it. Oh ! there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity.

SCENE IV.

FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. Dost thou think I may place any confidence in what this woman says ?

Cler. Faith ! I think so. I have told you how dexterously she managed my affairs. I have seen such proofs of her capacity, that I am much easier on your account than I was.

Fred. My own heart is something lighter too. Oh, Clermont ! how dearly do we buy all the joys which we receive from women !

Cler. A coquette's lover generally pays very severely indeed. His game is sure to lead him a long chase, and if he catches her at last she is hardly worth carrying home. —You will excuse me.

Fred. It does not affect me ; for what appears a coquette in Mariana, is rather the effects of sprightliness and youth than any fixed habit of mind ; she has good sense and good nature at the bottom.

Cler. If she has good nature, it is at the bottom indeed ; for I think she has never discovered any to you.

Fred. Women of her beauty and merit have such a variety of admirers, that they are shocked to think of giving up all the rest by fixing on one. Besides, so many pretty gentlemen are continually attending them, and whispering soft things in their ears, who think all their services well repaid by a curtsy or a smile, that they are startled, and think a lover a most unreasonable creature who can imagine he merits their whole person.

Cler. They are of all people my aversion. They are a sort of

spaniels, who, though they have no chance of running down the hare themselves, often spoil the chase : it is pleasant enough to see them watching the eyes of a woman of quality half an hour to get an opportunity of making a bow to her.

Fred. Which she often returns with a smile, or some other extraordinary mark of affection, from a charitable design of giving pain to her real admirer, who, though he can't be jealous of the animal, is concerned to see her condescend to take notice of him.

SCENE V.

HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Har. I suppose, brother, you have heard of my good father's economy, that he has resolved to join two entertainments in one, and prevent giving an extraordinary wedding-supper.

Fred. Yes, I have heard it—and I hope have taken measures to prevent it.

Har. Why, did you believe it then ?

Fred. I think I had no longer room to doubt.

Har. Heaven forbid I should have such a mother-in-law ! But I think, if she were wedded into any other family, you would have no reason to lament the loss of so constant a mistress.

Fred. Dear Harriet, indulge my weakness.

Har. I will indulge your weakness with all my heart, but the men ought not ; for they are such lovers as you, who spoil the women. Come, if you will bring Mr. Clermont into my apartment, I'll give you a dish of tea, and you shall have some *sal volatile* in it, though you have no real cause for any depression of your spirit ; for I dare swear your mistress is very safe. And I am sure, if she were to be lost in the manner you apprehend, she would be the best loss you ever had in your life.

Cler. Oh, Frederick ! if your mistress were but equal to your sister, you might be well called the happiest of mankind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

Lap. Ha, ha, ha ! and so you have persuaded the old lady that you really intend to have him.

Mar. I tell you I do really intend to have him.

Lap. Have him ! ha, ha, ha ! For what do you intend to have him ?

Mar. Have I not told you already that I will marry him ?

Lap. Indeed, you will not.

Mar. How, Mrs. Impertinence ! has your mistress told you so ? and did she send you hither to persuade me against the match ?

Lap. What should you marry him for ? As for his riches, you

might as well think of going hungry to a fine entertainment, where you are sure of not being suffered to eat. The very income of your own fortune will be more than he will allow you. Adieu fine clothes, operas, plays, assemblies ; adieu dear quadrille ! And to what have you sacrificed all these ? Not to a husband—for whatever you make of him, you will never make a husband of him, I'm sure.

Mar. This is a liberty, madam, I shall not allow you ; if you intend to stay in this house you must leave off these pretty airs you have lately given yourself. Remember you are a servant here, and not the mistress, as you have been suffered to affect.

Lap. You may lay aside your airs too, good madam, if you come to that ; for I shall not desire to stay in this house when you are the mistress of it.

Mar. It will be prudent in you not to put on your usual insolence to me ; for, if you do, your master shall punish you for it.

Lap. I have one comfort, he will not be able to punish me half so much as he will you. The worst he can do to me is to turn me out of the house—but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow ! faugh ! ..

Mar. If Miss Harriet sent you on this errand you may return, and tell her her wit is shallower than I imagined it ; and since she has no more experience, I believe I shall send my daughter-in-law to school again. [Exit.]

Lap. Hum ! you will have a schoolmaster at home. I begin to doubt whether this sweet-tempered creature will not marry in spite at last. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about instantly.

SCENE VII.—*The Garden.*

LOVEGOLD, MRS. WISELY.

Love. I cannot be easy. I must settle something upon her.

Mrs. W. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unnecessary ; when you die you will leave your wife very well provided for.

Love. Indeed, I have known several lawsuits happen on these accounts ; and sometimes the whole has been thrown away in disputing to which party it belonged. I shall not sleep in my grave while a set of villainous lawyers are dividing the little money I have among them.

Mrs. W. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms ; but it is ill trusting him : violent passions can never last long at his years. [Aside,

Love. What are you considering ?

Mrs. W. Mr. Lovegold, I am sure, knows the world too well to have the worse opinion of any woman from her prudence : therefore, I must tell you, this delay of the match does not at all please me. It seems to argue your inclinations abated, and so it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now,

which were she to refuse on your account, she would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

Love. Alas! madam, I love her better than anything almost upon the face of the earth; this delay is to secure her a good jointure: I am not worth the money the world says; I am not, indeed.

Mrs. W. Well, sir, then there can be no harm, for the satisfaction of both her mind and mine, in your signing a small contract, which can be prepared immediately.

Love. What signifies signing, madam?

Mrs. W. I see, sir, you don't care for it. So there is no harm done; and really this other is so very advantageous an offer, that I don't know whether I shall not be blamed for refusing him on any account.

Love. Nay, but be not in haste; what would you have me sign?

Mrs. W. Only to perform your promise of marriage.

Love. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then, and mine shall look over it.

Mrs. W. I believe my lawyer is in the house; I'll go to him, and get it done instantly; and then we will give this gentleman a final answer. I assure you he is a very advantageous offer. [*Exit.*]

Love. As I intend to marry this girl, there can be no harm in signing the contract; her lawyer draws it up, so I shall be at no expense; for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I should have done very wisely indeed to have entitled her to a third of my fortune—whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth. I protest it is with some difficulty that I have prevailed with myself to put off the match. I am more in love, I find, than I suspected.

SCENE VIII.

LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

Lap. Oh! unhappy, miserable creature that I am! What shall I do?—whither shall I go?

Love. What's the matter, Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man! so good a master! so good a friend!

Love. Lappet, I say!

Lap. I shall never forgive myself; I shall never outlive it; I shall never eat, drink, sleep—

[*Runs against him.*]

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. Oh, sir!—you are undone, sir; and I am undone.

Love. How!—what!—has any one robbed me? Have I lost anything?

Lap. No, sir; but you have got something.

Love. What? what?

Lap. A wife, sir.

Love. No, I have not yet. But why—

Lap. How, sir! are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes, sir; and, for some particular reasons, you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh, sir! this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady. I told you, sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, sir.

Love. How! not any estate at all! How can she live, then?

Lap. Nay, sir, Heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but, considering all her saving qualities, Lappet——

Lap. All an imposition, sir. She is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! Extravagant?

Lap. I tell you, sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

Love. Can it be possible, after what you told me?

Lap. Alas, sir! that was only a cloak thrown over her real inclinations.

Love. How was it possible for you to be so deceived in her?

Lap. Alas, sir! she would have deceived any one upon earth, even you yourself; for, sir, during a whole fortnight since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign, though—Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good sign. Right habits, as well as wrong, are got by affecting them. And she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction. It is the only visible way in the world she has of living.

Love. She must win, then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. Besides, as she plays only to support herself, when she can be supported without it she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly. Why, don't you see, sir, she's dressed out to-day like a princess.

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress, in order to get a husband. And, as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases; and, to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty !

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

[*Catching LAPPET in his arms.*

Lap. Oh, sir, I am not the lady.—Was ever such an old goat !—Well, sir, I see you are determined on the match ; and so I desire you would pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family in which I have lived so long that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it was my own. I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance ; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious gentleman has been raising all his lifetime squandered away in a year or two in feasts, balls, music, cards, clothes, jewels. It would break my heart to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes. To see his guineas fly about like dust ; all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman ; his whole stock in the Funds spent in one half-year ; all his land swallowed down in another ; all his old gold—nay, the very plate which he has had in his family time out of mind—which has descended from father to son ever since the Flood—to see even that disposed of. What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without anything to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life—will they be contented then, or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too?—[*Both burst into tears.*] The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner. And will any one tell me that such a woman as this is handsome ? What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining gold ?

Love. Oh ! my poor old gold.

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care !

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

Love. My dear land and tenements.

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck ?

Love. My poor Indian bonds, bearing at least three and half per cent.

Lap. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he has married a beauty !

SCENE IX.

LAWYER, LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain, you and your client too; I'll contract you, with a vengeance.

Law. Hey-day! sure you are *non compos mentis*!

Love. No, sirrah, I had like to have been *non compos mentis*; but I have had the good luck to escape it. Go and tell your client I have discovered her: bid her take her advantageous offer; for I shall sign no contracts.

Law. This is the strangest thing I have met with in my whole course of practice.

Love. I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed, I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my lawsuit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Hey!

[*Appearing deaf.*]

Lap. You know, sir, that in Westminster Hall money and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true; so they are; and therefore, no one can take too much care of his money.

Lap. The smallest matter of money, sir, would do me an infinite service.

Love. Hey! what?

Lap. A small matter of money, sir, would do me a great kindness.

Love. Oho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed, I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Deuce take your kindness! I'm only losing time: there's nothing to be got out of him. So I'll even to Frederick, and see what the report of my success will do there. Ah! would I were married to thee myself!

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

SCENE X.

RAMILIE, LOVEGOLD.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you, sirrah? How dare you enter within these walls?

Ram. Truly, sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to myself; I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendship.

But I don't know how it is, sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, won't let me suffer you to be imposed upon ; and to prevent that, sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now ?

Love. What if she did, sirrah ?

Ram. Has she not, sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana ?

Love. Well, and what then ?

Ram. Why, then, sir, every single syllable she has told you has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie ; as is, indeed, every word she says ; for I don't believe, upon a modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies ; her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour. The first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie ; and everything she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How ! how ! are you sure of this ?

Ram. Why, sir, she and I laid the plot together ; that one time, indeed, I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth ; but it was with a good design ; the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master ; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest ; but, alas ! sir, I know her friendship begins and ends at home, and that she has friendship for no person living but herself. Why, sir, do but look at Mariana, sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed, she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. This jade has been bribed by my children to impose upon me. I forgive thee all that thou hast done for this one service. I will go deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to everything this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of a woman. [*Exit.*]

Ram. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians.

SCENE XI.

The Hall.—FREDERICK, LAPPET.

Fred. Excellent Lappet ! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the business yet. I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

Fred. Do but that, dear girl, and I'll coin myself into guineas.

Lap. Keep yourself for your lady, sir ; she will take all that sort

of coin, I warrant her : as for me, I shall be much more easily contented.

Fred. But what hopes canst thou have ; for I, alas ! see none.

Lap. Oh, sir ! it is more easy to make half a dozen matches than to break one, and, to say the truth, it is an office I myself like better. There is something, methinks, so pretty in bringing young people together that are fond of one another. I protest, sir, you will be a mighty handsome couple. How fond will you be of a little girl the exact picture of her mother ! and how fond will she be of a boy to put her in mind of his father !

Fred. Death ! you jade, you have fired my imagination.

Lap. But, methinks, I want to have the hurricane begin, hugely ; I am surprised they are not altogether by the ears already !

SCENE XII.

RAMILIE, FREDERICK, LAPPET.

Ram. Oh ! madam, I little expected to have found you and my master together, after what has happened ; I did not think you had the assurance——

Fred. Peace, Ramilie, all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

Ram. Yes, sir, all is well, indeed—no thanks to her ; happy is the master that has a good servant—a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in this world. I have done your business for you, sir ; I have frustrated all she has been doing, denied all she has been telling him—in short, sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your interest, as you may imagine. No sooner was she gone, than I steps in and made the old gentleman believe every single syllable she had told him to be a most confounded lie ; and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

Lap. And sign the contract ; so now, sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

Fred. Out on you, ass ! fool ! villain !

Ram. Heyday ! what is the meaning of this ?—have I done any more than you commanded me ?

Fred. Nothing but my ill stars could have contrived so cruel an accident.

Ram. You cannot blame me, sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I don't blame you, sir, nor myself, nor any one ; fortune has marked me out for misery. But I will be no longer idle : since I am to be ruined, I will meet my destruction.

SCENE XIII.

LAPPET, RAMILIE.

[*They stand some time silent, looking at each other.*]

Lap. I give you joy, sir, of the success of your negotiation ; you

have approved yourself a most able person, truly ; and I dare swear, when your skill is once known, will not want employment.

Ram. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet ; a politician may make a blunder ; I am sure no one can avoid it that is employed with you, for you change sides so often that 'tis impossible to tell at any time which side you are on.

Lap. And pray, sirrah, what was the occasion of your betraying me to your master, for he has told me all ?

Ram. Conscience, conscience, Mrs. Lappet, the great guide of all my actions ; I could not find in my heart to let him lose his mistress.

Lap. Your master is very much obliged to you, indeed, to lose your own in order to preserve his ; for henceforth I forbid all your addresses, I disown all obligations, I revoke all promises : henceforth I would advise you never to open your lips to me, for if you do, it will be in vain ; I shall be deaf to all your little, false, mean, treacherous, base insinuations. I would have you know, sir, a woman injured as I am never can nor ought to forgive. Never see my face again. [Exit.

Ram. Huh ! now would some lovers think themselves very unhappy ; but I, who have had experience in the sex, am never frightened at the frowns of a mistress, nor ravished with her smiles ; they both naturally succeed one another, and a woman, generally, is as sure to perform what she threatens as she is what she promises. But now I'll to my lurking-place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden ; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress.

SCENE XIV.

Another Apartment.—FREDERICK, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA.

Fred. No, madam, I have no words to upbraid you with, nor shall I attempt it.

Mrs. W. I think, sir, a respect to your father should keep you now within the rules of decency ; as for my daughter, after what has happened, I think she cannot expect it on any other account.

Mar. Dear mamma, don't be serious, when I dare say Mr. Frederick is in jest.

Fred. This exceeds all you have done ; to insult the person you have made miserable is more cruel than having made him so.

Mar. Come, come, you may not be so miserable as you expect. I know the word mother-in-law has a terrible sound, but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me, you will see a change in this house which will not be disagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

Fred. All changes to me are henceforth equal. When Fortune robbed me of you, she made her utmost effort ; I now despise all in her power.

Mrs. W. I must insist, sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter. The world is apt to be censorious. Oh, heavens! I shudder at the apprehensions of having a reflection cast on my family, which has hitherto past unblemished.

Fred. I shall take care, madam, to shun any possibility of giving you such a fear; for from this night I never will behold those dear, those fatal eyes again.

Mar. Nay, that I am sure will cast a reflection on me. What a person will the world think me to be, when you could not live with me!

Fred. Live with you! Oh, Mariana! those words bring back a thousand tender ideas to my mind. Oh! had that been my blest fortune!

Mrs. W. Let me beg, sir, you would keep a greater distance. The young fellows of this age are so rampant, that even degrees of kindred can't restrain them.

Fred. There are yet no such degrees between us. Oh, Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unstamped, consider, and do not seal my ruin.

Mrs. W. Come with me, daughter; you shall not stay a moment longer with him—a rude fellow.

SCENE XV.

RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

Ram. Follow me, sir; follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ram. Follow me, sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

Fred. What done?

Ram. I have it under my arm, sir,—here it is!

Fred. What? what?

Ram. Your father's soul, sir; his money. Follow me, sir, this moment, before we are overtaken.

Fred. Ha! this may preserve me yet.

SCENE XVI.

Love. [*in the utmost distraction.*] Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! Who is the thief? where is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain.—[*Catching himself by the arm.*] I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh! my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done it while I was signing that vile contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town: I will have them all

executed ; I will hang all the world ; and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Hall.—Several SERVANTS.

Jas. There will be rare doings now ; madam's an excellent woman, faith ! Things won't go as they have done ; she has ordered something like a supper ; here will be victuals enough for the whole town.

Tho. She's a sweet-humoured lady, I can tell you that. I have had a very good place on't with her. You will have no more use for locks and keys in this house now.

Jas. This is the luckiest day I ever saw ; as soon as supper is over I will get drunk to her good health, I am resolved ; and that's more than ever I could have done before.

Tho. You shan't want liquor, for here are ten hogsheads of strong beer coming in.

Jas. Bless her heart ! good lady ! I wish she had a better bridegroom.

Tho. Ah ! never mind that, he has a good purse ; and for other things let her alone, master James.

Whe. Thomas, you must go to Mr. Mixture's, the wine-merchant, and order him to send in twelve dozen of his best champagne, twelve dozen of burgundy, and twelve dozen of hermitage ; and you must call at the wax-chandler's and bid him send in a chest of candles ; and at Mr. Lambert's, the confectioner in Pall Mall, and order the finest dessert he can furnish ; and you, Will, must go to Mr. Grey's, the horse-jockey, and order him to buy my lady three of the finest geldings for her coach to-morrow morning ; and, here, you must take this roll, and invite all the people in it to supper ; then you must go to the playhouse in Drury Lane, and engage all the music, for my lady intends to have a ball.

Jas. Oh brave, Mrs. Wheedle ! here are fine times !

Whe. My lady desires that supper may be kept back as much as possible ; and if you can think of anything to add to it, she desires you would.

Jas. She is the best of ladies.

Whe. So you will say when you know her better ; she has thought of nothing ever since matters have been made up between her and your master but how to lay out as much money as she could ; we shall have all rare places.

Jas. I thought to have given warning to-morrow morning, but I believe I shall not be in haste now.

Whe. See what it is to have a woman at the head of a house.

But here she comes. Go you into the kitchen, things be in the nicest order.

Fas. I am ready to leap out of my skin for joy.

SCENE II.

MARIANA, WHEEDLE, UPHOLSTERER, MR

Mar. Wheedle, have you despatched the servants on my orders?

Whe. Yes, madam.

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let the beds with the utmost expedition?

Uphol. I shall take a particular care, madam, both in hand to-morrow morning; I shall put madam, on that account.

Mar. That tapestry in the dining-room does not

Uphol. Your ladyship is very much in the right quite out of fashion; no one hangs a room now with

Mar. Oh! I have the greatest fondness for tapestry you must positively get me some of a newer pattern

Uphol. Truly, madam, as you say, tapestry is one of the sorts of furniture for a room that I know of. I believe I can show you some that will please you.

Mrs. W. I protest, child, I can't see any reason for

Mar. Dear mamma, let me have my will. I don't like anything in the whole house that I shall be able to get rid of; nothing has so much of antiquity about it; and I can't bear the sight of anything that is not perfectly modern.

Uphol. Your ladyship is in the right, madam; the probability of being in the fashion without new furniture at least once in twenty years; and, indeed, to be at the height of fashion, you will have need of almost continual alterations.

Mrs. W. That is an extravagance I would never have had. I have no notion of destroying one's goods before they are worn out, by following the ridiculous whims of two or three fashions.

Uphol. Ha! ha! madam, I believe her ladyship is in the right opinion. I have many a set of goods entirely worn out, which I am very loath to put into your hands.

SCENE III.

To them, MERCER, JEWELLER.

Mar. Oh, Mr. Sattin! have you brought the goods I have ordered you?

Mer. Yes, madam, I have brought your ladyship the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and earrings with you?

Jew. Yes, madam; and I defy any jeweller in town to show you their equals: they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw; they are finer than the Duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired. I have brought you a solitaire too, madam; my Lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday.

Mar. Sure, it has a flaw in it, sir.

Jew. Has it, madam? then there never was a brilliant without one; I am sure, madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone you shall have it for nothing.

SCENE IV.

LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, JEWELLER, MERCER,
UPHOLSTERER.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I shall never see it more!

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the necklace and earrings?

Jew. If you were my sister, madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain? Have you my three thousand guineas?

Mrs. W. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

Love. I am undone! I am ruined! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas, that I received but yesterday, are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I never shall see them again!

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them; or, if you should not, the loss is but a trifle!

Love. How! a trifle! Do you call three thousand guineas a trifle?

Mrs. W. She sees you so disturbed that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! Can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle! But, tell me, what were you saying of them? Have you seen them?

Jew. Really, sir, I do not understand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of earrings, which were as cheap at three thousand guineas as——

Love. How! What? what?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap. However, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream.

Mar. You will be paid immediately, sir. Well, Mr. Sattin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought?

Merc. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price. Let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing? Are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pickpocket trinkets here and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you this is a behaviour I don't understand. You give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it.

Mar. I assure you, sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife. I shall not be taught to dress by my husband. I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little it is for your own honour, sir. The world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, madam?

Mrs. W. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, sir; but the honour of my family, as well as yours, is concerned in her appearing handsomely. Let me tell you, Mr. Lovegold, the whole world is very sensible of your fondness for money. I think it a very great blessing to you that you have met with a woman of a different temper—one who will preserve your reputation in the world whether you will or no. Not that I would insinuate to you that my daughter will ever run you into unnecessary expenses; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds, to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts—I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birthnight suit or two, I shall scarce want anything more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! However, there is one comfort; I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to choose whether you will marry at all or no.

Mrs. W. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pounds, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, madam, I have one way yet. I have not bound my heirs and executors; and so if I hang myself I am off the bargain. In the meanwhile I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves. Get out of my doors, you cutpurses.

Few. Pay me for my jewels, sir, or return them me.

Love. Give him his baubles; give them him.

Mar. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a little disordered at present; but if you will come to-morrow you shall have your money.

Few. I'll depend on your ladyship, madam.

Love. Who the devil are you? What have you to do here.

Uphol. I am an upholsterer, sir, and am come to new furnish your house.

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will disfurnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

Mrs. W. Sure, sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh! that I had never learnt to write my name!

SCENE V.

CHARLES BUBBLEBOY, LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, MRS. WISELY.

Cha. Your most obedient servant, madam.

Love. Who are you, sir? What do you want here?

Cha. Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

Love. What's your business?

Cha. Sir, I was ordered to bring some snuff-boxes and rings. Will you please, sir, to look at that snuff-box? there is but one person in England, sir, can work in this manner. If he was but as diligent as he is able, he would get an immense estate, sir; if he had an hundred thousand hands, I could keep them all employed. I have brought you a pair of the new-invented snuffers too, madam. Be pleased to look at them: they are my own invention; the nicest lady in the world may make use of them.

Love. Who sent for you, sir?

Mar. I sent for him, sir.

Cha. Yes, sir, I was told it was a lady sent for me: will you please, madam, to look at the snuff-boxes or rings first?

Love. Will you please to go to the devil, sir, first, or shall I send you?

Cha. Sir?

Love. Get you out of my house this instant, or I'll break your snuff-boxes, and your bones too.

Cha. Sir, I was sent for, or I should not have come. Charles Bubbleboy does not want custom. Madam, your most obedient servant.

SCENE VI.

MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, LOVEGOLD, WHEEDLE.

Mar. I suppose, sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this: you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

Mrs. W. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh! would she had taken them! Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. W. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers: a good offer, once refused, is not to be had again.

Whe. Madam, the tailor whom your ladyship sent for is come.

Mar. Bid him come in. This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes, that you may appear like a gentleman ; for as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, madam, we will go in and give farther orders concerning the entertainment.

SCENE VII.

LOVEGOLD, LIST.

Love. Oh, Lappet, Lappet ! the time thou hast prophesied of is come to pass.

List. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List. I presume I am the person you sent for—the laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns?—if you please, we will take measure first. I do not know, sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself ; the thing is impossible, sir. I always visit France twice a year ; and though I say it, that should not say it.—Stand upright, if you please, sir—

Love. I'll take measure of your back, sirrah ; I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here ! Out of my doors, you villain !

List. Heyday ! sir ; did you send for me for this, sir?—I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes.

SCENE VIII.

LOVEGOLD, JAMES, PORTER.

Love. Where are you going ? What have you there ?

Jas. Some fine wine, sir, that my lady sent for to Mr. Mixture's.—But, sir, it will be impossible for me to get supper ready by twelve, as it is ordered, unless I have more assistance. I want half-a-dozen kitchens, too. The very wildfowl that my lady has sent for will take up a dozen spits.

Love. Oh ! oh ! it is in vain to oppose it ; her extravagance is like a violent fire, that is no sooner stopped in one place than it breaks out in another.—[*Drums beat without.*] Ha ! what is the meaning of this ? Is my house besieged ? Would they would set it on fire, and burn all in it !

Drum. [*without.*] Heavens bless your honour, Squire Lovegold, Madam Lovegold ; long life and happiness and many children attend you !—and so God save the king ? [Drums beat.

[*LOVE goes out, and soon after the drums cease.*

Jas. So, he has quieted the drums, I find. This is the roguery of some well-wishing neighbours of his. Well, we shall soon see

which will get the better, my master or my mistress. If my master does, away go I ; if my mistress, I'll stay while there is any house-keeping, which can't be long ; for the riches of my lord mayor will never hold it out at this rate.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGOLD, JAMES.

Love. James ! I shall be destroyed ; in one week I shall not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, send all the provisions back to the tradesmen ; put out all the fires ; leave not so much as a candle burning.

Jas. Sir, I don't know how to do it ; madam commanded me, and I dare not disobey her.

Love. How ! not when I command thee ?

Jas. I have lost several places, sir, by obeying the master against the mistress, but never lost one by obeying the mistress against the master. Besides, sir, she is so good and generous a lady, that it would go against my very heart to offend her.

Love. Plague take her generosity !

Jas. And I don't believe she has provided one morsel more than will be eat. Why, sir, she has invited above five hundred people to supper ; within this hour your house will be as full as Westminster Hall the last day of term ; but I have no time to lose.

Love. Oh ! oh ! What shall I do ?

SCENE X.

LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

Lap. Where is my poor master ? Oh, sir ! I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in this manner. How could you, sir, when I told you what a woman she was—how could you undo yourself with your eyes open ?

Love. Poor Lappet ! had I taken thy advice I had been happy.

Lap. And I too, sir ; for, a-lack-day, I am as miserable as you are ; I feel everything for you, sir ; indeed, I shall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

Lap. How could a man of your sense, sir, marry in so precipitate a manner ?

Love. I am not married ; I am not married.

Lap. Not married !

Love. No, no, no.

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet ! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond of ten thousand pounds to marry her.

Lap. You shall forfeit it——

Love. Forfeit what ? my life and soul, and blood, and heart ?

Lap. You shall forfeit it——

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner ; no, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards to save my money.

Lap. I see, sir; you are undone ; and if you should hang yourself, I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it, I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat !

Lap. Oh ! my poor master ! my poor master ! [Crying.

Love. Why did I not die a year ago ? what a deal had I saved by dying a year ago !—[*A noise without.*] Oh ! oh ! dear Lappet, see what it is ; I shall be undone in an hour—oh !

SCENE XI.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, *richly dressed.*

Love. What is here ? Some of the people who are to cat me up ?

Cler. Don't you know me, sir ?

Love. Know you ! Ha ! What is the meaning of this ?—Oh, it is plain, it is too plain ; my money has paid for all this finery. Ah ! base wretch ! could I have suspected you of such an action, of lurking in my house to use me in such a manner ?

Cler. Sir, I come to confess the fact to you ; and if you will but give me leave to reason with you, you will not find yourself so much injured as you imagine.

Love. Not injured ! when you have stolen away my blood !

Cler. Your blood has not fallen into bad hands. I am a gentleman, sir.

Love. Here's impudence ! A fellow robs me, and tells me he's a gentleman. Tell me who tempted you to it ?

Cler. Ah, sir ! need I say—Love !

Love. Love !

Cler. Yes, love, sir.

Love. Very pretty love indeed ! the love of my guineas.

Cler. Ah, sir ! think not so. Do but grant me the free possession of what I have, and, by Heaven, I'll never ask you more !

Love. Oh, most unequalled impudence ! was ever so modest a request ?

Cler. All your efforts to separate us will be vain ; we have sworn never to forsake each other, and nothing but death can part us.

Love. I don't question, sir, the very great affection on your side ; but I believe I shall find methods to recover——

Cler. By Heavens ! I'll die in defending my right ; and, if that were the case, think not, when I am gone, you ever could possess what you have robbed me of.

Love. Ha ! that's true. He may find ways to prevent the re-

storing it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at least ; let me see my treasure, and perhaps I may give it you ; perhaps I may.

Cler. Then I am blessed ! Well may you say treasure, for to possess that treasure is to be rich indeed.

Love. Yes, truly, I think three thousand pounds may be well called a treasure. Go, go, fetch it hither ; perhaps I may give it you ; fetch it hither.

Cler. To show you, sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore. [*Exit.*

Love. Sure, never was so impudent a fellow ; to confess his robbery before my face, and to desire to keep what he has stolen, as if he had a right to it.

SCENE XII.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Love. Oh, Lappet ! what's the matter ?

Lap. Oh, sir ! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh ! oh ! oh ! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had ; think if you had married her——

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, sir ; nothing can be so bad ; what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds ! Well, and ten thousand pounds are a sum—they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum ; but what is such a sum compared with such a wife ? Had you married her, in one week you would have been in a prison, sir.

Love. If I am, I can keep my money ; they can't take that from me.

Lap. Why, sir, you will lose twice the value of your contract before you know how to turn yourself ; and, if you have no value for liberty, yet consider, sir, such is the great goodness of our laws that a prison is one of the dearest places you can live in.

Love. Ten thousand pounds ! No ; I'll be hanged, I'll be hanged.

Lap. Suppose, sir, it were possible (not that I believe it is)—but suppose it were possible to make her bate a little ; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand——

Love. Eight thousand devils take her !

Lap. But, dear sir, consider ; nay, consider immediately ; for every minute you lose, you lose a sum. Let me beg you, entreat you, my dear good master, let me prevail on you not to be ruined. Be resolute, sir ; consider every guinea you give saves a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to—to—to eight hundred. But try, do try, if you can make her 'bate anything of that ; if you can, you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. Would I were out of my skin !

Lap. You will have more reason to wish so when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts.

Love. Why was I begotten? Why was I born? Why was I brought up? Why was I not knocked o' the head before I knew the value of money? *[Knocking without.]*

Lap. So, so, more duns, I suppose. Go but into the kitchen, sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What have I brought myself to? What shall I do? Part with eight thousand pounds! Misery, destruction, beggary, prisons! But then, on the other side, are wife, ruin, chains, slavery, torment! I shall run distracted either way!

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good for nothing!

SCENE XIII.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

Mar. Well, what success?

Lap. It is impossible to tell. He is just gone into the kitchen, where, if he is not frightened into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous; the very fear of losing all he is worth will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions?

Lap. Neither, I assure you. Ah, madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret, I had never brought about those affairs that I have. Were I not secret, lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town.

Mar. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very secret?

Lap. From every one but me, I believe you have. I assure you I knew them long before you sent for me this afternoon to discover them to me.

Mar. But could you bring him to no terms, no proposals? Did he make no offer?

Lap. It must be done all at once, and while you are by.

Mar. So you think he must see me to give anything to be rid of me.

Lap. Hush, hush, I hear him coming again.

SCENE XIV.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET, MARIANA.

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear, madam, consider; I know eight thousand pounds

are a trifle ; I know they are nothing ; my master can very well afford them ; they will make no hole in his purse ; and, if you should stand out, you will get more.

Love. [*putting his hand before LAPPET'S mouth.*] You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie ! She never could get more, never should get more ; it is more than I am worth ; it is an immense sum ; and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For Heaven's sake, sir, you will ruin all. Madam, let me beg you, entreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast, I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end ; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No ; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word will make me amends for the delay ; and, whatever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch !

Lap. Why, sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify ? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last ; get rid of her at once ; what are two thousand pounds ? Why, sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast. It has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife ?

SCENE XV.

THOMAS, JAMES, MARIANA, LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

[LOVEGOLD and LAPPET talk apart.]

Tho. Madam, the music is come which your ladyship ordered ; and most of the company will be here immediately.

Jas. Where will your ladyship be pleased the servants shall eat ? for there is no room in the house that will be large enough to entertain them.

Mar. Then beat down the partition, and turn two rooms into one.

Jas. There is no service in the house proper for the dessert, madam.

Mar. Send immediately to the great china-shop in the Strand for the finest that is there.

Love. How ! and will you swear a robbery against her ? that she has robbed me of what I shall give her ?

Lap. Depend on it, sir.

Love. I'll break open a bureau, to make it look the more likely.

Lap. Do so, sir ; but lose no time ? give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented, and, if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money. Be sure to break open the bureau, sir.

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll fetch the money. It is all I am worth in the world.

SCENE XVI.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

Mar. Sure, he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I-warrant him. But you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine; for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, madam, to buy off my evidence?

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villainy!

Lap. Ay, madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But truly, I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah! madam, what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talents should be confined to so low a sphere of life as I am! Had I been born a great lady, what a deal of good should I have done in the world!

SCENE XVII.

MARIANA, LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world.—(I have sent for a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody.)

[*Aside to LAP.*]

Lap. [to LOVE.] You have done very wisely.

Mar. There, sir, is your contract. And now, sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

SCENE XVIII.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT, MARIANA, LAPPET, HARRIET.

Love. Where is that you promised me? where is my treasure?

Cler. Here, sir, is all the treasure I am worth—a treasure which the whole world's worth should not purchase.

Love. Give me the money, sir, give me the money; I say give me the money you stole from me.

Cler. I understand you not.

Love. Did you not confess you robbed me of my treasure?

Cler. This, sir, is the inestimable treasure I meant! Your daughter, sir, has this day blessed me by making me her husband.

Love. How! Oh, wicked, vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

Cler. Think not your family disgraced, sir. I am at least your equal born; and though my fortune be not so large as for my dearest Harriet's sake I wish, still it is such as will put it out of your power to make us miserable.

Love. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the loss of

your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

Love. How, sirrah ! are you a confederate ? Have you helped to rob me ?

Fred. Softly, sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

Love. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together. So, go fetch my gold.

Mar. You are easily prevailed upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself, it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness, she has confessed she has the money ; and I shall prove she stole it from me. She has broke open my bureau ; Lappet is my evidence.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly yours, madam, whom I have most injured.

Love. A fig for her pardon ; you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then, if there was any robbery, you must have robbed yourself. This lady can be only a receiver of stolen goods ; for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How ! I ! you ! What ! what !

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it—that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract, I promised to swear she had stole from you.

Cler. Is it possible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of such an action as this ?

Love. I am undone, undone, undone !

Fred. No, sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet ! depend upon it, within an hour you shall find them in the same place they were first deposited. I thought to have purchased a reprieve with them ; but I find my fortune has of itself bestowed that on me.

Love. Give 'em me ! give 'em me ! this instant—but then the ten thousand, where are they ?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deserves them. [*Gives them to FREDERICK.*] You see, sir, I had no design to the prejudice of your family. Nay, I have proved the best friend you ever had ; for I presume you are now thoroughly cured of your longing for a young wife.

Love. Sirrah, give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me, sir ; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

Love. Then I will go to law with that lady, and you, and all of you ; for I will have them again, if law, or justice, or injustice, will give them me.

Cler. Be pacified, sir ; I think the lady has acted nobly in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hanged ! if I am robbed, I don't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another ; and I will

hang him if he does not restore me all I have lost ; for I would not give half the sum to save the whole world. I will go and employ all the lawyers in town ; for I will have my money again, or never sleep more. *[Exit.]*

Fred. I am resolved we will get the better of him now. But oh, Mariana ! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it. I am an unconscionable beggar, and shall never be satisfied while you have anything to bestow.

Mar. Do you hear him ?

Har. Yes, and begin to approve him ; for your late behaviour has convinced me——

Mar. Dear girl, no more ; you have frightened me already so much to-day, that rather than venture a second lecture I would do whatever you wished ; so, sir, if I do bestow all on you, here is the lady you are to thank for it.

Har. Well, this I will say, when you do a good-natured thing, you have the prettiest way of doing it. And now, Mariana, I am ready to ask your pardon for all I said to-day.

Mar. Dear Harriet, no apologies : all you said I deserved.

SCENE *the last.*

LAPPET, RAMILIE, FREDERICK, MARIANA, CLERMONT,
HARRIET.

Lap. Treaties are going on on both sides, while you and I seem forgotten.

Ram. Why, have we not done them all the service we can ? What farther have they to do with us ? Sir, there are some people in masquerading habits without.

Mar. Some I sent for to assist in my design on your father : I think we will give them admittance, though we have done without 'em.

All. Oh ! by all means.

Fred. Mrs. Lappet, be assured I have a just sense of your favours ; and both you and Ramilie shall find my gratitude.

[Dance here.]

Fred. Dear Clermont, be satisfied I shall make no peace with the old gentleman in which you shall not be included. I hope my sister will prove a fortune equal to your great deserts.

Cler. While I am enabled to support her in an affluence equal to her desires I shall desire no more. From what I have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wished ; at least, I am sure, avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Misery is generally the end of all vice ; but it is the very mark at which avarice seems to aim : the miser endeavours to be wretched.

He hoards eternal cares within his purse ;
And what he wishes most proves most his curse.

THE NON-JUROR.

(MOLIÈRE'S "LE TARTUFE.")

BY COLLEY CIBBER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN WOODVIL.
COLONEL WOODVIL.
MR. HEARTLY.
DOCTOR WOLF.

CHARLES.
LADY WOODVIL.
MARIA.

SCENE.—AN ANTE-CHAMBER OF SIR JOHN'S HOUSE IN LONDON.

ACT I.

SIR JOHN WOODVIL *and the* COLONEL.

Col. Pray consider, sir.

Sir John. So I do, sir, that I am her father, and will dispose of her as I please.

Col. I don't dispute your authority, sir; but as I am your son too, I think it my duty to be concerned for your honour; have not you countenanced his addresses to my sister? Has not she received them? How then is it possible, that either you or she with honour can recede?

Sir John. Why, sir; suppose I was about buying a pad-nag for your sister, and upon enquiry should find him not sound; pray, sir, would there be any great dishonour in being off of the bargain?

Col. With submission, sir, I don't take that to be the case. Mr. Heartly's birth and fortune are too well-known to you; and I dare swear he may defy the world to lay a blemish upon his principles.

Sir John. Why then, sir, since I must be catechized, I must tell you, I don't like his principles; for I am informed he is a time-server, one that basely flatters the Government, and has no more religion than you have.

Col. Sir, we don't either of us think it proper to make boast of our religion; but if you please to enquire, you will find we go to church as orderly as the rest of our neighbours.

Sir John. Ay! to what church?

Col. St. James's Church.—The Established Church.

Sir John. Established Church!

Col. Sir—

Sir John. Nay, you need not stare, sir; and before he values

himself upon going to church, I would first have him be sure he is a Christian

Col. A Christian, sir !

Sir John. Ay, that's my question, whether he is yet christened ? I mean by a pastor that had a Divine, uninterrupted, successive right to mark him as a sheep of the true fold ?

Col. Is it possible ! Are you an Englishman, and offer, sir, a question so uncharitable, not only to him, but the whole nation ?

Sir John. Nay, sir, you may give yourself what airs of amazement you please—I won't argue with you ; you are both of you too hardened to be converted now ; but since you think it your duty, as a son, to be concerned for my errors, I think it as much mine, as a father, to be concerned for yours.—I'll only tell you of them, if you think fit to mend them—so—if not—take the consequence.

Col. [*aside.*] O ! give me temper, Heaven ! this vile nonjuring zealot ! what poisonous principles has he swelled him with !—Well, sir, since you don't think it proper to argue upon this subject, I'll waive it too ; but if I may ask it without offence, are these your only reasons for discountenancing Mr. Heartly's addresses to my sister ?

Sir John. These ! are they not flagrant ? would you have me marry my daughter to a pagan ? for so he is, and all of you, till you are regularly Christians. In short, son, expect to inherit no estate of mine, unless you resolve to come into the pale of the Church of which I profess myself a member.

Col. I thought I always was, sir, and hope I am so still, unless you have lately been converted to the Roman.

Sir John. No sir, I abhor the thoughts on't ; and protest against their errors as much as you do.

Col. If so, sir, where's our difference ?

Sir John. Difference ! it would make you tremble, sir, to know it ! but since it is fit you should know it, look there—[*Gives him a book.*—] Read that, and be reformed.

Col. What's here ? [*reads.*] *The Case of Schism, &c.* Thank you, sir ; I have seen enough of this in the *Daily Courant*, to be sorry it is in any hands but those of the common hangman.

Sir John. Profanation !

Col. And though I always honoured your concern for the Church's welfare, I little thought it was for a Church that is established nowhere ?

Sir John. Oh, perverseness ! but there is no better to be expected from your course of life : this is all the effects of your modern loyalty, your conversation at Button's. Will you never leave that foul nest of heresy and schism ?

Col. Yes, sir, when I see anything like it there ; and should think myself obliged to retire, where such principles were started. I ~~own~~ I use the place, because I generally meet there instructive or diverting company.

Sir John. Yes, fine company indeed, Arians, party-poe and Presbyterians.

Col. That's a very unusual mixture, sir ; but if a man entertains me innocently, am I obliged to inquire into his profession or principles? Would it not be ridiculous for a Protestant that loves music, to refuse going to the opera, because most of the performers are Papists? But, sir, this seems foreign to my business. Mr. Heartly intends this morning to pay his respects to you, in hopes to obtain your final consent ; and desired me to be present, as a mediator of articles between you.

Sir John. I am glad to hear it.

Col. That's kind, indeed, sir.

Sir John. May be not, sir ; for I will not be at home when he comes.

Col. Nay, pray, sir, it will be but civility, at least, to hear him.

Sir John. And because I won't tell a lie for the matter, I'll go out this moment.

Col. Good sir.

Sir John. But because I won't deceive him, neither, tell him, I would not have him lose his time in fooling after your sister—in short, I have another man in my head for her. [*Exit SIR JOHN.*]

Col. Another man ! it would be worth one's while to know him—Pray Heaven this nonjuring hypocrite has not got some beggarly traitor in his eye for her. I must rid the house of him at any rate, or all the settlement I can hope from my father is a castle in the air ; nor can indeed his life be safe, while such a villain makes it an act of conscience to endanger it ; if his eyes are not soon opened against him, the Crown is more likely to inherit his estate than I am ; and though the Government has been very favourable upon those occasions, it is but a melancholy business to petition for what might have been one's birthright. My sister may be ruined too—here she comes ; if there be another man in the case, she no doubt can let me into the secret.

Enter MARIA.

Sister, good-morrow ; I want to speak with you.

Mar. Nay, but prithee, brother, don't put on that wise politic face then ; why, you look as if the minority had like to have carried a question.

Col. Come, come, a truce with your raillery ; what I have to ask of you is serious, and I beg you would be so in your answer.

Mar. Well then, provided it is not upon the subject of love I will be so—but make haste too—for I have not had my tea yet.

Col. Why it is, and is not upon that subject.

Mar. Oh ! I love a riddle dearly—come—let's hear it.

Col. Nay, pish, if you will be serious, say so.

Mar. O lord ! sir, I beg your pardon—there—there is my whole form and features totally disengaged, and lifeless at your service ; now put them in what posture of attention you think fit.

[*She leans against him, with her arms awkwardly falling to her sides.*]

Col. Was there ever such a giddy devil!—Prithee stand up. I have been talking with my father, and he declares positively you shall not receive any further addresses from Mr. Heartly.

Mar. Are you serious?

Col. He said it this minute, and with some warmth too.

Mar. I am glad on't with all my heart.

Col. How! glad!

Mar. To a degree: do you think a man has any more charms for me for my father's liking him? No, sir, if Mr. Heartly can make his way to me now, he is obliged to me only: besides, now it may have the face of an amour indeed: now one has something to struggle for; there's difficulty, there's danger, there's the dear spirit of contradiction in it too. O, I like it mightily.

Col. I am glad this does not make you think the worse of Heartly—but however, a father's consent might have clapt a pair of horses more to your coach perhaps, and the want of that may pinch your fortune.

Mar. Burn fortune; am not I a fine woman? and have not I above £5,000 in my own hands.

Col. Yes, sister, but with all your charms you have had it in your hands almost these four years; pray consider that too.

Mar. Pshaw! and have not I had the full swing of my own airs and humours these four years? But if I'll humour my father, I'll warrant he'll make it three or four thousand more, with some unlicked lout of a fellow to snub me into the bargain: a comfortable equivalent truly.—No, no, let him light his pipe with his consent if he pleases. Wilful against wife for a wager.

Col. Well said; nothing goes to your heart I find.

Mar. No, no, brother; the suits of my lovers shall not be ended, like those at law, by dull counsel on both sides; I'll hear nothing but what the plaintiff himself can say to me; 'twould be a pretty thing indeed to confine my airs to the directions of a solicitor, to look kind, or cruel, only as the jointure proposed, is, or is not, equal to the fortune my father designs me: what, do you think I'll have my features put into the *Gazette* to be disposed of, like a parcel of dirty acres, by an old master in Chancery to the fairest bidder? No, if I must have an ill match, I'll have the pleasure of playing my own game at least.

Col. There spoke the spirit of a free-born Englishwoman.—Well, I am glad you are not startled at the first part of my news however; but farther—pray, sister, has my father ever proposed any other man to you?

Mar. Another man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. Why the last words he said to me, were, that he had another man in his head for you.

Mar. And who is it? Who is it? tell me, dear brother, quickly.

Col. Why you don't so much as seem surprised at it!

Mar. No, but impatient. and that's as well you know.

Col. Why, how now, sister?

[Gravely.]

Mar. Why sure, brother, you know very little of female happiness, if you suppose the surprise of a new lover ought to shock a woman of my temper—don't you know that I am a coquette?

Col. If you are, you are the first that ever was sincere enough to own her being so.

Mar. To a lover I grant you; but I make no more of you than a sister; I can say anything to you.

Col. I should have been better pleased if you had not owned it to me—it's a hateful character.

Mar. Ay; it's no matter for that; it's violently pleasant, and there's no law against it that I know of. You had best advise your friend Heartly to bring in a bill to prevent it? All the discarded toasts, prudes, and superannuated virgins would give him their interest, I dare swear: take my word, coquetry has governed the world from the beginning, and will do so to the end on't.

Col. Heartly's like to have a hopeful time on't with you.

Mar. Well, but don't you really know who it is my father intends me?

Col. Not I, really, but I imagined you might, and therefore thought to advise with you about it.

Mar. Nay, he has not opened his lips to me yet—are you sure he's gone out?

Col. You are very impatient to know, methinks? What have you to do to concern yourself about any man but Heartly?

Mar. O lud! O lud! O lud! don't be so wise, prithee brother: why, if you had an empty house to let, would you be displeased to hear there were two people about it? can any woman think herself happy that's obliged to marry only with a Hobson's choice? no, don't think to rob me of so innocent a vanity; for believe me, brother, there is no fellow upon earth, how disagreeable soever, but in the long run of his addresses will utter something, at least, that's worth a poor woman's hearing. Besides, to be a little serious, Heartly has a tincture of jealousy in his temper, which nothing but a substantial rival can cure him of.

Col. O your servant, madam, now you talk reason; I am glad you are concerned enough for Heartly's faults, to think them worth your mending—ha! ha!

Mar. Concerned! Why, did I say that?—look you, I'll deny it all to him. Well, if ever I am serious with you again—

Col. Here he comes; be as merry with him as you please.

Mar. Pshaw!

[MARIA takes a book from the table and reads.]

Enter HEARTLY.

Heartly. Dear Colonel, your servant.

Col. I am glad you did not come sooner, for in the humour my father left me, 'twould not have been a proper time to have pressed your affair. I touched upon it, but—I'll tell you more presently; in the meantime, lose no ground with my sister.

Hear. I shall always think myself obliged to your friendship, let my success be what it will. Madam, your most obedient—What have you got there, pray?

Mar. [*repeating*].

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick, as her eyes, and as unfixed as those——

Hear. Pray, madam, what is it?

Mar. Favours to none, to all she smiles extends——

Har. Nay, I will see.

[*Struggling.*

Mar. [*putting him by.*]

Oft she rejects—but never once offends.

Col. Have a care, she has dipped into her own character, and she'll never forgive you if you don't let her through with it.

Hear. I beg your pardon, madam. [*Gravely.*

Mar. Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun, they shine on all alike.—Um—um.

Hear. That is something like, indeed.

Col. You would say so if you knew all.

Hear. All what? Pray what do you mean?

Col. Have a little patience, I'll tell you immediately.

Hear. [*aside.*] Confusion! some coxcomb, now, has been flattering her; I'll be curst else, she's so full of her dear self upon't.

Mar. [*turning to HEARTLY.*]

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face—and you'll forget them all.

Is not that natural, Mr. Heartly?

Hear. For a woman to expect, it is indeed.

Mar. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the same time a proof of the poor man's passion, and her power?

Hear. So that you think the greatest compliment a lover can make his mistress, is to give up his reason to her!

Mar. Certainly; for what have your lordly sex to boast of but your understanding? And till that's entirely surrendered to her discretion, while the least sentiment holds out against her, a woman must be downright vain to think her conquest completed.

Hear. There we differ, madam; for in my opinion, nothing but the most excessive vanity could value or desire such a conquest.

Mar. O! d'ye hear him, brother? the creature reasons with me! Nay, has the frontless folly to think me in the wrong too! O lud! he'd make a horrid tyrant—positively I won't have him.

Hear. Well, my comfort is, no other man will easily know whether you'll have him or not.

Mar. [*affectedly smiling.*] Am not I a horrid, vain, silly creature, Mr. Heartly?

Hear. A little bordering upon the baby, I must own.

Mar. Laud ! how can you love one so then ? but I don't think you love me though—do you ?

Hear. Yes, faith I do, and so shamefully, that I am in hopes you doubt it.

Mar. Poor man ! he'd fain bring me to reason.

[Smiling in his face.]

Hear. I would indeed, nor am ashamed to own it ; nay, were it but possible to make you serious only when you should be so, you would be the most perfect creature of your sex.

Mar. O lud ! he's civil.

Hear. Come, come, you have good sense ; use me but with that, and make me what you please.

Mar. Laud ! I don't desire to make anything of you, not I.

Hear. Don't look so cold upon me ; by Heaven I can't bear it.

Mar. Well ! now you are tolerable. *[Gently glancing on him.]*

Hear. Come then, be generous, and swear at least you'll never be another's.

Mar. Ah ! Lard ! now you have spoiled all again ; beside, how can I be sure of that before I have seen this t'other man my brother spoke to me of ?

[Reads to herself again.]

Hear. What riddle's this ?

[To the COLONEL.]

Col. I told you you did not know all : to be serious, my father went out but now on purpose to avoid you. In short, he absolutely retracts his promises, says he would not have you fool away your time after my sister, and in plain terms told me he had another man in his head for her.

Hear. Another man ! Confusion ! who ! what is he ? did not he name him ?

Col. No, nor has he yet spoke of him to my sister.

Hear. This is unaccountable.—What can have given him this sudden turn ?

Col. Some whim our conscientious doctor has put in his head, I'll lay my life.

Hear. He !—he can't be such a villain ; he professes a friendship for me.

Col. So much the worse. By the way, I am now upon the scent of a secret, that I hope shortly will prove him a rogue to the whole nation.

Hear. You amaze me.—But on what pretence, what ground, what reason, what interest can he have to oppose me ? This shock is insupportable. *[He stands fixed and mute.]*

Col. *[aside to MARIA.]* Are you really as unconcerned now as you seem to be ?

Mar. Thou art a strange dunce, brother ; thou knowest no more of love than I do of a regiment. You shall see now how I'll comfort him. *[She goes to HEARTLY, mimics his posture and uneasiness, then looks seriously in his face, and bursts into a laugh.]*

Hear. I don't wonder at your good humour, madam, when you have so substantial an opportunity to make me uneasy for life.

Mar. O lud ! how wise he is ? Well ! his reproaches have that greatness of soul—the confusion they give one is insupportable. Betty, is the tea ready ?

Enter BETTY.

Bet. Yes, madam.

Mar. Mr. Heartly, your servant.

[Exit.]

Col. So, so, you have made a fine spot of work on't indeed.

Hear. Dear Tom, you'll pardon me, if I speak a little freely ; I own the levity of her behaviour at this time gives me harder thoughts than I once believed it possible to have of her.

Col. Indeed, my friend, you mistake her.

Hear. O pardon me, had she any real concern for me, the apprehension of a man addresses, whom yet she never saw, must have alarmed her to be something more than serious.

Col. Not at all, for (let this man be who he will) I take all this levity as a proof of her resolution to have nothing to say to him.

Hear. And pray, sir, may I not as well suspect, that this artful delay of her good nature to me now, is meant as a provisional defence against my reproaches, in case, when she has seen this man, she should think it convenient to prefer him to me ?

Col. No, no, she's giddy, but not capable of so serious a falsehood.

Hear. It's a sign you don't judge her with a lover's eye.

Col. No ; but as a stander by, I often see more of the game than you do. Don't you know that she is naturally a coquette ? And a coquette's play with a serious lover is like a back-game at tables, all open at first ; she'll make you twenty blots—and you—spare none, take them all up, to be sure, while she gains points upon you ; so that when you eagerly expect to end the game on your side, slap—as you were, she whips up your man ; she's fortified, and you are in a worse condition than when you begun with her. Upon which, you know of course, you curse your fortune, and she laughs at you.

Hear. Faith, you judge it rightly—I have always found it so.

Col. In short, you are in haste to be up, and she's resolved to make you play out the game at her leisure ; you play for the fair stake, and she for victory.

Hear. But still, what could she mean by going away so abruptly ?

Col. You grew too serious for her.

Hear. Why, who could bear such trifling ?

Col. You should have laughed at her.

Hear. I can't love at that easy rate.

Col. No ; if you could, the uneasiness would lie on her side.

Hear. Do you then really think she has anything in her heart for me ?

Col. Ay, marry, sir. Ah ! if you could but get her to own that seriously now—lord ! how you could love her !

Hear. And so I could, by heaven ! *[Eagerly embracing him.]*

Col. Ay, but 'tis not the nature of the creature—you must take her upon her own terms; though, faith, I thought she owned a great deal to you but now. Did not you observe, when you were impatient, with what a conscious vanity she cried?—Now you are tolerable.

Hear. Nay, the devil can be agreeable when she pleases.

Col. Well, well, I'll undertake for her; if my father don't stand in your way, we are well enough, and I don't question but the alarm he has given us, like his other politic projects, will end all *in fumo.*

Hear. What says my lady? you don't think she's against us?

Col. I dare swear she is not—she's of so soft, so sweet a disposition, that even provocation can't make her your enemy.

Hear. How came so fine a creature to marry your father with such a vast inequality of years?

Col. Want of fortune, Frank. She was poor and beautiful; he rich and amorous. She made him happy, and he her——

Hear. A lady.

Col. And a jointure. Now, she's the only one in the family that has power with our precise doctor, and I dare engage she'll use it with him, to persuade my father from anything that's against your interest. By the way, you must know, I have some shrewd suspicions that this sanctified rogue is carnally in love with her.

Hear. O, the liquorish rascal!

Col. You shall judge by the symptoms: first, he's jealous of every male thing that comes near her; and under a friendly pretence of guarding my father's honour, has persuaded him to abolish her assemblies: nay, at the last masquerade this conscientious spy (unknown to her) was eternally at her elbow in the habit of a Cardinal. At dinner he never fails to sit next her, and will eat nothing but what she helps him; always takes her side in argument, and when he bows after grace, constantly ogles her; bids my sister, if she would look lovely, learn to dress by her; and at the tea table, I have seen the impudent goat most lusciously sip off her leavings. She lost one of her slippers t'other day (by the way, she has a mighty pretty foot), and what do you think was become of it?

Hear. You puzzle me.

Col. Egad, this love-sick monkey had stole it for a private plaything; and one of the housemaids, when she cleaned his study, found it there, with one of her old gloves in the middle of it.

Hear. A very proper relic to put him in mind of his devotions to Venus.

Col. But mum! here he comes.

Enter DOCTOR WOLF and CHARLES.

Doct. Charles, step up into my study, and bring down half a dozen more of those Manual Devotions that I composed for the use of our friends in prison; and, dost thou hear? leave this writing there,

but bring me the key, and then bid the butler ring to prayers.—[*Exit CHARLES.*] Mr. Heartly, I am your most faithful servant. I hope you and the good Colonel will stay and join in the private duties of the family.

Hear. With all my heart, sir, provided you'll do the duty of a subject too, and not leave out the prayer for the Royal Family.

Doct. The good Colonel knows I never do omit it.

Col. Sometimes, doctor; but I don't remember I ever once heard you name them.

Doct. That's only to shorten the service, lest in so large a family some few vain, idle souls might think it tedious; and we ought, as it were, to allure them to what's good, by the gentlest, easiest means we can.

Hear. How! how, doctor! Are you sure that's your only reason for leaving their names out?

Doct. But pray, sir, why is naming them so absolutely necessary, when Heaven, without it, knows the true intention of our hearts?—Besides, why should we, when we so easily may avoid it, give the least colour of offence to tender consciences?

Col. Ay! now you begin to open, doctor.

Hear. Have a care, sir, the conscience that equivocates in its devotions must have the blackest colour hell can paint it with.

Col. Well said! to him Heartly.

Hear. Your conscience, I dare say, won't be easily convinced, while your scruples turn to so good account in a private family.

Doct. What, am I to be baited then?—but 'twon't be always holiday—[*Frowning.*] The time's now yours, but mine may come.

Col. What do you mean, sir?

Doct. Sir, I shall not explain myself, but make your best of what I've said. I'm not to be entrapped by all your servile spies of power—but power, perhaps, may change its hands, and you, ere long, as little dare to speak your mind as I do.

Col. [*taking him by the collar.*] Hark you, sirtah! Dare you menace the Government in my hearing?

Hear. Nay, colonel!

[*Interposing.*]

Doct. 'Tis well!

Col. Traitor! but that our laws have chains and gibbets for such villains, I'd this moment crackle all thy bones to splinters.

[*Shakes him.*]

Doct. Very well! your father, sir, shall know my treatment.

Hear. Nay, dear colonel, let him go.

Col. I ask your pardon, Frank, I am ashamed that such a wretch could move me so.

Hear. Come, compose yourself.

Doct. [*aside, and recovering himself.*] No! I'll take no notice of it; I know he's warm and weak enough to tell this as his own story to his father—let him 'tis better so 'twill but confirm Sir John in his good opinion of my charity, and serve to ruin him the faster.

[*Exit.*]

Hear. Was there ever so insolent a rascal?

Col. The dog will one day provoke me to beat his brains out.

Hear. Who could have believed such outrageous arrogance could have lurked under so lamb-like an outside?

Col. This fellow has the spleen and spirit of ten Becketts in him.

Hear. What the devil is he? Whence came he? What's his original? Is he really a doctor?

Col. So he pretends, and that he lost his living in Ireland, upon his refusing the oaths to the Government. Now I have made the strictest inquiries, and can't find the least evidence that ever he was in the country. But (as I hinted to you) there is now in prison a poor unhappy rebel I went to school with, whose pardon I am soliciting, and he assures me he knew him very well in Flanders; and in such circumstances, as when it can be serviceable to me to know them, he faithfully promises to discover, but begs till then I will not insist upon it.

Hear. Egad! this intelligence may be worth your cherishing.

Col. Ah! here's my sister again.

Enter MARIA, hastily, DOCTOR WOLF following.

Mar. You'll find, sir, I will not be used thus; nor shall your credit with my father protect your insolence to me.

Hear. and Col. What's the matter?

Mar. Nothing; pray be quiet—I don't want you—stand out of the way! *[They retire.]*

Col. What has the dog done to her?

Mar. How durst you bolt with such authority into my chamber, without giving me notice?

Hear. Confusion!

Col. Now, Frank, whose turn is it to keep their temper? *[Apart.]*

Hear. *[struggling.]* 'Tis not mine, I'm sure. *[Apart.]*

Col. Hold!—If my father won't resent this, 'tis then time enough for me to do it. *[Apart.]*

Doct. Compose your transport, madam; I came by your father's desire, who being informed that you were entertaining Mr. Heartly, grew impatient, and gave his positive command that you attend him instantly, or he himself, he says, will fetch you.

Hear. So! now the storm is rising.

Doct. So for what I have done, madam, I had his authority, and shall leave him to answer you.

Mar. 'Tis false, he gave you no authority to insult me; or if he had, did you suppose I would bear it from you? What is it you presume upon? your function! Does that exempt you from the manners of a gentleman?

Doct. Shall I have any answer to your father, lady?

Mar. I'll send him none by you.

Doct. I shall inform him so.

[Exit.]

Mar. A saucy puppy.

Col. Prithee, sister, what has the fellow done to you?

Hear. I beg you tell us, madam.

Mar. Nay, no great matter ; but I was sitting carelessly in my dressing-room—a—a fastening my garter, with my face just towards the door, and this impudent cur, without the least notice, comes bounce in upon me—and my hoop happening to hitch in the chair, I was an hour before I could get down my petticoats.

Hear. The rogue must be corrected.

Col. Yet, egad, I can't help laughing at the accident ! What a ridiculous figure must she make ! Ha ! ha !

Mar. Ha ! you are as impudent as he, I think. Well, but had not I best go to my father ?

Hear. Now, now, dear Tom, speak to her before she goes : this is the very crisis of my life. [*Apart to the COLONEL.*]

Mar. What does he say, brother ?

Col. Why he wants to have me speak to you, and I would have him do it himself.

Mar. Ay, come, do, Heartly, I am in good humour now.

Hear. O Maria ! my heart is bursting——

Mar. Well, well, out with it.

Hear. Your father, now, I see, is bent on parting us.—Nay, what's yet worse, perhaps, will give you to another—I cannot speak—Imagine what I want from you.

Mar. Well—O lud ! one looks so silly though, when one's serious—O gad—in short, I cannot get it out.

Col. I warrant you, try again.

Mar. O lud !—well—if one must be teased, then—why he must hope, I think.

Hear. Is't possible ? Thus——

Col. Buz—[*stopping his mouth*] Not a syllable ; she has done very well ; I bar all heroics ; if you press it too far, I'll hold six to four she is off again in a moment.

Hear. I am silenced.

Mar. Now am I on tiptoe to know what odd fellow my father has found out for me.

Hear. I'd give something to know him.

Mar. He is in a terrible fuss at your being here, I find—I had best go to him.

Col. By all means.

Mar. O bless us ! here he comes, piping hot, to fetch me ! Now we are all in a fine pickle.

Enter SIR JOHN, hastily.—He takes MARIA under his arm, cocks his hat, nods, frowning at HEARTLY, and carries her off.

Col. So— Well said, Doctor ! 'tis he, I'm sure, has blown this fire. What horrid hands is this poor family fallen into ! and how the traitor seems to triumph in his power ! How little is my father like himself ! by nature open, just and generous ; but this vile hypocrite drives his weak passions like the wind, and I foresee at last will dash him on his ruin.

Hear. Nothing but your speedily detecting him can prevent it.

Col. I have a thought, and it is the only one that can expose him to my father.—Come, Frank, be cheerful; in some unguarded hour, we yet, perhaps, this lurking thief

Without his holy vizor, may surprise,
And lay th' impostor naked to his eyes.

[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

CHARLES, *with a writing in his hand.*

Charles. 'Tis so. I have long suspected where his zeal would end, in the making of his private fortune; but then to found it on the ruin of his patron's children makes me shudder at the villainy. What desperation may a son be driven to, so barbarously disinherited? Besides, his daughter, fair Maria, too, is wronged—wronged in the most tender point; for so extravagant is this settlement, it leaves her not a shilling, but on her conditionally marrying with the doctor's consent, which seems, by what I've heard, intended as an expedient, to oblige her to accept the doctor himself for her husband. Now 'twere but an honest part to let Maria know this snare that's laid for her. This deed's not signed, and might be yet prevented. It shall be so—'twere folly not to try; my condition can't be worse. Who knows how far her good nature may think herself obliged for the discovery? Must he ruin, as he has done mine, all families he comes into?

Enter SIR JOHN, LADY WOODVIL *and* MARIA.

Sir John. O, Charles, your master wants you to transcribe some letters.

Charles. Sir, I'll wait on him.

[*Exit* CHARLES, *bowing respectfully to the ladies.*

Mar. A pretty well-bred fellow that.

Sir John. Ay, ay; but he has better qualities than his good breeding; he is honest.

Mar. He's always clean, too.

Sir John. I wonder, daughter, when thou wilt take notice of a man's real merit. Humph! well bred, and clean forsooth. Would not one think, now, she were describing a coxcomb?

Mar. But, dear papa, do you make no allowance for one's taste?

Sir John. Taste; ha! and one's taste? That Madam One is to me the most provoking, impertinent jade alive; and taste is the true picture of her senseless, sickly appetite. When do you hear my wife talk at this rate? and yet she is as young as your fantastical ladyship?

Lady W. Maria's of a cheerful temper, my dear; but I know you don't think she wants discretion.

Sir John. I shall try that presently, and you, sweetheart, shall judge between us; in short, daughter, your course of life is but one

continual round of playing the fool to no purpose, and therefore I am resolved to make you think seriously, and marry.

Mar. That I shall do before I marry, sir, you may depend upon't.

Sir John. Um—that I am not so sure of; but you may depend upon my having thought seriously, and that's as well; for the person I intend you, is of all the world the only man can make you truly happy.

Mar. And of all the world, sir, that's the only man I'll positively marry.

Lady W. [*aside to MAR.*] Thou hast rare courage, Maria. If I had such a game to play I should be frightened out of my wits.

Mar. Lord, madam, he'll make nothing on't, depend upon it.

[*Aside.*]

Sir John. Mind what I say to you. This wonderful man, I say—first, as to his principles both in Church and State, is unquestionable.

Mar. Sir, I leave all that to you, for I should never ask him a question about either of them.

Sir John. You need not; I am fully satisfied of both; he is a true, staunch member of the English Catholic Church.

Mar. Methinks, though, I would not have him a Roman Catholic, sir, because, you know, of double taxes.

Sir John. No, he's no Roman.

Mar. Very well, sir—

Sir John. Then as to the State, he'll shortly be one of the most considerable men in the kingdom, and that, too, in an office for life, which, on whatsoever pretence of misbehaviour, no Civil Government can deprive him of.

Mar. That's fine indeed; I was afraid he had been a clergyman.

Sir John. I have not yet said what his function is. As for his private life, he's sober.

Mar. O! I should hate a sot.

Sir John. Chaste.

Mar. Ahem!

Sir John. What is't you sneer at, madam? You want one of your fine gentlemen rakes, I suppose, that are snapping at every woman they meet with.

Mar. No, no, sir, I am very well satisfied—I—I should not care for such a sort of man no more than I should for one that every woman was ready to snap at.

Sir John. No, you'll be secure from jealousy; he has experience, ripeness of years; he is almost forty-nine. Your sex's vanities will have no charm for him.

Mar. But all this while, sir, I don't find that he has any charm for our sex's vanity. How does he look? Is he tall, well-made? Does he dress, sing, talk, laugh, and dance well? Has he a good air, good teeth, fine eyes, fine fair periwig? Does he keep his chaise, coach, chariot, and Berlin with six flouncing Flanders?

Does he wear blue velvet, clean white stockings, and subscribe to the opera?

Sir John. Was there ever so profligate a creature? What will this age come to?

Lady W. Nay, Maria! here I must be against you. Now you are blind indeed; a woman's happiness has little to do with the pleasure her husband takes in his own person.

Sir John. Right.

Lady W. 'Tis not how he looks; but how he loves is the point.

Sir John. Good again!

Lady W. And a wife is much more secure, that has charms for her husband, than when the husband has only charms for her.

Sir John. Admirable! Go on, my dear.

Lady W. Do you think, child, a woman of five-and-twenty may not be much happier with an honest man of fifty, than the finest woman of fifty with a young fellow of five-and-twenty?

Sir John. Mark that!

Mar. Ay, but when two five-and-twenties come together, dear papa, you must allow they have a chance to be fifty times as pleasant and frolicsome.

Sir John. Frolicsome! why, you idiot, what have frolics to do with solid happiness? I am ashamed of you. Go! you talk worse than a girl at a boarding-school. Frolicsome! as if marriage were only a licence for two people to play the fool according to law? Methinks, madam, you have a better example of happiness before your face. Here's one has ten times your understanding, and she, you find, has made a different choice.

Mar. Lord, sir! how you talk! you don't consider people's temper. I don't say my lady is not in the right; but then you know, papa, she's a prude, and I am a coquette; she becomes her character very well, I don't deny it, and I hope you see every thing I do is as consistent with mine. Your wise folks may lay down what rules they please; but 'tis constitution that governs us all, and you can no more bring me, sir, to endure a man of forty-nine, than you can persuade my lady to dance in a church to the organ.

Sir John. Why, you wicked wretch, could anything persuade you to that?

Mar. Lord, sir! I won't answer for anything I should do when the whim's in my head. You know I always loved a little flirtation.

Sir John. O horrible! My poor mother has ruined her; leaving her a fortune in her own hands, has turned her brain; in short, your sentiments of life are shameful, and I am resolved upon your instant reformation; therefore, as an earnest of your obedience, I shall first insist, that you never see young Heartly more; for, in one word, the good and pious Doctor Wolf is the man that I have decreed your husband.

Mar. Ho! ho! ho!

[*Laughing aloud.*]

Sir John. 'Tis very well; this laugh you think becomes you, but I shall spoil your mirth; no more—give me a serious answer.

Mar. [*gravely.*] I ask your pardon, sir ; I should not have smiled, indeed, could I have supposed it possible that you were serious.

Sir John. You'll find me so.

Mar. I am sorry for it ; but I have an objection to the doctor, sir, that most fathers think a substantial one.

Sir John. Name it.

Mar. Why, sir, you know he is not worth a groat.

Sir John. That's more than you know, madam ; I am able to give him a better estate than I am afraid you'll deserve.

Mar. How, sir ?

Sir John. I have told you what's my will, and shall leave you to think on't.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. [*aside to SIR JOHN.*] Sir, if you are at leisure, the doctor desires a private conference with you, upon business of importance.

Sir John. Where is he ?

Charles. In his own chamber, sir, just taking his leave of the Count and another gentleman, that came this morning express from Avignon ; he has sent you, too, the note you asked him for.

Sir John. 'Tis well ; I'll come to him immediately. [*Exit CHARLES.*] Daughter, I am called away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my last resolution, that if you expect a shilling from me, the doctor is your husband, or I'm no more your father.

[*Exit SIR JOHN, and drops the paper.*]

Mar. O madam ! I am at my wits' end, not for the little fortune I may lose in disobeying my father ; but it startles me to find what a dangerous influence this fellow has over all his actions.

Lady W. Dear Maria, I am now as much alarmed as you ; for though in compliance to your father, I have been always inclined to think charitably of this doctor, yet now I am convinced 'tis time to be upon our guard—he's stepping into his estate, too !

Mar. Here's my brother, madam, we'll consult with him.

To them the COLONEL.

Col. Madam, your most obedient.—Well, sister, is the secret out ? Who is this pretty fellow my father has picked up for you ?

Mar. Even our agreeable doctor.

Col. You are not serious.

Lady W. He's the very man, I can assure you, sir.

Col. Confusion ! What, would the Jewish cormorant devour the whole family ? Your ladyship knows he is secretly in love with you too.

Lady W. Fie ! fie ! Colonel.

Col. I ask your pardon, madam, if I speak too freely ; but I am sure, by what I have seen, your ladyship must suspect something of it.

Lady W. I am sorry anybody else has seen it ; but I must own

his civilities of late have been something warmer than I thought became him.

Col. How then are these opposites to be reconciled ; can the rascal have the assurance to think both these points are to be carried ? But he does nothing like other people ; he's a contradiction even to his own character ; most of your non-jurors now are generally people of a free and open disposition, mighty pretenders to a conscience of honour indeed ; but you seldom see them put on the least show of religion ; but this formal hypocrite always has it at his tongue's end, and there it sticks, for it never gets into his heart ! I'll answer for him.

Lady W. Ay, but that's the charm that first got him into Sir John's heart ; who, good man, is himself, I am sure, sincere ; however now misguided, 'twas not so much his principles of government, as his well painted piety ; his seeming self-denial, resignation, patience, and humble outside, that gave him first so warm a lodging in his bosom.

Mar. My lady has judged it perfectly right.

Col. I am afraid it's too true : there has been his surest footing ! But here we are puzzled again—what subtle fetch can he have in being really in love with your ladyship, and at the same time making such a bustle to marry my sister ?

Mar. Truly one would not suspect him to be so termagant : I fancy the gentleman might have his hands full of one of us.

Col. And yet his zeal pretends to be so shocked at all indecent amours, that in the country he used to make the maids lock up the turkey-cocks every Saturday night, for fear they should gallant the hens on a Sunday.

Lady W. O ! ridiculous.

Col. Upon my life, madam, my sister told me so.

Mar. I tell you so : You impudent——

Lady W. Fie ! Maria, he only jests with you.

Mar. How can you be such a monster to be playing the fool here, when you have more reason to be frightened out of your wits ? You don't know, perhaps, that my father declares he'll settle a fortune upon this fellow too.

Col. What do you mean ?

Lady W. 'Tis too true ; 'tis not three minutes since he said so.

Col. Nay, then 'tis time indeed his eyes were opened ; and give me leave to say, madam, 'tis only in your power to save not only me, but even my father too from ruin.

Lady W. I shall easily come into anything of that kind, that's practicable—what is it you propose ?

Col. Why, if this fellow (which I am sure of) is really in love with you, give him a fair opportunity to declare himself, and leave me to make my advantage of it.

Lady W. I apprehend you—I am loath to do a wrong thing——

Mar. Dear madam, it's the only way in the world to expose him to my father.

Lady W. I'll think of it——

[*Musing.*

Col. When you do, madam, I am sure you will come into it. How now! What paper's this? it's the doctor's hand.

Mar. I believe my father dropped it.

Col. What's here? [*Reads.*]

Laid out at several times for the Secret Service of His M——.

	£	s.	d.
May the 28th, For six baskets of rue and thyme	0	18	0
The 29th, Ditto, Two cart-loads of oaken boughs	2	0	0
June the 10th, For ten bushels of white roses	1	10	0
Ditto, Given to the bell-ringers of several parishes	10	15	0
Ditto, To Simon Chaunter, parish clerk, for his selecting proper staves adapted to the day	5	7	6
Ditto, For lemons and arrack sent into Newgate	9	5	0

Col. Well, while they drink it in Newgate, much good may it do them.

	£	s.	d.
Paid to Henry Conscience, juryman, for his extraordinary trouble in acquitting Sir Preston Rebel of his indictment	53	15	0
Allowed to Patrick MacRogue, of the Foot Guards, for prevailing with his comrade to desert	4	6	6
Given as smart-money to Humphry Stanch, cobbler, lately whipped for speaking his mind of the Government	3	4	6
Paid to Abel Perkin, news writer, for divers seasonable paragraphs .	5	0	0
August the 1st, Paid to John Shoplift and Thomas Highway, for endeavouring to put out the enemy's bonfire	2	3	0
August the 2nd, Paid the Surgeon for sear-cloth, for their bruises .	1	1	6

Was there ever such a heap of stupid, cold-scented treason? Now, madam, I hope you see the necessity of blowing up this traitor. These are lengths I did not think my father had gone with him. What vile, what low sedition, has he made him stoop to?

Lady W. I tremble at the precipice he stands on!

Mar. O bless us! I am in a cold sweat, dear brother, leave it where you found it——

Lady W. By all means; if Sir John should know it's in your hands, it may make him desperate——

Col. You are in the right, madam. [*He lays down the paper.*

Lady W. Let's steal into the next room, and observe that nobody else takes it up; he'll certainly come back to look for't.

Col. But I must leave you, poor Heartly stays for me at White's; and he'll sit upon thorns till I bring him an account of his new rival.

Mar. Well, well, get you gone then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR JOHN in a hurry.

Sir John. Undone! Ruined! where could I drop this paper?—Hold—let's see—[*He finds it.*] Ah! here it is. What a blessed escape was this? If my hot-brained son had found it, I suppose by to-morrow he would have been begging my estate for the discovery—

Enter DOCTOR WOLF.

O Doctor ! all's well ; I have found my paper.

Doct. I am sincerely glad of it. It might have ruined us.

Sir John. Well, sir, what say our last advices from Avignon ?

Doct. All goes right. The Council has approved our scheme, and press mightily for dispatch among our friends in England.

Sir John. But pray, Doctor—

Doct. Hold, sir, now we are alone, give me leave to inform you better. Not that I am vain of any worldly title ; but since it has pleased our Court to dignify me, our Church's right obliges me to take it.

Sir John. Pray, sir, explain.

Doct. Our last express has brought me this—[*He shows a writing*] which, far unworthy as I am, promotes me to the vacant See of Thetford.

Sir John. Is it possible ? My lord, I joy in your advancement.

Doct. It is indeed a spiritual comfort to find my labours in the cause are not forgotten ; though I must own some less conspicuous instance of their favour had better suited me. Such high distinctions are invidious ; and it would really grieve me, sir, among my friends, to meet with envy where I only hope for love ; not but I submit in any way to serve them.

Sir John. Ah ! good man ! this meekness will, I hope, one day be rewarded—but pray, sir—my lord !—I beg your lordship's pardon—pray what other news ? how do all our friends ? are they in heart, and cheerful ?

Doct. To a man ! never in such sanguine hopes—the Court's extremely thronged—never was there such a concourse of warlike exiles ; though they talk, this sharp season, of removing farther into Italy, for the benefit of milder air ; well, the Catholics are the sincerest friends !

Sir John. Nay, I must do them justice, they are truly zealous in the cause, and it has often grieved my heart, that our Church's differences are so utterly irreconcilable.

Doct. O nourish still that charitable thought ! there's something truly great and humane in it ; and really, sir, if you examine well the doctrines laid down by my learned predecessor, in his case of schism, you will find those differences are not so terribly material as some obstinate schismatics would paint them. Ah ! could we but be brought to temper, a great many seeming contradictions might be reconciled on both sides ; but while the laity will interpret for themselves, there is indeed no doing it. Now, could we, sir, like other nations, but once restrain that monstrous licence. Ah ! sir, a union then might soon be practicable.

Sir John. Ah ! 'twill never do here ; the English are a stubborn, headstrong people, and have been so long indulged in the use of their own senses, that while they have eyes in their heads, you will never be able to persuade them they can't see, there's no making them

give up their human evidences ; and your *Credo, quia impossibile est*, is an argument they will always make a jest of. No, no, it is not force will do the thing ; your pressed men don't always make the best soldiers. And truly, my Lord, we seem to be wrong too in another point, to which I have often imputed the ill success of our cause ; and that is, the taking into our party so many loose persons of dissolute and abandoned morals, fellows whom in their daily private course of life, the pillory and gallows seem to groan for.

Doct. 'Tis true indeed, and I have often wished 'twere possible to do without them, but in a multitude all men won't be all saints ; and then again they are really useful ; nay, and in many things, that sober men will not stoop to—they serve, poor curs, to bark at the Government in the open streets, and keep up the wholesome spirit of clamour in the common people ; and, sir, you cannot conceive the wonderful use of clamour, 'tis so teasing to a ministry, it makes them wince and fret, and grow uneasy in their posts. Ah ! many a comfortable point has been gained by clamour ! 'tis in the nature of mankind to yield more to that than reason. Ev'n Socrates himself could not resist it ; for, wise as he was, yet you see his wife Xantippe carried all her points by clamour. Come, come, clamour is a useful monster, and we must feed the hungry mouths of it ; it being of the last importance to us, that hope to change the Government, to let it have no quiet.

Sir John. Well, there is indeed no resisting mere necessity.

Doct. Besides, if we suffer our spirits to cool here, at home, our friends abroad will send us over nothing but excuses.

Sir John. 'Tis true, but still I am amazed, that France so totally should have left us.—Mardyke, they say, will certainly be demolished.

Doct. No matter, let them go—we have made a good exchange, our new ally is yet better, as he is less suspected. But to give them their due, we have no spirits among us like the women,—the ladies have supported our cause with a surprising constancy. O ! there's no daunting them, even with ill success ! they will starve their very vanities, their vices, to feed their loyalty ; I am informed that my good lady, Countess of Night-and-Day, has never been seen in a new gown, or has once thrown a die at any of the assemblies, since our last general contribution.

Sir John. O my good lord, if our Court abroad but knew what obligations they have to your indefatigable endeavours——

Doct. Alas ! sir, I can only boast an honest heart, my power is weak, I only can assist them with my prayers and zealous wishes ; or if I had been serviceable, have not you, sir, overpaid me ? Your daughter, sir, the fair Maria, is a reward no merit can pretend to.

Sir John. Nay, good my lord, this tender gratitude confounds me. O ! this insensible girl.—Pray excuse me—— [Weeps.]

Doct. You seemed concerned, pray what's amiss ?

Sir John. That I should be the father of so blind a child, alas ! she slights the blessing I proposed, she sees you not, my lord, with

my fond eyes ; but lay not, I beseech you, at my door, the ungrateful stubbornness of a thoughtless girl.

Doct. Nay, good sir, be not thus concerned for me ; we must allow her female modesty a time ; your strict commands perhaps too suddenly surprised her ; maids must be slowly, gently dealt with ; and might I, sir, presume to advise——

Sir John. Anything ; your will shall govern me and her.

Doct. Then, sir, abate of your authority, and let the matter rest a while. Suppose I first should beg your good lady, sir, to be my friend to her. Women will hear from their own sex what sometimes, even from the man they like, would startle them. May I have your permission, sir, when dinner is removed, to entertain my lady on this subject privately ?

Sir John. O, by all means, and, troth, it is an excellent thought. I'll go this instant, and prepare her to receive you, and will myself contrive your opportunity.

Doct. You are too good to me, sir—too bountiful.

Sir John. Nay, now, my Lord, you drive me from you.

Doct. Pray pardon me.

Sir John. No more I beg you, good my Lord—your servant.

[*Exit.*

Doct. Ha ! ha ! What noble harvests have been reaped from bigoted credulity, nor ever was a better instance of it. Would it not make one smile ! that it should ever enter into the brains of this man (who can in other points distinguish like a man) that a Protestant Church can never be secure till it has a Popish Prince to defend it.

Enter CHARLES.

So, Charles. hast thou finished those letters ?

Charles. I have brought them, sir.

Doct. 'Tis very well ; let them be sealed without a direction, and give them to Aaron Sham, the Jew, when he calls for them. O ! and—here, step yourself this afternoon to Mr. Defeazance, of Gray's Inn, and give him this thirty pound bill from Sir Harry Foxhound ; beg him to sit up night and day till the writings are finished ; for his trial certainly comes on this week ; he knows we can't always be sure of a jury, and a moment's delay may make the Commissioners lay hold of his estate.

Charles. My Lord, I'll take the utmost care.

Doct. Well, Charles.

[*Gravely smiling.*

Charles. Sir John has told me of the new duty I ought to pay you when in private.

Doct. But take especial heed that it be only private.

Charles. Your Lordship need not caution me. My Lord, I hear another whisper in the family ; I'm told you'll shortly be allied to it. Sir John, they say, has actually consented ; I hope, my Lord, you'll find the fair Maria, too, as yielding.

Doct. Such a proposal has indeed been started, but it will end in

nothing. Maria is a giddy, wanton thing, not formed to make a wise man happy ; her life's too vain, too sensual to elevate a heart like mine. No, no, I have views more serious.

Charles. O, my fluttering joy !

[*Aside.*]

Doct. Marriage is a state too turbulent for me.

Charles. But with Sir John's consent, my Lord, her fortune may be considerable.

Doct. Thou knowest, Charles, my thoughts of happiness were never formed on fortune.

Charles. No ! I find that by the settlement.

[*Aside.*]

Doct. Or if they were, they would be there impossible. Maria's vain distaste of me I know is as deeply rooted as my contempt of her ; and canst thou think I'd stain my character to be a wanton's mockery, to follow through the wilds of folly she would lead me, to cringe and doat upon a senseless toy, that every feather in a hat can purchase ?

Charles. But may not Sir John take it ill, my Lord, to have her slighted ?

Doct. No, no, her ridiculous aversion will secure me from his reproaches.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, my master desires to speak with you.

Doct. I'll wait on him. Charles, you'll take care of my directions.

Charles. I'll be sure, sir.—[*Exit Doctor.*] Kind Heaven, I thank thee !—this bar so unexpectedly removed gives vigour to my heart, and is, I hope, an omen of its fortune. But I must lose' no time, the writing may be every moment called for ; this is her chamber.

He knocks softly, and BETTY enters to him.

Is your lady busy ?

Bett. I think she's only a reading.

Charles. Will you do me the favour to let her know, if she is at leisure, I beg to speak with her upon some earnest business.

MARIA entering with a book.

Mar. Who's that ?

Bett. She's here—Mr. Charles, madam, desires to speak with you.

Mar. O ! your servant, Mr. Charles—here, take this odious Homer and lay him up again ; he tires me. [*Exit BETTY with the book.*] How could the blind wretch make such a horrid fuss about a fine woman, for so many volumes together, and give us no account of her amours ? You have read him I suppose in the Greek, Mr. Charles.

Charles. Not lately, madam.

Mar. But do you so violently admire him now ?

Charles. The critics say he has his beauties, madam, but Ovid has been always my favourite.

Mar. Ovid ! O ! he's ravishing.

Charles. And so art thou to madness. [*Aside.*

Mar. Lord ! how could one do to learn Greek ; was you a great while about it ?

Charles. It has been half the business of my life, madam.

Mar. That's cruel now ! then you think one can't be mistress of it in a month or two.

Charles. Not easily, madam.

Mar. They tell me it has the softest tone for love, of any language in the world ; I fancy I could soon learn it—I know two words of it already.

Charles. Pray, madam, what are they ?

Mar. Stay, let me see—O—ay—zoe, kai, psyche.

Charles. I hope you know the English of 'em, madam.

Mar. O lud ! I hope there's no harm in it ? I am sure I heard the doctor say it to my lady—pray what is it ?

Charles. You must first imagine, madam, a tender lover gazing on his mistress, and then indeed they have a softness in 'em, as thus—zoe, kai psyche ! my life ! my soul !

Mar. O the impudent young rogue ! how his eyes spoke too !—
[*Aside.*—What the deuce can he want with me !—

Charles. I have startled her ; she muses. [*Aside.*

Mar. It always ran in my head this fellow had something in him above his condition—I'll know presently.—[*Aside.*] Well, but your business with me, Mr. Charles ; you have something of love in your head now, I'll lay my life on't.

Charles. I never yet durst own it, madam.

Mar. Why, what's the matter ?

Charles. My story is too melancholy to entertain a mind so much at ease as yours.

Mar. O ! I love melancholy stories of all things.

Charles. But mine, madam, can't be told, unless I give my life into your power.

Mar. O lud ! you have not done anybody a mischief, I hope.

Charles. I never did a private injury ; if I have done a public wrong, I'm sure it might, in me at least, be called an honest error.

Mar. Pray whom did you serve before you lived with the doctor ?

Charles. I was not born to serve ; and had not an unfortunate education ruined me, might have now appeared, like what I am by birth, a gentleman.

Mar. I am surprised ! your education, say you, ruin you ? Lord ! I am concerned for you. Pray let me know your story ; and if any services are in my power, I am sure you may command them.

Charles. Such soft compassion, from so fair a bosom, o'er pays the worst that can attend my owning what I am.

Mar. O your servant—but pray let's hear.

Charles. My father's elder brother, madam, was a gentleman of

an ancient family in the North, who having then no child himself begged me from my nurse's arms, to be adopted as his own, with an assurance, too, of making me his heir; to which my father (then alas! in the infancy of his fortune) easily consented. This uncle being himself secretly disaffected to the Government, gave me, of course, in my education, the same unhappy prejudices, which since have ended in the ruin of us both.

Mar. Then you were bred a Roman Catholic.

Charles. No, madam; but I own in principles of very little difference, which I imbibed chiefly from this doctor; he having been five years my governor. As I grew up, my father's merit had raised his fortune under the present Government; and fearing I might be too far fixed in principles against it, desired me from my uncle home again; but I, as I then thought myself bound in gratitude, excused my going in terms of duty to my father, whom since, alas! I too justly have provoked ever to hope a reconciliation. I saw too late my folly, and had no defence against his anger, but by artfully confirming him in a belief that I had perished with my uncle in the late Rebellion.

Mar. Bless us! what do you mean? You were not actually in it, I hope!

Charles. I can't disown the guilt—but since the Royal mercy has been refused to none that frankly have confessed with penitence their crime (which from my heart I most sincerely do) in that is all my hope. My youth and education is all the excuse I plead; if they deserve no pity, I am determined to throw off my disguise, and bow me to the hand of justice.

Mar. Poor creature! Lord! I can't bear it. [With concern.]

Charles. But then, unknown and friendless as I am, to whom, alas I can I apply for succour! [Weeps.]

Mar. O Lord! I'll serve you, depend upon it; my brother shall have no rest till he gets your pardon.

Charles. Your kind compassion, madam, has prevented what, if I durst, I should have mentioned. I hope, too, I shall personally deserve his favour; if not, your generous inclination to have saved me, even in my last despair of life, will give my heart a joy.

Mar. Lord! The poor unfortunate boy loves me, too; what shall I do with him? But, Mr. Charles, pray, once more to your story—what was it that really drew you into the Rebellion?

Charles. This doctor, madam, who, as he is now your father's, was then my uncle's bosom counsellor: 'Twas his insidious tongue that painted it to us as an incumbent duty, on which the welfare of our souls depended; he warmed us, too, into such a weak belief of vile reports, as infamy should blush to mention. We were assured that half the churches here in town were lying all in sacrilegious ruins; which since, I found, maliciously was meant, even of those that are magnificently rising from their new foundations!

Mar. But pray, while you were in arms how did the doctor dispose of himself?

Charles. He!—went with us, madam; none so active in the front of resolution, till danger came to face him; then, indeed, a friendly fever seized him, which, on the first alarm of the King's forces marching towards Preston, gave him a cold pretence to leave the town; in the defence of which my uncle lost his life, and I my only friend, with all my long-fed hopes of fortune.

Mar. Poor wretch! but how came you to avoid being prisoner?

Charles. Upon our surrender of the place, I bribed a townsman to employ me as his servant, in a backward working-house, where, from my youth and change of habit, I passed without suspicion till the whole affair was over. But then, alas! whither to turn I knew not. My life grew now no more my care; perish I saw I must, whether as a criminal, or a beggar, was my only choice.

Mar. O Lord! tell me quickly how you came hither.

Charles. In this despair I wandered up to London, where I scarce knew one mortal, but some few friends in prison. What could I do? I ventured even thither for my safety; where 'twas my fortune first to see your father, madam, distributing relief to several. He knew my uncle well; and, being informed of my condition, he charitably took me home; and here has ever since concealed me as a menial servant to the Doctor, the detestation of whose vile, dishonest practices at last have waked me to a sense of all my blinded errors, of which this writing is his least of sordid instances. [Gives it to MARIA.]

Mar. You frighten me; pray what are the purposes of it? 'Tis neither signed nor sealed.

Charles. No, madam, therefore to prevent it by this timely notice, was my business here with you. Your father gave it the Doctor first to show his counsel, who having since approved it, I understand this evening it will be executed.

Mar. But what is it?

Charles. It grants to Dr. Wolf in present four hundred pounds per annum, of which this very house is part; and at your father's death invests him in the whole remainder of his free estate. For you, indeed, there is a charge of four thousand pounds upon it; provided you marry only with the Doctor's consent; if not, 'tis added to my lady's jointure. But your brother, madam, is, without conditions, utterly disinherited.

Mar. I am confounded. What will become of us? My father now, I find, was serious. O this insinuating hypocrite!—let me see—ay—I will go this minute. Sir, dare you trust this in my hands for an hour only?

Charles. Anything to serve you—my life's already in your hands.

Mar. And I dare secure it with my own—Hark! they ring to dinner; pray, sir, step in, say I am obliged to dine abroad, and whisper one of the footmen to get an hackney coach immediately; then do you take a proper occasion to slip out after me to Mr. Double's chambers in the Temple, there I shall have time to talk

farther with you. You'll excuse my hurry—Here, Betty, my scarf, and a mask. *[Exit MARIA.]*

Charles. What does my fortune mean me? She'll there talk farther with me! Of what? What will she talk of? O my heart! methought she looked at parting, too, as kindly conscious of some obligation to me. And then how soft, how amiably tender was her pity of my fortune. But O! I rave! keep down my vain aspiring thoughts, and to my lost condition level all my hopes.

Rather content with pity, let me live,
Than hope for more than she resolves to give.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

MARIA and BETTY, *taking off her Scarf, &c.*

Mar. Has any one been to speak with me, Betty?

Betty. Only Mr. Heartly, madam. He said he would call again, and bid his servant stay below to give him notice when you came home.

Mar. You don't know what he wanted?

Betty. No, madam, he seemed very uneasy at your being abroad.

Mar. Well—go, and lay up those things.—*[Exit BETTY.]* Ten to one, but his wise head now has found out something to be jealous of; if he lets me see it, I shall be sure to make him infinitely easy.—Here he comes.

Enter HEARTLY.

Hear. Your humble servant, madam.

Man. Your servant, sir.

Hear. You have been abroad, I hear.

Mar. Yes, and now, I am come home, you see?

Hear. You seem to turn upon my words, madam: is there anything particular in them?

Mar. As much as there is in my being abroad, I believe.

Hear. Might not I say you had been abroad, without giving offence?

Mar. And might not I as well say, I was come home, without your being so grave upon't?

Hear. Do you know anything should make me grave?

Mar. I know, if you are so, I am the worst person in the world you could possibly show it to.

Hear. Nay, I don't suppose you do anything you won't justify.

Mar. O! then I find I have done something you think I can't justify.

Hear. I don't say that neither—perhaps I am in the wrong in what I have said; but I have been so often used to ask pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am resolved henceforth never to rely on the insolent evidence of my own senses.

Mar. You don't know, now, perhaps, that I think this pretty smart speech of yours is very dull; but since that's a fault you can't help. I will not take it ill. Come now, be as sincere on your side,

and tell me seriously—is not what real business I had abroad the very thing you want to be made easy in?

Hear. If I thought you would make me easy, I would own it.

Mar. Now we come to the point—to-morrow morning, then, I give you my word to let you know it all, till when there is a necessity for its being a secret, and I insist upon your believing it.

Hear. But pray, madam, what am I to do with my private imagination in the meantime, that is not in my power to confine; and sure you won't be offended if, to avoid the tortures that may give me, I beg you'll trust me with the secret now.

Mar. Don't press me, for positively I will not.

Hear. Cannot had been a kinder term.—Is my disquiet of so little moment to you?

Mar. Of none, while your disquiet dares not trust the assurances I have given you; if you expect I should confide in you for life, don't let me see you dare not take my word for a day; and if you are wise, you'll think so fair a trial of your faith a favour.

Hear. If you intend it such, it is a favour; if not, 'tis something—so—come let's waive the subject.

Mar. With all my heart. Have you seen my brother lately?

Hear. Yes, madam, and he tells me, it seems, the Doctor is the man your father has resolved upon.

Mar. 'Tis so; nay, and what will more surprise you, he leaves me only to the choice of him, or of no fortune.

Hear. And may I, without offence, beg leave to know what resolutions, madam, you have taken upon it?

Mar. I have not taken any; I do not know what to do! What would you advise me to?

Hear. I advise you to? Nay, you are in the right to make it a question.

Mar. He says he'll settle all his estate upon him too.

Hear. O, take it, take it, to be sure; it's the fittest match in the world. You can't do a wiser thing certainly.

Mar. 'Twill be as wise, at least, as the ways you take to prevent it.

Hear. I find, madam, I am not to know what you intend to do; and I suppose I am to be easy at that too?

Mar. When I intend to marry him, I shall not care whether you are easy or no.

Hear. If your indifference to me were a proof of your inclination to him, the gentleman need not despair.

Mar. Very well, sir, I'll endeavour to take your advice, I promise you.

Hear. O, that won't cost you much trouble, I daresay, madam.

Mar. About as much, I suppose, as it cost you to give it me.

Hear. Upon my word, madam, I gave it purely to oblige you.

Mar. Then to return your civility, the least I can do is to take it.

Hear. Is't possible? How can you torture me with this indifference?

Mar. Why do you insult me with such a barefaced jealousy?

Hear. Is it a crime to be concerned for what becomes of you? Has not your father openly declared against me, in favour of my rival? How is it possible, at such a time, not to have a thousand fears? What though they all are false and groundless, are they not still the effect of love alarmed, and anxious to be satisfied? I have an open, artless heart, that cannot bear disguises; but when 'tis grieved, in spite of me, 'twill show it.—Pray pardon me, but when I am told you went out in the utmost hurry with some writings to a lawyer, and took the Doctor's own servant with you, even in the very hour your father had proposed him as your husband!—Good Heaven! what am I to think? Can I—must I, suppose my senses fail me? If I have eyes, have ears, and have a heart, must it be still a crime to think I see and hear—yet by my torments feel I love?

Mar. [*aside.*] Well, I own it looks ill-natured now, not to show him some concern—but then this jealousy—I must and will get the better of.

Hear. Speak, Maria, is still my jealousy a crime?

Mar. If you still insist on it, as a proof of love, then I must tell you, sir, 'tis of that kind that only slighted hearts are pleased with; when I am so reduced, then I, perhaps, may bear it.—The fact you charge me with I grant is true. I have been abroad, as you say; but still let appearances look ne'er so pointing, while there is a possibility in nature that what I have done may be innocent, I won't bear a look that tells me to my face you dare suspect me. If you have doubts, why don't you satisfy them before you see me? Can you suppose that I'm to stand confounded as a criminal before you? How despicable a figure must a woman make to bear but such a moment. Come, come, there's nothing shows so low a mind as these grave and insolent jealousies. The man that's capable of ever seeing a woman after he believes her false, is capable on her submission and a little flattery, were she really false, poorly to forgive and bear it.

Hear. You won't find me, madam, of so low a spirit, but since I see your tyranny arises from your mean opinion of me, 'tis time to be myself, and disavow your power; you use it now beyond my bearing; not only impose on me to disbelieve my senses, but do it with such an imperious air, as if my honest, manly reason were your slave, and this poor grovelling frame that follows you durst show no signs of life but what you deign to give it.

Mar. Oh! you are in the right—go on—suspect me still, believe the worst you can—'tis all true—I don't justify myself. Why do you trouble me with your complaints! If you are master of that manly reason you have boasted, give me a manly proof of it—at once resume your liberty, despise me, go—go off in triumph now, and let me see you scorn the woman whose vile, o'erbearing falsehood, would insult your senses.

Hear. O heaven! is this the end of all? Are then those tender protestations you have made me (for such I thought them), when with the softest, kind reluctance your rising blushes gave me some

thing more than hope—What all—O Maria ! All but come to this ?

Mar. [*aside*] O lud ! I am growing silly ; if I hear on, I shall tell him everything ; 'tis but another struggle, and I shall conquer it.—So, so, you are not gone, I see.

Hear. Do you then wish me gone, madam ?

Mar. Your manly reason will direct you.

Hear. This is too much—my heart can bear no more. O !—what ? am I rooted here ? 'Tis but a pang, and I am free for ever.

Enter CHARLES, with two writings.

Mar. At last I am relieved ! Well, Mr. Charles, is it done ?

Charles. I did not stir from his desk, madam, till it was entirely finished.

Mar. Where's the original !

Charles. This is it, madam.

Mar. Very well, that you know you must keep ; but come, we must lose no time, we will examine this in the next room. Now I feel for him.—[*Aside.*] [*Exit MARIA, with CHARLES.*

Hear. O rage ! rage ! this is not to be borne—she's gone, she's lost, sordidly has sold herself to fortune, and I must now forget her. Hold, if possible, let me cool a moment. Interest ! No, that could not tempt her. She knows I am master of a larger fortune than there her utmost hopes can give her ; that on her own conditions she may be mine. But what's this secret treaty then within ! what's doing there ? who can resolve that riddle ?—and yet perhaps, like other riddles, when 'tis explained, nothing may seem so easy. But why, again, might she not trust me too with the secret ! That ! that entangles all afresh, and sets me on the rack of jealousy.

Enter COLONEL.

Col. How now, Frank ; what, in a rapture ?

Hear. Prithee, pardon me, I am unfit to talk with you.

Col. What, is Maria in her airs again ?

Hear. I know not what she is.

Col. Do you know where she is !

Hear. Retired this moment to her chamber, with the Doctor's servant.

Col. Why, thou art not jealous of the doctor, I hope ?

Hear. Perhaps she'll be less reserved to you, and tell you wherein I have mistaken her.

Col. Poor Frank, thou art a perfect Sir Martin in thy amours ; every plot I lay upon my sister's inclination for thee, thou art sure to ruin by thy own unfortunate conduct.

Hear. I own I have too little temper, and too much real passion for a modish lover.

Col. Come, come, prithee be easy once more ; I'll undertake for you, if you'll fetch a cool turn in the park, upon Constitution Hill, in less than half-an-hour I'll come to you.

Hear. Dear Tom, thou art a friend indeed ! O, I have a thousand things—but you shall find me there. [Exit HEARTLY.]

Col. Poor Frank ! now has he been taking some honest pains to make himself miserable.

Enter MARIA, and CHARLES.

How now, sister, what have you done to Heartly ? The poor fellow looks as if he had killed your parrot.

Mar. Pshaw ! you know him well enough ; I have only been setting him a love-lesson ; it a little puzzles him to get through it at first, but he'll know it all by to-morrow ; you will be sure to be in the way, Mr. Charles ?

Charles. Madam, you may depend upon me ; I have my full instructions. [Exit CHARLES.]

Col. O ho ! There's the business then, and it seems Heartly was not to be trusted with it ; ha ! ha ! and prithee what is this mighty secret, that's transacting between Charles and you ?

Mar. That's what he would have known, indeed ; but you must know, I don't think it proper to let you tell him neither, for all your sly manner of asking.

Col. O ! pray take your own time, dear madam ; I am not in haste to know, I can assure you ; I came about another affair—our design upon the doctor. Now, while my father takes his nap after dinner would be the properest time to put it in execution ; prithee go to my lady, and persuade her to it this moment.

Mar. Why won't you go with me ?

Col. No, I'll place myself unknown to her in this passage ; for, should I tell her I design to overhear him, she might be scrupulous.

Mar. That's true ; but hold, on second thoughts, you shall know part of this affair between Charles and me ; nay, I give you leave to tell it Heartly too, on some conditions ; 'tis true—I did design to have surprised you, but now—my mind's altered, that's enough.

Col. Ay, for any mortal's satisfaction ; but here comes my lady.

Mar. Away then to your post ; but let me see you, when this affair is over.

Col. I'll be with you.

[Exit COLONEL.]

Enter LADY WOODVIL.

Mar. Well, madam, has your ladyship considered my brother's proposal about the Doctor ?

Lady W. I have, child, and am convinced it ought not to be delayed a moment. I have just sent to speak with him here.—Sir John, too, presses me to give him a hearing upon your account ; but must I play a treacherous part now, and instead of persuading you to the Doctor, even persuade the Doctor against you.

Mar. Dear madam, don't be so nice ; if wives were never to dissemble, what would become of many wilful husbands' happiness ?

Lady W. Nay that's true too.

Mar. I'd give the world now, methinks, to see this solemn interview ; sure there can't be a more ridiculous image than unlawful love peeping his sly head out from under the cloak of sanctity ! O ! that I were in your ladyship's place, I would lead that dancing blood of his such a profane courrant. Your wise fellows make the rarest fools, too ; but your ladyship will make a rogue of him, and that will do our business at present.

Lady W. If he makes himself one, 'tis his own fault.

Mar. Dear madam, one moment's truce with the prude ; I beg you, don't start at his first declaration, but let him go on till he shows the very bottom of his ugly heart.

Lady W. I'll warrant you, I'll give a good account of him—here he comes.

Mar. Then I hope, madam, you will give me leave to be com-mode, and steal off.

Lady W. Very well. [Exit MARIA, and enter DOCTOR.]

Doct. I am told, madam, you design me the happiness of your commands ; I am proud you think me worthy of them in any sort.

Lady W. Please to sit, sir.

Doct. Did not Sir John inform you, too, that I had desired a private conference with your ladyship ?

Lady W. He did, sir.

Doct. 'Tis then by his permission we are thus happily alone.

Lady W. True, and 'tis on that account I wanted to advise with you.

Doct. Well, but, dear lady, ah !—[sighing.] You can't conceive the joyousness I feel, in this so unexpected interview—ah ! ah !—I have a thousand friendly things to say to you—ah ! ah !—and how stands your precious health ? Is your naughty cold abated yet ? I have scarce closed my eyes these two nights, with my concern for you, and every watchful interval has sent a thousand sighs and prayers to heaven for your recovery.

Lady W. Your charity was too far concerned for me.

Doct. Ah ! don't say so, don't say so—you merit more than mortal man can do for you.

Lady W. Indeed, you over-rate me.

Doct. I speak it from my soul ! indeed ! indeed ! indeed I do.

[Presses her hand.]

Lady W. O dear ! you hurt my hand, sir.

Doct. Impute it to my zeal, and want of words to express my heart ; ah ! I would not harm you for the world ; no, bright creature, 'tis the whole business of my soul to—

Lady W. But to our affair, sir.

Doct. Ah ! thou heavenly woman ! [Laying his hand on her knee.]

Lady W. Your hand need not be there, sir.

Doct. Ah ! I was admiring the softness of this silk, madam.

Lady W. Ay, but I am ticklish.

Doct. They are indeed come to a prodigious perfection in this manufacture. How wonderful is human art ! Here it disputes

the prize with Nature—that all this soft and gaudy lustre, should be wrought from the poor labours of a worm! [*Stroking it.*]

Lady W. But our business, sir, is upon another subject. Sir John informs me, that he thinks himself under no obligation to Mr. Heartly, and therefore resolves to give you Maria. Now pray be sincere, and let me know what your real intentions are?

Doct. Is it possible! Can you, divine perfection, be still a stranger to my real thoughts? Has no one action of my life informed you better? Since I must plainly speak them then, Maria's but a feint, a blind to screen my real thoughts from shrewd suspicion's eye, and shield your spotless fame from worldly censure. Could you then think 'twas for Maria's sake, your balls, assemblies, and your toilet, visits have been restrained? Would I have urged Sir John to make that fence to enclose a butterfly? No, soft, and serious Excellence, your virtues only were the object of my care. I could not bear to see the gay, the young, and the inconstant daily basking in your diffusive beams of beauty, without a secret grudge, I might say envy, even, of such insect's happiness.

Lady W. Well, sir, I take all this, as I suppose you intended it, for my good, my spiritual welfare.

Doct. Indeed, I meant you serious, cordial service.

Lady W. I dare say you did; you are above the low and momentary views of this world.

Doct. Ah! I should be so—and yet, alas! I find this mortal clothing of my soul is made like other men's, of sensual flesh and blood, and has its frailties.

Lady W. We all have those; but yours, I know, are well corrected by your divine and virtuous contemplations.

Doct. And yet our knowledge of eternal beauties do not restrain us wholly from the love of all that's mortal. Beauty here, 'tis true must die, but while it lives 'twas given us to admire, to wake the sluggish heart, and charm the sensible. At the first sight of you I felt unusual transports in my soul, and trembled at the guilt that might ensue; but on reflection found my flame received a sanction from your goodness, and might be reconciled with virtue; on this I chased my slanderous fears, let in the harmless passion at my eyes, and gave up all my heart to love.

Col. [behind.] Indeed! so warm, Sir Roger; but I shall cool your passion with a witness. [*Exit.*]

Lady W. These gay professions, sir, show more the courtier than the zealot; nor could I think a mind so fortified as yours could have been open to such vain temptations.

Doct. What bosom can be proof against such artillery of love? I may resist, call all my prayers, my fastings, tears and penance to my aid, but yet, alas! these have not made an angel of me: I am still but man; virtue may strive, but nature will be uppermost. Permit me then on this fair shrine to pay my vows, and offer up a heart—

Lady W. Hold, sir, you've said enough to put you in my power:

suppose I now should let my husband, sir, your benefactor, know the favour you designed him. *[She rises.]*

Doct. You cannot be so cruel?

Lady W. Nor will, on one condition.

Doct. Name it.

Lady W. That instantly you renounce all claim and title to Maria, and use your utmost interest with Sir John to give her, with her full fortune, to Mr. Heartly. If you are wise, consider on't.

[SIR JOHN and COLONEL behind.]

[The DOCTOR, turning accidentally, sees them.]

Doct. Ha ! the Colonel there ! his father with him too ! here may have been some treachery ; what's to be done ? *[Aside.]*

Col. Now, sir, let your eyes convince you. *[Apart.]*

Sir John. They do, that yours, sir, have deceived you ; all this I knew of. *[Apart.]*

Col. How, sir ! *[Apart.]*

Sir John. Observe, and be convinced.

Doct. I have it. *[Musing.]*

Lady W. *[to the DOCTOR.]* Methinks this business needs not, sir, so long a pause.

Doct. Madam, I cannot easily give up such honest hopes.

Lady W. Honest !

Doct. Perhaps my years are thought unequal to my flame, but, lady, those were found no strong objection 'twixt Sir John and you ; and can you blame me then for following so sure a guide in the same youthful path to happiness.

Lady W. Is this your resolution then ?

Col. Will you let him go on, sir ? *[Apart.]*

Sir John. Yes, sir, to confound your slander. *[Apart.]*

Col. Monstrous ! *[Apart.]*

Doct. Can you suppose my heart less capable of love than his ? Is it for me to push the blessing from me too ? For though my flame has been of long duration, my conscious want of merit kept it still concealed, till his good nature brought it to this blest occasion ; and can you then, so authorized, refuse your friendly pity to my sufferings ? One word from you completes my joy ; in you, madam, is my only hope, my fear, my ease, my pain, my torment, or my happiness ; Maria ! O ! Maria !

Col. Confusion !

Sir John. *[coming forward with the COLONEL.]* Now, vile detractor of all virtue, is your outrageous malice yet confounded ? Did I not tell you, too, he only made an interest here to gain your sister ?

Col. His devil has outreached me. *[Aside.]*

Sir John. Is this your rank detection of his treachery !

Doct. Sir John, I did not see you, sir, I doubt you are come too soon, I have not yet prevailed with her. *[Aside to him.]*

Sir John. Ah ! good man, be not concerned ; your trouble shall be shorter for't ; I'll force her to compliance.

Col. Is of a blacker, deeper dye than the great devil himself in all his triumphs over innocence ever wore.

Sir John. O graceless infidel !

Col. No, sir, though I would hazard life to save you from the ruin he misleads you to ; could die to reconcile my duty to your favour ; yet on the terms that villain offers, 'tis merit to refuse it. I glory in the disgrace your errors give me. But, sir, I'll trouble you no more ?—to-day is his—to-morrow may be mine.

[*Exit COLONEL.*

Doct. I did not think he had had so hard a nature.

Sir John. O, my good Lord, your charitable heart discovers not the rancour that's in his ; but what better can be hoped for from a wretch so swelled with spleen, and rage of party.

Doct. No, no, sir, I am the thorn that galls him ; 'tis me, 'tis me he hates. He thinks I stand before him in your favour ; and 'tis not fit indeed I should do so ; for, fallen as he is, he's still your son, and I, alas ! an alien, an intruder here, and ought in conscience to retire, and heal these hapless breaches in your family.

Sir John. What means your Lordship ?

Doct. But I'll remove this eyesore—Here, Charles !

Enter CHARLES.

Sir John. For goodness sake.

Doct. Bring me that writing I gave you to lay up this morning.

Charles. Now fortune favours us.—[*Aside.*] [*Exit CHARLES.*

Sir John. Make haste, good Charles ; it shall be signed this moment.

Doct. Not for the world ; 'twas not to that end I sent for it, but to refuse your kind intentions ; for with your children's curses, sir, I dare not, must not take it.

Sir John. Nay, good my Lord, you carry it now too far ; my daughter is not wronged by it ; but if not obstinate, may still be happy ; and for my wicked son, shall he then heir my lands, to propagate more miserable schismatics ? No ; let him depend on you, whom he has wronged ; perhaps in time he may reflect upon his father's justice ; be reconciled to your rewarded virtues, and reform his fatal errors.

Re-enter CHARLES with a writing.

Doct. That would be indeed a blessing.

Sir John. If heaven should at last reclaim him, the power to right him still is yours ; in you I know he yet would find a fond forgiving father.

Doct. The imagination of so blest an hour softens me to a tenderness I can't support.

Sir John. O, the dear, good man ! come, come, let's in to execute this deed.

Doct. Will you then force me to accept this trust ? For, call it what you will, with me, it shall never be more than such.

Sir John. Let that depend upon the conduct of my son.

Doct. Well, sir, since yet it may prevent his ruin, I consent.

So sweet a hope must all my fears control ;
I take the trust, as guardian to his soul.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

MARIA *and* CHARLES.

Mar. You were a witness then ?

Charles. I saw it signed, sealed, and delivered, madam.

Mar. And all passed without the least suspicion ?

Charles. Sir John signed it with such earnestness, and the doctor received it with such a seeming reluctance, that neither had the curiosity to examine a line of it.

Mar. Well, Mr. Charles, whether it succeeds to our ends or not, we have still the same obligations to you. You saw with what a friendly warmth my brother heard your story, and I don't in the least doubt his success in your affair at Court.

Charles. What I have done, my duty bound me to. But pray, madam, give me leave, without offence, to ask you one innocent question.

Mar. Freely, sir.

Charles. Have you never suspected, then, that in all this affair I have had some secret, stronger motive to it, than barely duty ?

Mar. Yes ; but have you been in no apprehensions I should discover that motive. [Gravely.]

Charles. Pray, pardon me ; I see already I have gone too far.

Mar. Not at all ; it loses you no merit with me, nor is it in my nature to use any one ill that loves me, unless I loved that one again, then indeed there might be danger. Come, don't look grave, my inclinations to another shall not hinder me paying every one what's due to their merit ; I shall, therefore, always think myself obliged to treat your misfortunes and your modesty with the utmost tenderness.

Charles. By the dear, soft ease you have given my heart, I never hoped for more.

Mar. Then I'll give you a great deal more, and to show my particular good opinion of you, I'll do you a favour, Mr. Charles, I never did any man since I was born. I'll be sincere with you.

Charles. Is it then possible you can have loved another, to whom you never were sincere ?

Mar. Alas ! you are but a novice in the passion. Sincerity is a dangerous virtue, and often surfeits what it ought to nourish ; therefore I take more pains to make the man I love believe I slight him, than (if possible) I would to convince you of my esteem and friendship.

Charles. Be but sincere in that, madam, and I can't complain.

Mar. Nay, I'll give you a proof of it—I'll show you all the good-nature you can desire ; you shall make what love to me you please now ; but then I'll tell you the consequence, I shall certainly be pleased with it, and that will flatter you till I do you a mischief. Now do you think me sincere ?

Charles. I scarce consider that, but I'm sure you are agreeable.

Mar. Why, look you there now ! do you consider that a woman had as gladly be thought agreeable as handsome ? And how can you suppose, from one of your sense, that I am not pleased with being told so ?

Charles. Was ever temper so enchanting ?

Mar. Or vanity more venial ! I'm pleased with you. [*Smiling.*]

Charles. Distracting ! sure never was despair administered with a hand so gentle.

Mar. So, now you have convinced me, I have a good understanding too. Why I shall certainly have the better opinion of yours for finding it out now.

Charles. Your good opinion's what I aim at.

Mar. Ay, but the more I give it to you, the better you'll think of me still ; and then I must think the better of you again, and then you the better of me upon that too ; and so at last I shall think seriously, and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Mr. Charles, your good sense will prevent all this.

Charles. I see my folly now, and blush at my presumption ; but yet to cure my weaning heart, and reconcile me to my doom, be yet sincere, and satisfy one sickly longing of my soul.

Mar. To my power, command me.

Charles. O ! tell me then the requisites I want, and what's the secret charm that has preferred my rival to your heart.

Mar. Come then, be cheerful, and I'll answer like a friend. The gentleness and modesty of your temper would make with mine but an unequal mixture ; with you I should be ungovernable—not know myself : your compliance would undo me. I am by nature vain, thoughtless, wild, and wilful ; therefore ask a higher spirit to control and lead me. For whatever outward airs I give myself, I am within convinced, a woman makes a very wrong figure in happiness, that does not think superiority best becomes her husband. But what's yet more, though I confess you have qualities uncommon in your sex, and such as ought to warm a heart to love, yet here you come too late ; compassion's all within my power ; and I know you cannot but have seen I am under obligations I need not explain to you.

Charles. I am satisfied. You treat me with so kind and gentle a concern that I must submit to it.

Mar. [*apart.*] Well ! when all's done, he's a pretty fellow ; and the first, sure, that ever heard reason against himself with so good an understanding.

Enter a SERVANT with a Letter to CHARLES.

Serv. Sir, the Colonel ordered me to give this into your own hands.

Mar. From my brother?—Where is he?

Serv. I left him, madam, at the Secretary's office with one Sir Charles Trueman, and Mr. Heartly. *[Exit SERVANT.]*

Charles. Ha! my father! O! Heaven, 'tis his hand too! Now I tremble!

Mar. Come, sir, take heart; I daresay there's good news in't, and I should be glad to hear it.—But no ceremony; pray read to yourself first.

Charles. Since you command me, madam. *[Reads to himself.]*

Maria. [apart.] Lord! how one may live and learn! I could not have believed that modesty in a young fellow could have been so amiable a virtue. And though, I own, there is I know not what of dear delight in indulging one's vanity with them, yet, upon serious reflection, we must confess that truth and sincerity have a thousand charms beyond it. And I now find more pleasure in my self-denying endeavours to make this poor creature easy, than ever I took in humbling the airs and assurance of a man of quality. I believe I had as good confess all this to Heartly, and even make up the bustle with him too. But then he will so tease one for instances of real inclination. O God! I can't bear the thought on't. And yet we must come together too.—Well! Nature knows the way to be sure, and so I'll even trust to her for't. Bless me! what's the matter? you seem concerned, sir. *[To CHARLES, wiping his tears.]*

Charles. I am indeed, but 'tis with joy! O, madam! my father's reconciled to me. This letter is from him.

Mar. Pray let's hear.

Charles. [reading.]

Dear Charles,—

This day, by Colonel Woodvil, I received the joyful news of your being yet alive, and well, though that's but half my comfort. He has assured me, too, you have renounced those principles that made me think your death my happiness. The services you have intended his family, and may do the Government, in your just detection of a traitor that would ruin both, have been so well received at Court, and so generously represented there by the Colonel and Mr. Heartly, that they have obtained an order for your pardon; which I now stay the passing of, before I throw my arms about you, that I may leave no doubt or fear behind to interrupt the fulness of my joy. I am informed, that in revealing yourself to a certain fair lady, you have let fall some words that show you have an innocent, though hopeless passion for her. Your youth excuses what is past; but now consider how far you owe your life to Mr. Heartly. I therefore charge you, on my blessing, to give up every idle thought of love that may interrupt his happiness, or abate the merit of what you've

done to deserve the pardon of your Sovereign, or of your affectionate, forgiving father,—CHARLES TRUEMAN.

Mar. I am overjoyed at your good fortune.

Charles. You, madam, are the source of all ; but I am now unfit to thank you. [Weeps.]

Mar. You owe me nothing, sir ; success was all I hoped for.

Charles. Pray excuse me. It would be rudeness to trouble you with the tender thoughts this must give a heart obliged like mine.

[Exit CHARLES.]

Mar. Poor creature ! how full his honest heart is ? What early vicissitudes of fortune has he run through ? Well ! this was handsomely done of Heartly, considering what he had felt upon his account, to be so concerned for his pardon.

Enter LADY WOODVIL.

Lady W. Dear Maria, what will become of us ? The tyranny of this subtle priest is insupportable : he has so fortified himself in Sir John's opinion by this last misconduct of your brother, that I begin to lose my usual power with him.

Mar. Pray explain, madam.

Lady W. In spite of all I could urge, he is this minute bringing the Doctor to make his addresses to you.

Mar. I am glad on't ; for the beast must come like a bear to the stake, I'm sure ; he knows I shall bait him.

Lady W. No, no, he presses it, to keep Sir John still blind to his wicked design upon me. Therefore, I came to give you notice, that you might be prepared to receive him.

Mar. I am obliged to your Ladyship. Our meeting will be a tender scene, no doubt on't.

Lady W. You have heard, I suppose, what an extravagant settlement your father has signed to.

Mar. Yes, madam ; but I'm glad your Ladyship's like to be a gainer by it, however ; for when I marry it will be without the Doctor's consent, depend upon't.

Lady W. No, child, I did not come into Sir John's family with a design to injure it, or make any one of it my enemy. Whenever that four thousand pounds falls into my hands, you'll find it as firmly yours as if it had been given you without that odious condition.

Mar. Madam, I think myself as much obliged by this kind intention as the performance ; but if your Ladyship could yet find a way to prove this hypocrite a private villain to my father, I am not without hopes the public will soon have enough against him to give a turn to the settlement.

Lady W. But suppose that fails, what will become of your poor brother ?

Mar. But, dear madam, I cannot suppose this fellow must not be hanged at last ; and then, you know, the same honest hand that ties him up releases the settlement.

Lady W. Not absolutely, neither ; for this very house is given him in present, which, though that were to be the end of him, would then be forfeited.

Mar. Why, then my brother must even petition the Government. There have been precedents of the same favour, madam. If not, he must pay for his blundering, and lay his next plot deeper, I think.

Lady W. I am glad you are so cheerful upon it, however ; it looks as if you had something *in petto* to depend upon. But here comes the Doctor.

Enter SIR JOHN, with the DOCTOR.

Sir John. Daughter, since you have the happiness to be thought amiable in the eye of this good man, I expect you give him an instant opportunity to improve it into an amity for life.

Mar. I hope, sir, I shall give him no occasion to alter his opinion of me.

Sir John. Why, that's well said ; come, sweetheart, we'll use no ceremony. *[Exit SIR JOHN with LADY W.]*

[MARIA and the DOCTOR stand some time mute, in formal civilities, and a conscious contempt of each other.]

Mar. Please to sit, sir. What can the ugly cur say to me ? He seems a little puzzled. This puts me in mind of the tender interview between Lady Charlotte and Lord Hardy in the Funeral.

[Aside.]

Doct. Look you, fair lady, not to make many words, I am convinced, notwithstanding your good father's favour, I am not the person you desire to be alone with, upon this occasion.

Mar. Your modesty—is pleased to be in the right, sir.

Doct. Humph ! if I don't flatter myself, you have always had a very ill opinion of me.

Mar. A worse, sir, of no mortal breathing.

Doct. Humph ! and it is likely it may be immovable.

Mar. No rock so firm.

Doct. Humph ! from these premisses, then, I may reasonably conclude, you hate me heartily.

Mar. Most sincerely, sir.

Doct. Well ! there is, however, some merit in speaking truth ; therefore to be as just on my side, I ought, in conscience, to let you know that I have as cordial a contempt for you too.

Mar. Oh, fie ! you flatter me. *[Affecting a blush.]*

Doct. Indeed I don't ; you wrong your own imperfections to think so.

Mar. These words from any tongue but yours might shock me ; but coming from the only man I hate—they charm me.

Doct. Admirable ! there seems good sense in this. Have you never observed, madam, that sometimes the greatest discords raise the most agreeable harmony ?

Mar. Yes ; but what do you infer from thence ?

Doct. That while we still preserve this temper in our hate, a mutual benefit may rise from it.

Mar. O ! never fear me, sir ; I shall not fly out ; being convinced that nothing gives so sharp a point to one's aversion as good breeding, as, on the contrary, ill manners often hide a secret inclination.

Doct. Most accurately distinguished.—Well, madam, is there no project you can think of now, to turn this mutual aversion, as I said, into a mutual benefit.

Mar. None, that I know of, unless we were to marry for our mutual mortification.

Doct. What would you give, then, to avoid marrying me ?

Mar. My life, with joy, if death alone could shun you.

Doct. When you marry any other person my consent is necessary.

Mar. So, I hear, indeed. But pray, Doctor, tell me, how could your modesty receive so insolent a power, without putting my poor father out of countenance with your blushes ?

Doct. You overrate my prudence. I sought it not, but he would crowd it in among other obligations ; he is good-natured, and I could not shock him by a refusal. Would you have had me plainly tell him what a despicable opinion I had of his daughter ?

Mar. Or, rather, what a favourable one you had of his wife, sir ?

Doct. Humph ! You seem to lose your temper.

Mar. Why, do you suppose the whole family does not see it except my father ?

Doct. If you will keep your temper I have something to propose to you.

Mar. Your reproof is just ; but I only raised my voice to let you know I know you.

Doct. You might have spared your pains, it being of no consequence to my proposal what you think of me.

Mar. Not unlikely. Come, sir, I am ready to receive it.

Doct. In one word then—I take it for granted that you would marry Mr. Heartly. Am I right ?

Mar. Once in your life, you are.

Doct. Nay, no compliments ; let us be plain. Would you marry him ?

Mar. You are mighty nice, methinks——well—I would.

Doct. Then I won't consent to it. Now, if you have any proposal to make me—so—if not, our amour's at an end, and we part as civil enemies, as if we had been married this twelvemonth. Think of it.

Mar. [*aside.*] O the mercenary villain ! He wants to have a fellow-feeling, I find. What shall I do with him ? Bite him—pretend to comply—and make my advantage of it ?—Well, sir, I understand everything but the sum ; if we agree upon that it's a bargain.

Doct. Half.

Mar. What, two thousand pounds for your consent only?

Doct. Why, is not two thousand pounds worth two thousand pounds? Don't you actually get so much by it? Is not the half better than nothing? Come, come, say I have used you like a friend.

Mar. Nay, I think it is the only civil thing you have done since you came into the family.

Doct. Do you then make your advantage of it.

Mar. Why, as you say, Doctor, 'tis better than nothing. But how is my father to be brought into this?

Doct. Leave that to my management.

Mar. What security, though, do you expect for this money?

Doct. O, when I deliver my consent in writing, Heartly shall lay it me down in bank-bills.

Mar. Well, on one proviso, I'll undertake that too.

Doct. Name it.

Mar. Upon your immediately owning to my father that you are willing to give up your interest to Mr. Heartly.

Doct. Humph! Stay—I agree to it; you shall have proof of it this evening. But in the meantime, let me warn you too. Don't expect, after I have hinted what you desire to your father, to make your advantages now by betraying me to him. You know my power there; if you do, I can easily give it a counterturn. So discover what you please, I shall only pity you.

Mar. O, I shall not stand in my own light. I know your power and your conscience too well, dear Doctor.

Doct. Nay, I dare depend upon your being true to your own interest. Here comes your father; I will break it to him immediately. You'll prepare Mr. Heartly in the meantime.

Mar. Without fail.

Doct. I am satisfied.

Enter SIR JOHN.

Sir John. Well, sir, is my daughter prudent? has she at last a true and virtuous sense of happiness?

Doct. She understands me better than I hoped, sir.

Mar. Well said, Equivocation. [*Aside.*

Doct. If you please, Sir John, we'll take a turn in the garden. I have something there to offer to you.

Sir John. With all heart, sir,—Maria, there's a toy for thee. Now thou art again my daughter. [*Gives her a ring.*] Come, sir, I wait on you. [*Exeunt SIR JOHN and DOCTOR.*

Mar. What this fellow's original was, I know not; but by his conscience and cunning, he would make an admirable Jesuit.—Here comes my brother, and I hope with a good account of him.—Well! brother, what success?

Enter COLONEL.

Col. All that my honest heart could wish for—substantial affidavits ! that will puzzle him to answer. I have planted a messenger at the next door, who has a warrant in his pocket, when I give the word, to take him.

Mar. Why should not you do it immediately, he's now in the garden with my father ?

Col. No ; our seizing him now for treason, I am afraid won't convince my father of his villainy : my design is not only to get my father out of his hands, but to drive the pernicious principles he has instilled out of my father too.

Mar. That I doubt will be difficult.

Col. Not at all, if we can first prove him a private villain to him. My father's honesty will soon reflect, and may receive as sudden a turn as his credulity.

Mar. That's true again ; and I hope I am furnished with a new occasion to begin the alarm to him.

Col. Pray, what is't ?

Mar. Not to trouble you with particulars ; but, in short, I have agreed with the Doctor, that Heartly shall give him two thousand pounds for his consent ; without which, you know, by my father's late settlement, Heartly and I can never come together.

Col. And does the monster really insist upon't ?

Mar. Not only that, but even defies me to make an advantage of the discovery.

Col. One would think the villain suspects his footing in the family is but short-lived, he is in such haste to have his pennyworths out on't. But prithee, sister, what secret is this that you have yet behind in those writings that Charles brought to you ?

Mar. O ! that's what I can't yet tell you.

Col. Why, pray ?

Mar. Because, when you have done all you can, I am resolved to reserve some merit against him to myself.

Col. But why do you suppose I would not assist in it ?

Mar. You can't ; it's now too late.

Col. Pshaw ! this is rash, and ridiculous.

Mar. Ay, may be so ; I suppose Heartly will be of that opinion too ; but if he is you had better advise him to keep it to himself.

Col. You will have your obstinate way, I find.

Mar. It can't be worse than yours, I'm sure ; remember how you came off in your last project ; I know you meant well, but you are disinherited for all that.

Col. That's no surprise to me ; but I am ashamed, however.

Mar. By the way, what have you done with Heartly ? why is he not here ?

Col. He has been here, but you must excuse him ; he was obliged to call in haste for Charles, whom he took home with him in his own coach, where his father waited to receive him.

Mar. The poor boy by this time, then, has seen him. Sure their meeting must have been a moving sight ; I would give the world methinks for a true account of it.

Col. You'll have it from Heartly by and by ; 'tis at his house they meet. The father, Sir Charles Trueman, happened to be Heartly's intimate acquaintance.

Mar. Well ! I own Heartly has gained upon me by this.

Col. I am glad to hear that at least. But I must let my lady know what progress we have made in the Doctor's business, and beg her assistance to finish him. [Exit COLONEL]

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Madam, Mr. Heartly.

Mar. Desire him to walk in.

Enter HEARTLY.

Hear. To find you thus alone, madam, was an happiness I did not expect from the temper of our last parting.

Mar. I should have been as well pleased now to have been thanked, as reproached for my good nature ; but you will be in the right, I find.

Hear. Indeed you took me wrong ; I literally meant, that I was afraid you would not so soon think I had deserved this favour.

Mar. Well, then, one of us has been in the wrong at least.

Hear. 'Twas I—I own it—more is not in my power ; all the amends that have been, I have made you : my very joy of seeing you has waited, till what you had at heart unasked, was perfected ; my own pardon was postponed, till I had secured one even for a rival's life, whom you so justly had compassionated.

Mar. Pooh ! but why would you say unasked now ? Don't you consider your doing it so is half the merit of the action ?—Lord ! you have no art ; you should have left me to have taken notice of that ; only imagine now, how kind and handsome an acknowledgment you have robbed me of ?

Hear. And yet how artfully you have paid it ? with what a wanton, charming ease you play upon my tenderness ?

Mar. Well, but was not you silly now ?

Hear. [gazing on her.] Come—you shall not be serious—you can't be more agreeable.

Mar. O ! but I am serious.

Hear. Then I'll be so—do you forgive me all ?

Mar. What. [Looking on her fan, as not hearing him.]

Hear. Are we friends, Maria ?

Mar. O Lord ! but you have told me nothing of poor Charles ; pray how did his father receive him ?

Hear. Must you needs know that, before you answer me ?

Mar. Lord, you are never well till you have talked one out of countenance.

Hear. Come, I won't be too particular, you shall answer nothing—give me but your hand only.

Mar. Pshaw! I won't pull off my glove, not I.

Hear. I'll take it as it is then.

Mar. Lord! there, there, eat it, eat it. [*Putting it awkwardly to him.*]

Hear. And so I could, by Heav'n.

[*Kisses it eagerly, and pulls off her glove.*]

Mar. O my glove! my glove! my glove!—Pooh! you are in a perfect storm! Lord! if you make such a rout with one's hand only, what would you do if you had one's heart!

Hear. That's impossible to tell; but you were asking me of Charles, madam.

Mar. O! ay, that's true! Well, now you are good again—come, tell me all that affair, and then you shall see—how I will like you.

Hear. O! that I could thus play with inclination!

Mar. Pshaw! but you don't tell me now.

Hear. There is not much to tell—where two such tender passions met, words had but faintly spoke them. The son conducted to the door, with sudden fear stopped short, and bursting into sighs, overcharged with shame and joy, had almost fainted in my arms: the father, touched with his concern, moved forward with a kindly smile to meet him. At this he took new life, and springing from his hold, fell prostrate at his feet; where mute, and trembling, for a while he lay: at length with streaming eyes, and faltering tongue, he begged his blessing, and his pardon; the tender father caught him in his arms, and dropping his fond head upon his cheek, kissed him. and sighed out, Heaven protect thee!—then gave into his hand the Royal pardon; and turning back his face to dry his manly eyes, he cried, Deserve this Royal mercy, Charles, and I am still thy father. The grateful youth, raising his heart-swollen voice, replied, May Heaven preserve the royal life that gave it. But here their passions grew too strong for farther speech: silent embraces, alternate sighs, and mingling tears, were all their language now. The moving scene became too tender for my eyes, and called, methought, for privacy; there unperceived I left them, to recover into breathing sense, and utterable joy.

Mar. Well! of all the inmost transports of the soul, there's none that dance into the heart, like friendly reconcilements.

Hear. Those transports might be ours, Maria, would you but try your power to pardon.

Mar. Which of those two now do you think was happiest at that meeting?

Hear. O! the father, doubtless; great souls feel a kind of honest glory in forgiving, that far exceeds the transport of receiving pardon.

Mar. Now I think to bend the stubborn mind to ask it is an equal conquest; and the joy superior to receive, where the heart wishes to be under obligations.

Hear. Put me into the happy boy's condition, and I may then, perhaps, resolve you better.

Mar. You shall positively bring him into acquaintance.

Hear. Upon my word I will.

Mar. And show him to all the women of taste ; and I'll have you call him my pretty fellow too.

Hear. I will indeed. But hear me——

Mar. I'm positive, if he had white stockings he would cut down all the dangles at Court in a fortnight !

Hear. O ! no doubt on't ; but——

Mar. You can't conceive how prettily he makes love now.

Hear. Not so well as you make your defence, Maria.

Mar. O Lord ! I had forget—he's to teach me Greek, too.

Hear. O, the trifling tyrant ! How long, Maria, do you think you can find out new evasions for what I say unto you ?

Mar. Lord, you are horrid silly ! But since 'tis love that makes you such a dunce—poor Heartly—I forgive you.

[*Enter COLONEL, unseen.*

Hear. That's kind, however. But to complete my joy, be kinder yet—and——

Mar. O ! I can't, I can't. Lord ! did you never ride a horse-match ?

Hear. Was ever so wild a question ?

Mar. Because if you have, it runs in my head, you certainly galloped a mile beyond the winning post to make sure on't.

Hear. Now I understand you. But since you will have me touch everything so very tenderly, Maria, how shall I find proper words to ask you the lover's last necessary question ?

Mar. O ! there's a thousand points to be adjusted before that's answered.

Col. [*coming unexpectedly between them.*] Name them this moment then, for positively this is the last time of asking.

Mar. Pshaw ! Who sent for you ?

Col. I only came to teach you to speak plain English, my dear.

Mar. Lord ! mind your own business, can't you ?

Col. So I will ; for I will make you do more of yours in two minutes, than you would have done without me in a twelvemonth. Why, how now ! What ! do you think the man's to dangle after your ridiculous airs for ever ?

Mar. This is mighty pretty.

Col. You'll say so on Thursday sevenight (for let affairs take what turn they will in the family) that's positively your wedding-day. Nav, you shan't stir.

Mar. Was ever such assurance ?

Hear. Upon my life, madam, I am out of countenance : I don't know how to behave myself to him.

Mar. No, no, let him go on, only—— This is beyond whatever was known, sure !

Hear. Admirable ! I hope it will come to something. [*Aside.*

Col. Ha ! ha ! If I were to leave you to yourselves now, what a couple of pretty out-of-countenance figures you would make ;

humming and hawing upon the vulgar points of jointure and pin-money. Come, come! I know what's proper on both sides; you shall leave it to me.

Hear. I had rather Maria would name her own terms to me.

Col. Have you a mind to anything particular? [*To MARIA.*]

Mar. Why sure! What! Do you think I'm only to be filled out here as you please, and sweetened, and supped up like a dish of Bohea?

Col. Why, pray madam, when your tea's ready, what have you to do but to drink it? But you, I suppose, expect a lover's heart, like your lamp, should be always flaming at your elbow, and when it's ready to go out, you indolently supply it with the spirit of contradiction.

Mar. And so you suppose, that your assurance has made an end of this matter?

Col. Not till you have given him your hand upon it.

Mar. That then would complete it?

Col. Perfectly.

Mar. Why then, take it, Heartly. [*Giving her hand to HEARTLY.*]

Hear. O soft surprise! ecstatic joy.

Mar. Now I presume you are in high triumph, sir.

[*To the COLONEL.*]

Col. No, sister, now you are consistent with that good sense I always thought you mistress of.

Mar. I'm afraid, Mr. Heartly, we are both obliged to him.

Hear. If you think so, Maria, my heart—
Is under double obligations laid. [*Embracing him.*]

Col. If it cements our friendship, I am overpaid. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

HEARTLY and MARIA.

Mar. Well now, Heartly, you have nothing to do but to look forward, and if possible to forget what I have been to you: though 'tis a horrid restraint you lay upon our sex: you first make it the business of your lives to blow up our vanity, and then preposterously expect we should be prudent and humble: that is, you invite us to a feast, where 'tis criminal to taste, or have an appetite; you put a sword into a child's hand, and then are angry if it does mischief.

Hear. You give up too much, Maria; I never treated you so: what might have been flattery to most women, was but honest truth to you.

Mar. Why, look you there now? Is not that enough to turn any poor woman into a changeling?

Hear. No, because it is true; charge me with a falsehood, and I submit.

Mar. Nay then, did you not once tell me, that all my airs and

follies were merely put on in compliance to the world, and that good sense was only natural to me ; that even my affectation (I have not forgot your words) carried more sincerity than the serious vows of other women.

Hear. By all my happiness I think so still.

Mar. What, seriously ?

Hear. Upon my soul I do.

Mar. Lord ! that's delightful ! Do you really love me then, Heartly ? Do tell me, for now I begin to believe everything you say to me. But don't neither—I am vain still—'twas my vanity that made me ask you.

Hear. Now I don't take it so.

Mar. There was some in't I am sure, though it begins to dwindle, I can tell you.

Hear. No matter, I love you as you are ; I would not have you lose your pleasantry, Maria.

Mar. Well, do, let me be silly sometimes.

Hear. O ! I can play with you, for that matter.

Mar. Pshaw ! you'll laugh at me.

Hear. Not while you are good in essentials.

Mar. Indeed I'll be very good.

Hear. O fie ! that will be the way to make me so.

Mar. Lord ! what signifies sense, where there is so much pleasure in folly ?

Hear. No perfect passion ever was without it ; the pleasure would subside were we always to be wise in it.

Mar. For my part I think so : but will you really stand to the agreement tho', that I have made with the Doctor ?

Hear. Why not ? You shall not break your word upon my account, tho' he might be a villain you gave it to.

Mar. Well, I take it as a compliment ; not but I have some hopes of getting over it, and justly too ; but don't let me tell you now. I love to surprise—though you shall know all if you desire it.

Hear. No, Maria, I don't want the secret ; I am satisfied in your inclination to trust me.

Mar. Well then, I'll keep the secret, only to show you, that you upon occasion may trust me with one.

Hear. After that, Maria, it would be wronging you to ask it ; but pray, madam, has the Doctor yet given you any proof of his having declined his interest to your father ?

Mar. Yes, he told me just now, he had brought him to pause upon it, and does not question in two days to complete it ; but desires in the meantime you will be ready and punctual with the premium.

Hear. Suppose I should talk with Sir John myself ; 'tis true he has slighted me of late, but however, I ought at least to ask his consent, though I have but little hopes of it.

Mar. By all means, do so. Here he comes. This may open another scene of action, too, that we are preparing for.

Enter SIR JOHN, and LADY WOODVIL, who walks apart with MARIA.

Sir John. Mr. Heartly, I am glad I have met with you here.

Hear. I have endeavoured twice to-day, sir, to pay my respects to you.

Sir John. Sir, I'll be plain with you.—I went out to avoid you ; but where the welfare of a child is concerned you must not take it ill if we don't stand upon ceremony.—However, since I have reason now to be more in temper than perhaps I was at that time, I should be glad to talk with you.

Hear. I take it as a favour, sir.

Sir John. Sir,—Doctor Wolf informs me that he is well assured you were born the year before the Revolution. Now, sir, I should be glad to be well satisfied in that point ; a greater consequence depending on it, perhaps, than you imagine.

Hear. Sir, I have been always told that was my age ; but for your further satisfaction I appeal to the register.

Sir John. Sir, I dare believe you, and am glad to hear it.

Hear. But pray, sir, may I beg leave to ask, why you are so concerned to know this ?

Sir John. Because, sir, if this be true, I am satisfied you may be a regular Christian ; the doubt of which may have, perhaps, done you some disservice in my private opinion.

Hear. Sir, if that can reconcile me to it, I shall be thankful for the benefit, without considering why I that way came to deserve it.

Sir John. That argument might hold us now too long.—But, sir,—here's the case—your principles and mine have the misfortune to differ—your's being (as I take it) entirely on the Revolution side.

Hear. If I am not misinformed, sir, you yourself commanded a regiment in defence of it.

Sir John. I did so, and thought it just.—'Twould be fruitless, perhaps, to offer you the reasons that since have altered my opinion. But now, sir, even supposing that I err in principle, you must still allow, that conscience is the rule that every honest man ought to walk by.

Hear. 'Tis granted, sir.

Sir John. Then give me leave to tell you, sir, that giving you my daughter would be to act against that conscience I pretend to, and consequently the same ties oblige me to bestow her where the same principles with mine, I think, deserve her.—Now, sir, consult your own honour, and tell me, how you can still pursue my daughter, without doing violence to mine ?

Hear. But, sir, to shorten this dispute, suppose the Doctor (whom I presume you design her for) actually consents to give me up his interest ; might not that soften your objections to me ?

Sir John. But why do you suppose, sir, he would give up his interest ?

Hear. I only judge from what your daughter tells me, sir.

Sir John. My daughter !

Hear. I appeal to her.

Mar. And I appeal even to yourself, sir.—Has not the Doctor just now in the garden spoke in favour of Mr. Heartly to you? Nay, pray, sir, be plain, because more depends on that than you can easily imagine or believe.

Sir John. What senseless insinuation have you got in your head now?

Mar. Be so kind, sir, first to answer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

Sir John. Well, I own he has declined his interest in favour of Mr. Heartly. But I must tell you, madam, he did it in so modest, so friendly, so good natured, so conscientious a manner, that I now think myself more than ever bound in honour to espouse him.

Mar. But now, sir (only for argument sake) suppose I could prove that all this seeming virtue was utterly artificial; that his regard to Mr. Heartly was neither founded upon modesty, friendship, good nature, nor conscience; or, in short, that he has basely betrayed and sold the trust you made him; like a villain bartered, bargained to give me to Mr. Heartly for half the four thousand pounds you have valued his consent at—I say, suppose this were the case, where would be his virtue then, sir?

Sir John. And I say 'tis impious to suppose it.

Hear. Under favour, sir, how is it possible your daughter could know the Doctor had spoke to you upon this head, if he himself had not told her so, in consequence of his agreement?

Sir John. Sir, I don't admit your consequence. Her knowing it from him is no proof that he might not still resign her from a principle of modesty or good nature.

Mar. Then, sir, from what principle must you suppose that I accuse him?

Sir John. From an obstinate prejudice to all that's good and virtuous.

Mar. That's too hard, sir. What blot has stained my life, that you can think so of me? But, sir, the worst your opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. Heartly, without either his consent or yours.

Sir John. What, do you brave me, madam?

Mar. [*in tears.*] No, sir, but I scorn a lie, and will so far vindicate my integrity as to insist on your believing me; if not, as a child whom you abandon, I have a right to throw myself into other arms for protection.

Hear. O, Maria! how thy spirit charms me. [*Apart to her.*

Sir John. I am confounded! Those tears cannot be counterfeit, nor can this be true.

Lady W. Indeed, my dear, I fear it is; it would be cruel to her concern to think it wholly false. Can you suppose she'd urge so gross an accusation only to expose herself to the justice of your resentment?

Sir John. What, are you against him too ?—then he has no friend but me, and I cannot, at so short a warning, give him up to infamy and baseness.

Lady W. Good sir, be composed, and ask your heart one farther question.

Sir John. What would you say to me ?

Lady W. In all our mutual course of happiness, have I ever yet deceived you with a falsehood ?

Sir John. Never, I grant it ; nor has my honest heart yet wronged thy goodness with a jealous thought of it.

Lady W. Would you then believe me should I accuse him too, even of crimes that virtue blushes but to mention ?

Sir John. To what extravagance would you drive me ?

Lady W. I would before have undeceived you, when his late artifice turned the honest duty of your son into his own reproach and ruin ; but knowing then your temper was inaccessible, I durst not offer it. But now, in better hope of being believed, I here avow the truth of all he was accused of then.

Sir John. Will you distract me ? my senses could not be deceived.

Lady W. Indeed they were ; he saw you listening, and at the instant turned his impious, barefaced love to me into equivocal intercessions, pretending to Maria.

Sir John. You startle me.

Lady W. Could you otherwise suppose your son would have brought you to be witness of his own weak malice in accusing him ?

Sir John. I'm all astonishment !

Lady W. Come, sir, suspend your wonder, respite your belief, even of this, till grosser evidence convinces you. Suppose I here, before your face, should let you see his villainy, make him repeat his odious love to me, at once throw off his mask, and show the barefaced traitor.

Sir John. Is it possible ? Make me but witness of that fact, and I shall soon accuse myself, and own my folly equal to his baseness. But pardon me, as I in such a case would not believe even him accusing you, so am I bound in equal charity to think you yet may be deceived in what you charge on him.

Lady W. 'Tis just—let it be so—we'll yet suppose him innocent, till you yourself pronounce him guilty ; and since I have staked my faith upon the truth of what I urge, 'tis fit we bring him to immediate trial ; but then, sir, I must beg you to descend even to the poor shifts we are reduced to.

Sir John. All—to anything—to ease me of my doubts ; propose them.

Lady W. They that would set toils for beasts of prey must lurk in humble caves to watch their haunts.

Sir John. Place me where you please.

Lady W. Under this table is your only stand, the carpet will conceal you.

Sir John. Be it so, I'll take my post ; what more ?

Lady W. Mr. Heartly, shall we beg your leave, and you, Maria, take the least suspected way to send the Doctor to me immediately.

Mar. I have a thought will do it, madam.—Come, sir.

[*Exeunt MARIA and HEARTLY.*]

Lady W. Here, sir, take this cushion—you will be easier. [SIR JOHN goes under the table.] Now, sir, you must consider how desperate a disease I have undertaken to cure, therefore you must not wince nor stir too soon at any freedom you observe me take with him ; be sure lie close and still, and when the proof is full, appear at your discretion.

Sir John. Fear not, I'll be patient.

Lady W. Hush ! he comes.

Enter DOCTOR, with a book.

Doct. Your woman told me, madam, you were here alone, and desired to speak with me.

Lady W. I did, sir, but that we may be sure we are alone, pray shut the outward door, and see that passage to be clear ; another surprise might ruin us—is all safe ?

Doct. I have taken care, madam.

Lady W. I am afraid I interrupt your meditations.

Doct. Say rather you improve them ; you, madam, were the subject of my solitary thoughts. I take in all the little aids I can to guard my frailty, and truly I have received great consolation from an unfortunate example here before me.

Lady W. Pray of what kind, sir ?

Doct. I had just dipped into poor Eloisa's passion for Abelard. It is indeed a piteous conflict ! How terrible ! How penitent a sense she shows of guilty pleasures past, and fruitless pains to shut them from her memory.

Lady W. I have read her story, sir.

Doct. Is it not pitiful ?

Lady W. A heart of stone might feel for her.

Doct. Oh ! think then what I endure for you, such are my pains ; but such is my sincerity, though I fear my being reduced to feign a passion for Maria, in my late surprise, has done dishonour to the vows I then preferred to you.

Lady W. 'Twas on that point I wanted now to talk with you, not knowing then how far you might mistake my silence. Now, had I closed with the Colonel in accusing you, it would have been plain I was your enemy ; as, had I joined in your defence against him, it had been as grossly evident I was his ; but since I have uses for his friendship, and as I saw your credit with Sir John needed no support, I hope you'll think betwixt the two extremes I have acted but a prudent part.

Doct. Let me presume to hope, then, what I did you judge was self-defence and pure necessity.

Lady W. 'Twas wonderful ! surprising to perfection ! The wit of it—but I won't tell you what effect it had upon me.

Doct. Why, madam ? let me beseech you.

Lady W. No, 'twas nothing—beside—what need you ask me ?

Doct. Why do you thus decoy my foolish heart, and feed it with such Hybla drops of flattery ? You cannot sure think kindly of me.

Lady W. O well-feigned fear ! You too, I find, can flatter in your turn. You know how well the subtle force of modesty prevails. O men ! men ! men !

Doct. 'Twere arrogance to think I have deserved this goodness ; but treat me as you please, I'll be at least sincere to you, and frankly own, I still suspect that all this softening favour is but artifice.

Lady W. Well ! well ! I'd have you think so.

Doct. What transport would it give to be assured I wrong you ! but oh ? I fear this shadow of compliance is only meant to lure me from Maria, and then as fond Ixions were of old, to fill my arms with air.

Lady W. Methinks this doubt of me seems rather founded on your second thoughts of not resigning her ; 'tis she, I find, is your substantial happiness.

Doct. O that you could but fear I thought so ! how easy 'twere to prove my coldness, or my love.

Lady W. Oh, sir, you have convinced me now of both.

Doct. Can all this pretty anger then be real ?—take heed, fair creature, it flatters more than kindness.

Lady W. I can assure you, sir, I should have spared you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engaged to her.

Doct. Nay, then, I must believe you ; but indeed you wrong me ; to prove my innocence, 'tis not an hour since I pressed Sir John to give Maria to young Heartly.

Lady W. O ! all artifice ! you knew that modest resignation would make Sir John but warmer in your interest.

Doct. Since you will rip the secret from my heart—know then, I actually have sold her, like a bawble, to her childish lover, for two thousand times her value.

Lady W. Are you serious ?

Doct. As this is true, or false, may I in you be blest, or miserable.

Lady W. But how can you suppose Sir John will ever hear of it.

Doct. Alas ! poor man ! he knows not his own weakness, he's moulded into any shape, if you but gently stroke his humour. I dare depend on his consent ; beside, I intend to-morrow to persuade him it is for the interest of our cause it should be so, and then I have him sure.

Lady W. Fie ! how is that possible ? he can't be so implicitly credulous. You don't take him sure for a Roman Catholic.

Doct. Um—not absolutely—but, poor soul ! he little thinks how near he is one. 'Tis true, name to him but Rome, or Popery, he startles, as at a monster. But gild its grossest doctrines with the style of English Catholic, he swallows down the poison like a cordial.

Lady W. Nay, if he's so far within your power, it cannot fail ; he must consent. Well, sir, now I give you leave to guess the reason,

why I too, at our last meeting, so warmly pressed you to resign Maria.

Doct. Is it possible? was I then so early your concern?

Lady W. You cannot blame me sure for having there opposed your happiness.

Doct. I die upon the transport. [*Taking her hand.*]

Lady W. Be sure you are secret now; your least imprudence makes these, like fairy favours, vanish in a moment.

Doct. How can you form so vain a fear?

Lady W. Call it not vain, for let our converse end in what it may, you still shall find my fame is dear to me as life.

Doct. Where can it find so sure a guard? The grave austerity of my life will strike suspicion dumb, and yours may mock the malice of detraction. I am no giddy, loose-lived courtier, whose false professions end only in his boast of favours. No, fair, spotless miracle, the mysteries of love are only fit for hearts recluse and elevate as mine—my happiness, like yours, depending on my secrecy.

Lady W. 'Tis you must answer for this folly.

Doct. I take it whole upon myself. The guilt be only mine, but be our transports mutual.—Come, lovely creature! let us withdraw to privacy, where murmuring love shall hush thy fears.

[*SIR JOHN, stepping softly behind him, seizes him by the throat.*]

Sir John. Traitor.

Doct. Ah!

[*Astonished.*]

Sir John. Is this thy sanctity? this thy doctrine? these thy mediations? If, stung with my abuses, I now should stab thee to the heart, what devil durst murmur 'twere not an act of justice? But since thy vile hypocrisy, unmasked, must make mankind abhor thee, be thy own shame thy living punishment.

Doct. Do! Triumph, sir; your artifice has well succeeded. I see your ends! you needed not so deep a plot to part with me.

[*Trembling.*]

Sir John. Suppress thy weak evasions. Ungrateful wretch! have I for this redeemed thee from the jaws of gaping poverty, fed, clothed, loved, preferred thee to my bosom, to my family, and fortune; wife, children, friends, servants, all that were not friends to thee, accounted as my enemies?—nay more, to crown my faith in thee, I have relied on thy integrity even for my future happiness; and how hast thou, in one short day, requited me? Taking the advantage of my blinded passion, thou hast turned the duty of my son to his undoing; sordidly hast sold the trust I made thee of my daughter; attempted, like a felonious traitor, to seduce my wife, and hast, I fear, with poisonous doctrines too, ensnared my soul.

Lady W. Now heaven be praised, his heart seems conscious of his error.

[*Aside.*]

Sir John. But why do I reproach thee? had I not been the weakest of mankind, thou never couldst have proved so great a villain. Whether heaven intends all this to punish, or to save me,

yet I know not; my senses stagger at the view, and my reflection's lost in wild astonishment. [*He stands musing.*]

Doct. This snare was worthy of you, madam; 'tis you have made this villain of me. [*Apart to LADY WOODVIL.*]

Lady W. You would have made me worse, but I have only shown him what you were before.

Doct. I thank you.

Lady W. Thank your own ingratitude and wickedness; but I must now pursue my victory. [*Exit LADY WOODVIL.*]

Doct. [*apart.*] No. It ends not here. He was not brought to listen to this proof alone! There's something deeper yet designed against me. I must be speedy. Suppose I talk with Charles; alarm him with our common danger; point out his ruin as our only means of safety, and like the panther in the toil provoked, turn short with vengeance on my hunters!

Sir John. What! still within my sight? Of all my follies, which is it tells thee that I now shall keep my temper.

Doct. [*turning boldly to him.*] Whom do you menace?—me, sir. Reflect upon your own condition first, and where you are.

Sir John. What would the villain drive at? I prithee leave me; I cannot look on thee! thy overbearing insolence confounds me. But since thy wickedness has turned my eyes upon myself, and to thy crimes detected, I hope to owe my future innocence, as the sore wound the viper gives, the viper best can cure; for that one good may Heaven like me forgive thee; but seek thy bidding in some other place; out of my house, this instant, hence! begone! and see my shameful face no more.

Doct. Nay, then, 'tis time to be myself, and let you know, that I am master here. Turn you out, sir; this house is mine; and now, sir, at your peril, dare to insult me.

Sir John. O! heaven! 'tis true, thou hast disarmed my justice, and turned its sword into my own weak bosom. I had forgot my folly; 'tis fit it should be so, and heaven is just, at once to let me see my crime, and punishment. O, my poor injured son! Whither shall I fly to hide me from the world.

Enter LADY WOODVIL.

Lady W. Whither are you going, sir?

Sir John. I know not; but here it seems I am a trespasser, the master of this house has warned me hence, and since the right is now in him, 'tis just I should resign it.

Lady W. You shall not stir. He dares not act with such abandoned insolence. No, sir, possession still is yours. If he pretends a right, let him by open course of law maintain it.

Doct. Are these the shifts you are reduced to? No, madam, I shall not wait so slow a vengeance; you'll find I have a shorter way to rout you. Here! Charles! [*Exit DOCTOR.*]

Sir John. Nay, then, there is an end of all. I have provoked a serpent. My life, I see, must pay the forfeit of my folly!

Lady W. Come, sir, take heart ! Your life, in spite of him, is free, and, I hope, your actions too. However, tell me freely, have you rashly done anything for which the law may question you ?

Sir John. I think not strictly ; 'tis true I have lately trusted him with sums of money, which he pretended, if accounted for, might endanger both of us.

Lady W. O, the subtle villain ! Those sums are innocent, I dare answer for them. But is there nothing more ?

Sir John. Not that I can call to mind, more criminal.

Lady W. Pray tell the worst, that we may arm against him.

Sir John. Sometimes with my own hand I have relieved the wants of wretched prisoners to the State.

Lady W. We have no laws that frown on acts of charity ; if that were criminal, the Government itself is guilty.

Sir John. How far our private converse may affect me—that I know not. If Charles betrays me not, I think his malice cannot reach me.

Lady W. Then, sir, be easy, for he has lost his influence there. Charles has long since perceived his villainy, and grew from thence a secret convert to the cause of truth and loyalty, of which he has given such meritorious proof that Mr. Heartly and your son this very day, sir, have obtained his pardon.

Sir John. You tell me wonders ! Pardoned ! and a convert, say you ! How strongly are our hearts persuaded by example ! What darkness have I wandered in ! How amiable is such Royal mercy ! yet with what hardened malice has that slave traduced it ?

Enter MARIA, hastily.

Mar. O, sir ! I am frightened out of my senses ! For Heaven's sake begone ! Fly this moment !—this wicked fellow has designs upon your life.

Lady W. How ?

Sir John. What dost thou mean ?—explain.

Mar. As I was passing by the hall, I heard him earnest in discourse with Charles, and, upon their naming you, I stopped awhile to listen, where I heard the Doctor urge to him, that you were false at heart ; that, from your late frivolous pretence to break with him, he was convinced your malice now would stop at nothing to undo him ; that Charles himself was equally in danger ; and that, to save your own life, you certainly designed to sacrifice theirs to the Government, which there was no possibility of preventing, but by their immediate joining in a charge of treason against you.

Lady W. O, the villain ! 'Tis well we are secure in Charles.

Sir John. If we are not, why, be it as it may, I will not stir. I'll stand upon my innocence, or, if that's betrayed, will throw me on the mercy of that Royal breast whose virtues my credulity has injured.

Lady W. and Mar. Ah !

[A pistol is heard from within.]

Sir John. What means that pistol?

Lady W. Don't stir, I beg you, sir.

Mar. What terrors has this monster brought into our family?

Lady W. What will it end in?

Sir John. How wretched has my folly made me?

Lady W. How now! what's the matter?

Enter BETTY.

Bet. O, dear madam! I shall faint away; there's murder doing.

Sir John. Who?—where?—what is it?

Bet. The Doctor, sir, and Mr. Charles, were at high words just now in the hall, and upon a sudden there was a pistol fired between them. Oh! I am afraid poor Mr. Charles is killed.

Sir John. How?

Bet. Oh! here he comes himself, sir; he will tell you more.

Enter HEARTLY, CHARLES, and the DOCTOR, held by SERVANTS.

Hear. Here, bring in this ruffian, this is villainy beyond example.

Sir John. What means this outrage?

Lady W. I tremble.

Charles. Don't be alarmed, madam, there's no mischief done; what was intended, the Doctor here can best inform you.

Doct. [*To HEARTLY.*] You, sir, shall answer for this insult? What am I held for?—who's here, that dares assume a right to question me?

Hear. Keep your temper, sir, we'll release you presently; but Sir John must first know the bottom of his obligations to you.

Sir John. Mr. Heartly, I am ashamed to look on you.

Doct. What, sir! shall my own servant abuse me, brave me, lift his hand against me, and I not dare to punish him.

Hear. Your servant, sir—we know him better.

Doct. Then, sir, I demand my liberty, that the Government too may know him.

Charles. Yes, and let it too be known, you first seduced me to rebel, and now would have me expiate my offence with perjury.

Doct. How, sir?

Charles. Yes, perjury! for such it must have been, should I have charged, as you'd have had me, this gentleman with treason. What facts have I been privy to, that reach that name? The worst I know of him, is, that all the factious falsehoods you have raised against the best of princes, he, blinded with your hypocrisy, believed.

Doct. 'Tis well, sir, you are protected now.

Charles. This, sir, in short has been our cause of quarrel. The Doctor, finding I received with coldness his vile designs against your life, began to offer menaces on mine, if I complied not; at which I, smiling, told him the disappointments of his love had made

him desperate. This stung him into rage, and fastening at his throat, he answered, Villain! you'll be humbler, when you groan in chains for this. Here indeed all temper left me, when, disengaging from his hold, with one home blow I felled him reeling to the pavement. At this grown desperate, he ran with fury to some pistol that hung above the chimney, to revenge him. I in the instant as he reached one, seized upon his wrist, and as we grappled, sir, the pistol firing to the ceiling, alarmed the family, when Mr. Hearth and your servants rushed in to part us.

Sir John. Insatiate villain! O my shame!

Doct. Well, sir! now you have heard this mighty charge! what have you more against me?

Hear. More, sir, I hope is needless, but if Sir John is yet unsatisfied—

Sir John. O! I have seen too much! every new instance of his wickedness but adds afresh to my confusion.

Lady W. Now, sir, is your time. [*Apart*]

Hear. I go this minute, madam. [*Apart*]

Doct. I value not your whispered menaces, for know, to your confusion, my vengeance is not yet defeated. You'll find, sir, that to rebel, or to conceal a rebel, are in the eye of law both equal acts of treason. That fact, I'm sure, is evident against you; there! there stands in proof the stripling traitor you have sheltered! This, sir, your whole family can charge you with, and swear it home they shall, or load their souls with perjury. But then, to dash your few remaining days with bitterness of misery, remember, I, sir, whom mortally you hate, succeed the instant heir to your possessions. Now farewell, and let disgrace and beggary be your children's portion.

As he is going out the COLONEL stops him.

Col. Hold, sir, not so fast, you cannot pass.

Doct. Who, sir, shall dare to stop me?

Col. Within there! march!

Enter a MESSENGER, with a file of Musketeers.

Mess. Is your name Wolf, sir?

Doct. What if it be, sir?

Mess. Then, sir, I have a warrant against you for high treason.

Doct. Me, sir? [*Startled*]

Mess. Do you know one Colonel Perth, sir?

Doct. Ha! then I am betrayed indeed.

Hear. This Perth, it seems, sir, has managed his correspondence at Avignon, from whence he came last night express; but the Government having immediate notice of his arrival, he was this morning seized, and examined before the Council, where, among other facts, he has confessed he knew the Doctor actually in arms at the first rebellious rising in Northumberland, which has been since by other witnesses confirmed.

Col. And, sir, to convince you, that even the doctrine he has broached could never flow from the pure fountain of our established faith, here are affidavits in my hand that prove him, under his disguise, a lurking emissary of Rome ; that he is actually a priest in Popish orders, and has several times been seen, as such, to officiate at public Mass in the church of Notre Dame, at Antwerp.

Mar. Hear. and Lady W. How !

Sir John. I start with horror, even, at the danger I am freed from.

Col. And now, sir, had not your insatiate villanies to this family forced me to this close inquiry into your private life, perhaps you might have passed unquestioned among the rout of enemies whom our Government despises.

Doct. Well, sir ! Now, then, you know your worst of me. But know, what you call criminal may yet before your triumph is secure, not only find its pardon, but reward. I yet may live, sir, to retort your insult ; at least the days that are allotted me will want for no supports of life while this conveyance calls me master.

Sir John. There ! there indeed he stings me to the heart ! for that rash act reproach and endless shame will haunt me.

Mar. No, sir ; be comforted ! for even there, too, his abandoned hope must leave him.

Sir John. Why dost thou torture me ! Did I not sign that deed ?

Mar. Yes, sir ; but in that deed you'll find my brother, not that traitor, is your heir ; for know the fatal deed, which you intended, sir, to sign, is here, even yet unsealed and innocent.

Omnes. Ha ! *[The Doctor hastily opens the deed to examine it, and all the company seem surprised.]*

Sir John. What means she ?

Mar. I mean, sir, that this deed, by accident falling into this gentleman's hands, his generous concern for our family discovered it to me ; when I, reduced to this extremity, instantly procured that other to be drawn exactly like it, which, in your impatience, sir, to execute, passed unsuspected for the original. Their only difference is, that, wherever here you read the Doctor's name, there you'll find my brother's only, throughout and wholly, sir, in every article investing him in all that right, and title, which you intended for your mortal enemy.

Doct. Distraction ! Outwitted by a brainless girl.

[Throws down the writing in rage.]

All the servants having attended to the discovery, break out into huzzas of joy, &c., while SIR JOHN, the COLONEL, CHARLES and MARIA severally embrace : HEARTLY and LADY WOODVIL silently join in their congratulations.

Doct. I cannot bear their irksome joy. Come, sir, lead me where you please ; a dungeon would relieve me now.

Col. Secure your prisoner.

Ser. Huzza ! a traitor ! a traitor !

[*Exeunt* MESSENGER, SOLDIERS, DOCTOR *and* SERVANTS.]

Mar. Now, Heartly, I hope I have made atonement for your jealousy.

Hear. You have banished it for ever : this was beyond yourself surprising.

Col. Sister——

Mar. Come, no set speeches. If I deserve your thanks, return them in a friendship here. [Pointing to CHARLES.]

Col. The business of my life shall be to merit it.

Charles. And mine to speak my sense of obligations.

Sir John. O my child ! for this deliverance I only can reward thee here. [*Gives* MARIA to HEARTLY.] For thee, my son, whose filial virtues I have injured, this honest deed in every article shall be ratified. I see your eyes are all upon me, expecting from that vile traitor's practices some voluntary instance of my heart's conversion. I must be blind, indeed, were I not now convinced he must in all things have alike deceived me, as the dial that mistells one hour, of consequence is false through the whole round of day. Let it suffice, I see my errors with a conscious shame ; but hope, when I am justly weighed, you'll find those errors rose but from a ductile heart, not disinclined to truth, but fatally misled by false appearances.

Col. Whoever knows your private life, must think you, sir, in this sincere.

Hear. And now, sir, since I am sure it will no more offend you, give me leave to observe, that of all the arts our enemies make use on to embroil us, none seem so audaciously preposterous as their insisting that a nation's best security is the word of a prince, whose religion indulges him to give it, and at the same time obliges him to break it. And though, perhaps, in lesser points our politic disputes won't suddenly be ended, methinks there's once principle that all parties might easily come into, that no change of Government can give us a blessing equal to our liberty.

Grant us but this, and then of course you'll own,
To guard that freedom, GEORGE must fill the throne.

THE END.



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